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NEW

OPERA's,

WITH

COMICAL STORIES,

AND

POEMS,

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

Never before Printed.

Being the remaining Pieces,

Written by Mr. D'URFEY.

Poets, in tricking Times, Satyrick grown,
Seldom excuſing Faults their Plays have ſhewn,
Oft with ſharp Prologues laſh the fooliſh Town,
So Bayes, *his* Lyrick Opera *brings to view,*
And what ſome Actors in blunt Satyr do,
The Prologue *and the* Epilogue *will ſhew.*

LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM CHETWOOD, at *Cato's* Head in *Ruſſel-Street, Covent-Garden.* 1721.

VERSES Epistolary,

Humbly Dedicated with this Book, to the most Noble, his Grace, PHILIP, *Duke, Marquis, and Earl of* WHARTON, *Marquis of* WINCHENDON, *and Lord of* HARLEIGH, *Lord High Steward of* MALMSBOROUGH, *Marquis of* CATERLOUGH, *Earl of* CATERHAVEN, *Baron of* TRIM, *and one of the Lords of the Privy Council of* IRELAND.

DEscend, great Peer, t' accept my Muses Strains,
And nobly grace my Lyrical Remains;
Let my Dramatick Whimsies entertain,
My Comick Tales too, please your sprightly Vein;

And then my Verſe ſhall make me brisk and young
As *Maro*'s once, who to *Auguſtus* ſung.

In Verſe, I then your artful Genius treat;
Verſe, that I know, you can ſo well repeat,
With Skill ſuperior, and with Cadence ſweet;
That could from *Pegaſus* a Pen be gain'd,
And from that ſoaring Plume your Praiſe extend,
I ſhould your Fame in glorious Heights expoſe,
The Subject being much too great for Proſe.

Sing then, *Apollo*, touch thy rapting Lyre,
And with thy Rays my mounting Thoughts inſpire,
That *Wharton*'s Worth may ſoar beyond the Sun,
Then be my Theme ſeraphick * *Winchendon*;
Where if my happy Leaves are once turn'd o'er
To pleaſe my Patron with their Comick Store:
The Rural Gods that in that Garden rove,
Where beauteous *Flora* and her *Sylvæ* move;
The Walks, the Trees and Flowers can ne'er enjoy
With half the Deified Content as I.

Oh! great *Vertumnus*, God of Woods and Bowers,
Where Hero's and ſweet Beauty waſt their Hours,
And Wine do's often reliſh bleſt Amours;
That bringſt the *Hortans* to their Gard'ning Skill,
Who *Winchendon*'s rare Banks with Odours fill,
Sound *Wharton*'s Name, who do's thy Palace raiſe,
A Dome for Gods alone to ſound his Praiſe!

* *His fine Country Seat.*

Fam'd * (*Brimmer-Hall*) for Beauty, Muſick, Wit,
New form'd, and only for thy Godhead fit;
Command but the rare Tube which once I found,
Cæleſtial Spheres ne'er gave ſo ſweet a Sound.

'Tis thus, my Lord, you revel in the Grace
Of Art and Nature, in that glorious Place;
Nature, the Maſt'ry of your Garden Shews,
And Art, your Books of Poetry expoſe;
When *Latian Virgil* gilds your *Latin* Stile,
And *Britain's Shakeſpear*, who adorns our Iſle.

So thoughtful *Atticus Rome*'s Court rever'd,
But Politicks incumbent ſeldom heard;
His Tongue ne'er us'd a flattering fond Debate,
His curious Garden was his Room of State;
And whilſt dear Nature did gay Scenes expreſs,
All *Beaus* and *Belles* were ſlighted like his Dreſs.
So you, great Sir, neglect that gaudy Train,
Your Wit is ſparkling, but your Garb is plain.

And as in *Roman Dramma*'s of paſt Age,
When *Roſcius* and *Eſopus* trod the Stage;
Pomponius well could weigh each poinant Thought,
And they were by his judging Action taught:
Or as when *Plautus*, or ſmart *Terence* wrote,
That artful Bard would pierce each Diſtich thro',
And tell if *Cadence*, or the Wit was true;
But yet with Order, and ſuch Calmneſs mov'd,
No Author e'er could feel he was reprov'd:

* *A fine Banquetting Houſe in his Garden.*

So you, my Lord, with Judgment right assign'd,
In our best Actors Grace and Error find;
Can tell where *Shakespear* do's like *Jove* appear,
And where he tumbles from his lofty Sphere.
In Poems too, what droop, and what excel,
And the Distinction with such Candor tell,
That *Virgil* would not be asham'd to soar,
Nor would *Bathillus* mean his Verse give o'er.

To reach such Merit, God-like Verse should shine,
But pardon Failings in that vast Design,
And take (with Noblenes of Temper) mine.

PREFACE.

THIS *Preface is only intended to give the Reader a present Discovery of the particular Passages in the Book. which are related to him, or her, as follows.*

First then, the Musical Farce, or Comical Opera, is a piece of Humour and Grotesque Wit, and is design'd as the second Part of the former Rehearsal, wrote by the late Duke of Buckingham, *and others; but not design'd so Satyrical upon Poetry as that was against Mr.* Dryden, *but intended rather against the Criticks, the Poet* Bayes *giving it all along a cast of Banter, and at last makes himself open in the Rank of a deserving Author. It was once very near being acted, as being Rehears'd upon the Stage, but afterwards was laid by, some Accidents happening in the Playhouse. The Reader will, I hope, find Diversion in the Humour and Plot of it, and particularly in the variety of Dialogues and Songs, which I have been told, by good Judges, are not indifferent. The Prologue and Epilogue belonging*

belonging to it being somewhat Satyrical, the Town ought to relish as a Whim of Humour, and make no more of 'em than the Subject will give Occasion to bear; for if the Grandees or great Wits of the Court, by hoping to be Giants in their Wealth and Power, are become Pigmies by a City Joke or Trick, they must bear with the Matter, and if they can, make a Jest of it as well as they are able.

The next Piece is a Tragedy, written some Years ago, the Distress of the Plot that is in it, the Characters of Timoleon *and* Belizaria *being done for Mr.* Betterton *and Mrs.* Barry; *and the Management of the whole, I hope, will speak for it self, without any other Assistance.*

The third Piece is an entire Opera, exactly done to Recitative and Air, with Verses proper for the Occasion. I hope our English *Judges will give it a Judgment equal with the buzzing and squeaking* Trilladoes *of the* Italian; *or else I shall condemn my own, and any Skill in Musick as long as I live.*

The next that comes on is a set of Stories, two of which, viz. *The Intriguing Cullies, and The Barber a Fury, for their Turns, Characters, and comical Incidents, are likely to give the Mirth that I intend. The last two being the Love of the great* Socrates, *and a Rarity which I never found but once in the Prose of an obsolete Author, may engage particularly in the Speeches of the Sage, and of* Alcibiades *and* Timandra, *which are all in their kind uncommon.*

The

The last Part of the Book are Elegies and Poems, of several kinds, some on Royal Subjects, and the rest on the Nobility and Gentry, and some particular Friends, the Memory of whom I could not leave out in these Remains, which I hope will entertain and give you Satisfaction

The Reader will be apt to find some Mistakes and Errata's *in the following Pages, but not any thing material, (I being in the Country when a great part of it was printed) which I desire he will pass by with Patience, and please to mend as he finds occasion.*

THE

THE
TWO QUEENS
OF
BRENTFORD:
OR,
BAYES no POETASTER:
A
MUSICAL FARCE,
OR
COMICAL OPERA.

BEING

The SEQUEL of the Famous REHEARSAL, written by the late Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

With a Comical PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE.

LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM CHETWOOD, at *Cato's* Head in *Russel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*. 1721.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

SMITH, CHANTER,	Two Witty Gentlemen of the Town.
JOHNSON,	A Severe Critical Satyrist.
Two Kings of BRENTFORD,	King USHER and King PHIZ.
Prince PRETTYMAN, Prince VOLCIUS,	Leading another Party, and siding with the PHIZGIGGS against the KINGS.
FIREBRAND BELROPE,	A Publisher of News, and a knavish Incendiary, inveterate for the USHERS against the PHIZGIGGS.
TOKAY,	SECRETARY to a Nobleman: A Foreign Spy, who furnishes BELROPE with News.
DISCIPLINE,	Another News-monger, on the Party of the PHIZGIGGS, but secretly a Popish Priest.

A Boy with COFFEE and CHOCOLATE.

WOMEN.

Two QUEENS of BRENTFORD.

ARMORILIS, PARTHENOPE, } The two PRINCES Miſtreſſes.

THIMBLESSA, } An old Miſtreſs of P. PRETTYMAN's, and formerly his Sempſtreſs, very violent and jealous.

FLEABITTEN, } Attendant and Favourite to the QUEENS.

Singers, Dancers, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE. The inſide of the Playhouſe.

THE

THE Two QUEENS OF BRENTFORD: OR, BAYES no POETASTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The outside of the Playhouse.*

Enter SMITH, JOHNSON *and* CHANTER.

Smith. IS he there, think ye?

Chant. I tell ye he is. As we were drinking our Coffee, I saw him go by, and turn down *Vinegar-Yard*, to get by the Narrow Passage; I have sent one to him, you shall see him bolt immediately.

John. Prithee *Jack Smith* excuſe me, I ſhall ne'er have Patience, I ſhall rail again.

Smith. Nay, nay, a pox on thee, haſt not thou promis'd to make me amends by Patience this Morning? for as *Will Chanter* has made it out, by thy hurrying me away, we loſt the beſt part of our Diverſion yeſterday.

John. A Plague on him, he has given me the Spleen ſo, with the confounded Dialogue between the Eclipſes, the Sun, the Moon, and his *Terra firma*, with the terrible noiſe of the Hobbyhorſe Battel, that I ſhall only increaſe it; for I expect no other Diverſion, but ſuch Fooleries, therefore prithee excuſe me.

Smith. Faith, Sir, I ſhall not, you have ſolemnly ingaged to keep me Company this Morning; and I as ſolemnly expect it: Beſides, *Chanter* tells me, that the laſt part of the Rehearſal is more divertive than all the reſt.

Chant. Oh, 'tis moſt certain the muſical part of it is moſt entertaining; 'tis a kind of *Comical Opera*; and the diverſity of Humours, as well as other ſolemn Parts you'll find, will be very pleaſant.

Smith. D'ye hear, *Supercillium*, d'ye hear? egad we ſhall be ſo merry ----- I warrant thou'lt laugh till thy Stomach akes.

John. I fear I ſhall rather be apt to eaſe my Stomach another way.

Chant. No, no, there's ſomething in't will pleaſe, I warrant ye, if you can have Patience; I have got one of the Songs in't ready ſet; I think I have it about me,----you ſhall hear it, * od'slife I'm prevented ----- here he comes.

[* *Searches for it.*

Enter BAYES.

Bayes. Any body here would ſpeak with me?

Chant. Your Servant, Mr. *Bayes*; yes, Sir, 'twas I that ſent in t'ye.

Bayes. For what, Pray Sir?

Chant. Why, Sir, Mr. *Smith*, here and his Country Friend, deſir'd me to introduce 'em once more, to beg your Pardon.

Smith. Which we do with all our Hearts, faith, Mr. *Bayes*; look ſneakingly and be hang'd. * D'ſdeath that damn'd ſqueamiſh Phiz will ſpoil all again. [* *Aſide to* Johnſon.

Bayes. Oh ----- your humble ----- Gentlemen, your Servant Mr. a-----Pardon; what they are come to ſpoil another Rehearſal, are they? Yeſterday's laſt Act, and the Muſick were quite loſt; I endeavour'd by running, to call ye back

to

to retrieve your Senſes that were gone Poſt before ye; ha! ha! ha!---- but 'twas in vain, ha! ha! ha! ha!

Chant. Ah---- Sir! they are now extreamly ſenſible of it.

Bayes. Look'e, Sir, I ſhall require at leaſt a Week's time to believe that; in the mean time, to my Knowledge, they have loſt the Town conſiderable Diverſion, for this Day; for the Play was to have been acted, and the Places all taken---- Pray, Sir, what amends can your Country Worſhip * make 'em for that? [* *To* Johnſon.

Smith. Ah---- No, no, Sir, 'tis impoſſible; A plague of all Buſineſs; why you muſt know, Sir, that he's involv'd in an impertinent Suit of Law, and was yeſterday (which he had forgot) to have a Tryal at Bar, for the Recovery of 4000 *l.* Was not it, *Johnſon*, tell Mr. *Bayes*? Pox on ye, ſpeak ſomething. [*Aſide.*

John. What a Devil ſhould I ſpeak? ---- Tell your Lies your ſelf, ſince y'are ſo good at it ----- You have begun rarely. [*Aſide.*

Smith. Chanter, help out ----

Chant. His ſeeing the Law Tongue-pads has ſo doz'd him, that on my Conſcience he has forgot his own Cauſe, which might have been carry'd, no doubt, as well without him-----but he would now fain recover the Reputation of being counted a Wit, by a freſh Judgment of your Piece, here, Sir.

Smith. He has been begging us all this Morning to bring him, tho' he's aſham'd to ſpeak himſelf; has not he, *Chanter*?

Chant. Yes, Sir, he has been teizing us horribly —— to be admitted.

John. So, theſe Rakes have given admirable Proofs, that lying will choak no body-----that I'll ſay for 'em. [*Aſide.*

Bayes. Counted a Wit, did you ſay, Mr. a ha, ha, ha; No, no, let him deſpond, let him deſpair of that Ifaith; for he that to follow the Trifle of four thouſand Pounds, could leave ſuch an invaluable Enjoyment as this was, take it from me, on the Word of a Poet, will never arrive at that Title: But odſo, I ſtand prating here, and the Players ſtay for me to begin: Your Servant, Gentlemen, I ſhall want no Judgments, no Criticks this Morning.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, I know thou art good natur'd.

Chant. Mr. *Smith* admires the Account I gave him of the Muſick that is to be: And then the Comical Songs come preſently, 'tis a Muſical Lecture to our Countrymen, we'll

have one of 'em that thou gav'ſt me, I'm ſure that will put thee in Humour. [*Song here.*

Bayes. Well, as the worthy and famous Sir *Bernard Gaſcoin* ſaid, who on his Death-bed deſir'd one to ſing; If a Man were dying he would be pleas'd with this ----- Well, let's go then. Come, Critical Sir, for your Friend's Sake, once more I'll venture a Laſh from your Country Satyr ----- tholl, loll, loll, loll, loll. [*Sings.*

[*Exeunt* Smith *and* Johnſon, Bayes *and* Chanter *ſtay behind a little.*

Chant. So, ſo, I told ye I would bring 'em.

Bayes. 'Tis well: And now prithee, Friend, humour the Matter as we have agreed on, and as I for my Part will comically give occaſion; which ended, the Jeſt ſhall be on our ſide, I warrant thee.

Chant. Never doubt me: I'm inſtructed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The inſide of the Playhouſe.*

Enter BELROPE *and* TOKAY. *Their Parts in their Hands.*

Bel. A News-monger is a modern Character, that we are ſure of; and ſince 'tis ſo, I like it well enough for Variety.

Tok. My French-man too, may prove a Jeſt, if 'tis rightly taken; but whether 'tis or no, I'm gone ſo far, I muſt do it now: Oh! here the Author comes.

Enter BAYES, SMITH, JOHNSON *and* CHANTER.

Bayes. So, Gentlemen, good morrow t'ye-----Hey! Scene-keeper, ſome Chairs here. [*Chairs brought in.*] Come, Mr. a------but Conſideration. D'ye hear-----This Morning's Work will admit of no trifling Queſtions. [*To* Johnſon.

Smith. Ay, ay, he'll conſider, Mr. *Bayes.*

John. Faith, I find my Conſideration at this time will be very much inclin'd to repoſe it ſelf, I ſlept ill laſt Night: [*They ſit.*] And a Morning's Nap may be very convenient.

Chant. Nay, prithee.

John. I have done, Sir----

Bayes. Come, my Friends, then ſince you have promis'd ſo fairly, you ſhall once more be diverted: And firſt, you ſhall hear a Comical and Satyrical Prologue ------- not that

of

of the Thunder and Lightning that I rehearſed and manag'd before, but another, which is yet in Suſpenſe, and forbid to be ſpoke ------ A deviliſh ſhy Thing, ſo tickling, and yet ſo ſharp, ha! ha! ha! but I have one Court Friend, faithful as a Cherubim, that has promis'd me to get an Order of Council to have it ſpoke; he ſays, the Town ſha'n't loſe ſo much Wit, let the Stockjobbers manage the Senate as they pleaſe.

Smith. Is't againſt them? that muſt pleaſe without doubt.

John. Ay, and ſome of the Senate will be even with this Fool, that's without doubt, too. [*Aſide.*

Chant. Has it any Name, Mr. *Bayes*? let's hear, prithee.

Prologue's INTRODUCTION

Bayes. No, Sir, we never give theſe Prologue Rarities Name ------ And yet I have one that would fit it rarely, rarely faith; why look'e, I could call it, *The Sham-Miſſiſſippi:* Or, The *Exchange-Alley-Sharpers*, ha, ha, ha; but 'tis ſtinging at firſt, but igad they grow ſo powerful, that I dare not venture.

Smith. Why? if it be ſmart, the City way, you muſt make a Party.

Bayes. Egad, ſo I ſhould; a good Body of undone Tradeſmen, if they would ſtickle hard, would do my Buſineſs; but I conſider'd after I begun, and ſo turn'd it into Complement.

Chant. Well, prithee Friend let's hear it, there muſt be good Humour in't.

Bayes. Humour! ay, and pleaſant Humour too; cutting as a Razor, for all its Inſinuations, Gentlemen; and ſhaves all the Nation together: The Lords ſhake Hands with the Brokers, and are brotherly familiar; the Ladies ſmile when Stock goes well; and when they are diſappointed ------Ye ſhall hear, ye ſhall hear, Gentlemen; if this do's not get me Stock, and a Million or two, when the Lines are conſider'd, there is no Conſideration in the City, egad.

Smith. Oh ---- no doubt on't, no doubt on't, come begin.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Bayes *reads in a Paper.*

From *Callidonian* Senſe, and artful Pains,
In which th' *Oxonian* Stateſman ſhew'd his Brains,
I, that for Murder fled, have had the Chance
By *Miſſiſſippi*, to redeem all *France*.

John. How, Sir! how, Sir! *Callidonian* Senſe, Murder and *Miſſiſſippi*: Ounz! had it not been much better to have brought in a Scotch Pedlar, who knock'd his Hoſteſs on the Head, for demanding her Reckoning of nine Pence three Farthings? Would not that have been jocoſe?

Chant. Nay, now the Devil's in thee, *Johnſon*, to interrupt him; he begins very well, faith; pray go on, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, nay, Sir, if you won't be quiet, the Satyr ſhall ſleep; 'twill grow reſty, 'twill bear no purrings------- I tell ye that, Sir.

Smith. Oh, prithee don't mind him.

Bayes *reads again.* In ſpite of want, their Janglings and their Frets,
'Tis we have crown'd their K——g and paid his Debts.
Of Bullion, tho' no Plenty did excel,
We've conjur'd Paper, that has don't as well.

John. We! We! What we, Mr. *Bayes*? Who are the We?

Bayes. Egad, I won't tell ye------ cudgel your Brains for't, and if you can't find it out, then------ preſto I ſay.

Chant. Oh, he's a Madman.

Bayes *reads again.* And now from fulſom Rake, by trading Plots,
My naſty Maggots, all turn'd ſerious Thoughts,
I, and great Partner, have in *England* ſped,
The grand *South Sea* we've politickly bred,
Enrich'd the Peerage, and confounded Trade.
Hum----- Mr. *Smith*, what think ye?

Smith. Strong, ſtrong, Mr. *Bayes*, very home that.

Bayes. It muſt be ſo, Sir, it can't be help'd, egad I write for a Place, I tell ye; I have that in my Head---- But to go on------

Reads again. Yet thouſands ſtill are got, the Gainer's glad;
The Commons are amaz'd, the Lords are mad;
A glorious Peer, of wondrous Wealth I know,
A Million Plumb, all got, the Lord knows how,

Yet

Yet him the *South Sea* has so cram'd with Heaps,
A Days he never dines, a Nights he never sleeps.
Sly Brokers at all Hours his Sense controul:
Change-Alley shares his Body and his Soul.

Smith. Good again-------

Bayes *reads again.* The Ladies too in Coach to Brokers run,
The Fair, the Brown, the freckl'd, and the Dun;
Fat Widows smile when dear Stock rises high;
But if the Vote comes that it falls, ----- they cry
This is the *South Sea* Fate, no Bilk, no Par;
It cannot prove a Trick, 'tis gone so far.

John. Ha! ha! ha! enough, enough------prithee, no more on't------a Trick, why is not all the World there? All Degrees of People, and all their Stock? How can it be a Trick?

Bayes. Ay, but the Satyr, the Satyr, Mr. *Smith*, ha! ha! ha! Oonz-----he does not understand.

Smith. No, no------but proceed, proceed, prithee, we'll have it all, faith-----

Reads again. Yet 'tis a Farce, and by Stock-jobbers plaid,
Shopkeepers mourn, no Debts are to be paid;
Garters and Lords of Rank won't pay their Dues;
They can't be trusted for a Pair of Shoes;
If Dun crys out------my Lord, I shall be broke;
No help, crys he, my Money's all i'th' Stock;
I've scarce enough at this next Bubble-meeting
To pay my Friends, the Brokers, for their Sweating;
Oonz------ what a Game is here? Cit crys, with Oaths,
No Money for your Meat, nor for your Cloaths:
Why then, tho' Bubbles spread, and Fish excels,
The Ace of Hearts doll'd off at *Tunbridge Wells*:
The *Royal-Oak*, *Hazard* and *Lotteries* past
Were ne'er such Bites as this will be at last.
There, *Yar*------*d* comes proud and morosely grave,
Who a superiour Wit believes to have;
Prates all the Day, then topes till he gets drunk,
And from *Change-Alley* meets *Rose-Alley* Punk.
Then *Aub*------ *G*------ to, with Assurances
Can bubble every Cully as they please,
Tho' now the Proclamation gives us Ease.
'Twas such propos'd to th' Commons, and the Lords,
Shavings and Sawdust cast to make deal Boards.

Smith. Well said, Mr. *Bayes*, that was a Rub, egad.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, I think so.

Chant.

Chant. Proceed, dear Poet, go on.

Reads again. Yet tho' these Bubbles some nice Shams produce,
The Tracts are carried best amongst the *Jews*,
Who work by underhand, and send their Boys,
Not twelve Years old, who spreading plaguy Lies,
Fill up the Road to *Garraway*'s ------ and stare
With Cole-black Eyes, no Emblem of the Fair;
And busie to buy Stock, that common Evil,
With Garlick-breath the Fragrance of the Devil,
Converse with Fishing-Bubbles, and appear
As if they all had seen the fiftieth Year.
But now 'mongst Bubbles rare, let me not pass
The Quaker quaint, that bustling Babe of Grace,
That buys and sells, and spreads each odious thing
With such a Sound, he makes *Change-Alley* ring.
The *Clumsie* Broad-hat, that from *Norwich* was
Politely sent to state the Weaver's Case,
And prove flower'd Callicoes, that fill our Shoars,
And worn by Dames of Rep' as well as Whores,
Were us'd so much, it turn'd 'em out of Doors.
Nor that *East-India* Plain-man that durst try
The t'other *Spittle* Notions to deny,
'Mongst th' Commons, did not half that Clangor raise,
As he at *Jonathan*'s and *Garraway*'s.
No Fish-wife ever could so loudly bawl,
Our Quaker's horrid Din surpass'd 'em all.

Chant. Ha! ha! ha! faith, Mr. *Bayes*, that's very humorous too.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, but now a little touch upon the *Bank*.

Reads again. The *Bank*, that does with sep'rate Interest grow
Imagines our *South Sea*-----their wily Foe
Laughs at the thriving Game they're playing there,
And wisely does not their Conclusion fear.
No Bubbles, Plots, do from their Pains arise,
The Piece they act is solid Merchandize;
And smile with the *Dutch* Fishery, who all join
To buy the Bubbles off, with their own Coin.
But if to th' *African* you turn your Eyes,
You'll view their Motions, justly known to rise,
There's something stanch, Gold-dust will please your Sight,
With Teeth of Elephants, large, sound and white.
The *South Sea* has no *Mint* for raising Sums,
'Tis a rare Whim they shew, but Bullion comes.

John.

John. Very well, Mr. Poet, and what Place when the *South Sea* has prefer'd ye, do you aim at Court by this, pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, if you muſt know, I think to be Poet Laureat.

John. What ------- and my Lord Chamberlain not your Friend, and ignorant of your Poetry?----Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Smith. Phoo, pox, prithee don't mind, but read on.

Reads again. Strange Frolicks may at laſt Confuſion bring,
But the *York-buildings* is a ſerious Thing,
Firm, ſtanch, and muſt not be a Bubble call'd,
But by the Wiſe be honour'd and extoll'd:
The Subſtance of its Worth ſhall raiſe its Fame,
When *South Sea* with Aſſurances meet Shame,
Tho' now we find it gets the greater Name.
No Project manag'd, e'er had ſuch Report,
Thoſe out ----- altho' they rail ----- are ſorry for't:
When Bubbles fell, they gen'rally were glad,
But yet, Stock-getting thouſands, makes 'em mad:
The Senate is not wiſe enough to ſlight;
No Member rails, when he gets ſomething by't.
But for the W——s, they now run down the Wind,
The T——s ſtart the Hare, and all are join'd;
Directors, when a Stock does new begin,
Who govern all, won't let a W——s come in.
The Bullion gain'd is always too apply'd
T' indulge the Parties of their own dear Side:
So they'll have all the Money in the Land,
Whilſt L---w-C----h ſnarls, at what the H---h-C----h gain'd.

Smith. Good, good, rarely good, Mr. *Bayes*, by my Soul!

Reads again. Affairs to, you ſhall ſee will turn their Way;
Money muſt rule, the Devil will have his Day.
And when a Million's by the *South Sea* got,
You'll find 'tis the Directors T——y Plot.
And now ſoar on, my Muſe, and Prologue Vein,
Let my Concluſion prove a lofty Strain.
A Million's nam'd, but I have found out one,
A *South Sea* Patron, that ſo far has gone,
Five Millions to his bulk of Gain does tend,
Which muſt be clear, at the fam'd Dividend;
If great *Change-Alley* can ſhew more ſuch Men,
The Governour muſt his Commiſſion end.
Rich *England* will have forty Millions Store,
A Sum, egad, I ne'er knew in't before,

And all this got the *Miſſiſſippi* way,
For nothing now gets ſomething every Day;
And ſolid Sums give the whole Town Content,
As being confirm'd by Act of Parliament.

Smith. Gad a merry Friend, 'faith, thou haſt ended nobly.

Chant. Bold, and to the Purpoſe, and, as thou ſay'ſt, with a Whim too.

John. Oh the Devil, if all this Stuff be a Prologue, what will the Play be? Oh------

Bayes. Stuff! prithee pray for a help to thy Underſtanding: now, Friend *Smith*, how the Town will be amaz'd, when they conſult whether this Prologue be a Satyr or a Complement, ha! ha! ha! there will be the Jeſt of all, ha! ha! ha! ha! And now pray ſee if the Kings are dreſs'd [*To the Actors who go out*] and begin. This Act, you muſt know, Gentlemen, opens with ſome other new Characters, which by the way, let me tell ye, is one of the chiefeſt Embelliſhments a good Play can have; for as nothing is more divertive than Variety; ſo to bring in often fine new Characters------ Mr. *Smith*------ hum-----

Smith. Muſt infallibly, infallibly pleaſe, Mr. *Bayes.*

Chant. Oh, moſt certainly.

John. Yes, yes, a good Character will doubtleſs pleaſe; but------

Bayes. But, pray, Sir, no Buts, no Boundings, I beſeech ye; if theſe are not divertive Characters, why look'e then I have no Skill in Dramaticks, which the inſenſible part of Mankind will hardly allow, I ſuppoſe----Come, Mr. *Smith*, you are a Man of Candor, you ſhall judge; for your part, you will do well to hear Reaſon, Sir------ [*To* Johnſon.

John. Yes, Sir------

Chant. Ha! ha! ha!

Bayes. Why then, Mr. *Smith*, to let ye fairly into the Secret of theſe new Characters; if you remember Yeſterday in the fourth Act, juſt before the pleaſant Omen of the Eclipſes, and the horrible bloody Battel, which egad were two excellent Decorations, as ever adorn'd a Tragedy, there was a notable bluſtring Scene between Prince *Volcius* and Prince *Prettiman.*

Smith. Ay, ay, Mr. *Bayes*, I remember the Scene very well.

Chant. And I, the Rant was about a Miſtreſs.

Bayes. A Miſtreſs, ah! y'are both weak ſighted Inſpectors, 'faith----- No, no, 'twas evident there was a deeper Deſign than a Miſtreſs a foot.

John.

John. Ay, and which conſidering theſe are two Conjurers, they might eaſily enough have found out.

Bayes. For 'twas as plain as the Sun, that thoſe ambitious Princes had plotted the depoſing the Uſurpers, King *Uſher*, and King *Phiz*, to ſet up themſelves; and were then myſtically arguing in Heat, though they talk'd of Miſtreſſes of their Methods in Stratagem.

Smith. Say ye ſo, I confeſs that was beyond my Reach, indeed.

Bayes. Ay, like enough------'tis not every one has this Head.

John. No, no, one that has ſo little in't, 'tis ſuppos'd. [*Aſide.*

Bayes. Now this Conſpiracy, like the reſt of the World, has not proved very lucky you muſt know, for it was ſoon after diſcovered to the two Kings----- but by who, think ye? ha! ha! ha! why by their ſubtle and ſharp-witted Queens----. which ſaid Queens----a-----a-----

Smith. Hold, hold, pray, Mr. *Bayes*-----the Queens------ I don't remember through the whole courſe of your Play, that the two Kings were ever married.

Bayes. Why, no Sir, it may be ſo, there's a Surprize for ye then, to chew upon firſt, for perhaps I did not deſign you ſhould know-------- But married they are; and have Children too, a Son, and a Daughter.

John. Ay, ay, and one of the Queens big again.

Bayes. Nay, pray, Sir; the Son a very hopeful young Prince, the Daughter marvelouſly fair too, but ſomewhat unfortunate in her Shape.

John. What hump, crooked, or ſo?

Bayes. Ay, Sir----- her Mother long'd to be grubling in a Molehill, and ſhe was born with one upon her Back----

Smith. This is ſurpriſing truly, did you expect any Queens, *Chanter*?

Chant. Not I, faith, I took the Kings for a couple of good honeſt toping Fellows, that I rather thought inclin'd to keep two Miſtreſſes.

Bayes. Oh! did you ſo, Sir; but you muſt know that Virtue in Poetry is my conſtant Standard; I build and uphold Legitimate Royalty, I am ever againſt all ſpurious Pretenders.

John. A deviliſh Polititian, this Poet, 'twas ſuch as he I believe that *Plato* baniſh'd the Commonwealth

Bayes. Beſides, I call my Play here by their very Titles, *The two Queens of Brentford*; that's enough, I think, to introduce

troduce 'em ----- And now, Sir, to explain the Catastrophe, and to come to my Characters, the *Ushers* and the *Phizgigs*, two strong Parties, though no body knows yet who they will declare for, (whether the right Kings, the Usurpers, or the Princes) grow popular, and want a Mouth to vent themselves by, or else to write for 'em, which Mouth, or a knavish Scribe, is this first new Character, and he that can say 'tis a bad one-----

Chant. Oh----a bad one, the Devil's in any one that can.

John. Oh---- confounded---- tholl, loll, loll.

[*Sings a Piece of a Tune.*

Bayes. In short my Design, ha! ha! ha! ha! is Satyr upon the News-mongers; besides, there's like to be a good Plot into the Bargain.

Smith. Ay, Sir, that's as plain as the Sun, as you say.

Chant. And that's a very material Thing.

Bayes. Right, Mr. *Chanter*, 'tis so ----- Oh! here they are come; pray begin the Scene; [*Enter* Firebrand Belrope, *and Monsieur* Tokay, *with Papers in their Hands.*] Look'e, you may chance to find, Gentlemen, especially if I give a little hint, that this *Firebrand Belrope*, has something Enigmatical in his very Name. Come------ I won't pump for a Question, for I'm sure you have it by your smiling.

John. The Devil take me if ever I looked graver in my Life.

Bayes. As to his Character, he formerly was a Bookworm, but is now a Merchant in Politicks, beneficially spreading 'em weekly abroad in Penny Papers; a damn'd shrewd Fellow you'll find him——and privately in the Interest of the two Princes.

Smith. Very well, Sir.

John. Oh----- [*Groans.*

Bayes. The t'other there with black Whiskers, is a Foreign Spy, Secretary here to a Nobleman, and feeds *Belrope* there with Foreign Intelligence, to furnish the coxcombly part of the Town with News; a devilish Fellow in his Way too, and pumps the Wager-layers and Stockjobbers in the City confoundedly; ha! ha! ha!——but now let 'em shew themselves——come, speak.

Bel. Why there's nothing in this at all, Monsieur, we shall be duller than the worst of Libels, the *Flying Post*——Sure Politicks from the *Baltick* dwindle mightily.

Bayes. D'ye hear——observe that, the *Baltick*.

Tok.

Tok. Look you, Sire, de grand Politique lika de Sea—— have de Ebb, and de Flow——Dere is no Miſcheiſe dat have ſtirr from mon Maitre de Embaſſador here, nor our Party all de laſt Week; Patiance, Monſieur, we muſt have de Patiance.

Bayes. We muſt have de Patiance——very well, Mr. a—— He mimicks the French Jargon well enough——Go on, Sir——

Bel. Pize on't, this dull Story foiſted in here, won't do neither; odſnigs I muſt take my old way, and mawl 'em by an impudent Lye or two; I muſt not let our Party ceaſe wond'ring, for want of ſomething to amuſe 'em; therefore if ye are drawn dry, we muſt invent: I have told 'em lately of a deſign'd Invaſion, but a pox on 'em, the Phizgiggs laugh at that; but however, I muſt ſet out more News, true or falſe, 'tis all one by Jingoe.

Bayes. By Jingoe——ah—— that's pretty well; but Mr. a——give me leave to put in a Word; you ſpeak mighty well, Sir, and are a very pretty Fellow, but methinks you don't look your part enough.

Bel. No, Sir——.

Bayes. No, Sir; methinks you ſeem to fail in your Grimace; keep that up, pray, Sir, look it right whatever you do; that is, to be plain, look as much like a Rogue as ever you can——Ah! Sir, if you don't look your part, you ſpoil it, what ſay you, Gentlemen?

Smith. Faith I think as he orders it, his Face becomes his Character extreamly.

Chant. Oh! very well, extreamly well; do's it not, *Johnſon*?

John. A pox! prithee don't ask me.

Bayes. Do's it? why then I beg your Pardon, Sir, and pray go on Monſieur; but hark you, mon Amis.

Tok. But hark you, mon Amis, you know de two Prince have entertain us on dere Side, you know likewiſe, Broder——

Bel. Well, well, I know likewiſe, the two Kings having Notice of their Treaſon, have ſent for 'em, to be examin'd; but I'll have a Paper out to morrow, to ridicule 'em for't damnably. The Town ſhall have its Regalia: The Coffee-houſe Gapers, I'm reſolv'd, ſhan't want their Diverſion.

Bayes. Ha, ha, ha, d'ye hear him, Sir, d'ye hear him? Is not that a Character now of a rare Rogue?

Smith. A very fine Fellow, truly.

Chant. Now, *Johnſon*.

John. Oh Superfine! oh Quintiſſence! —— Pox on ye. [*Aſide.*

Tokay. De Treaſon den being diſcover, de Prince muſt be vor certain pute in de Priſon.

Bayes. Now, now mind, here's a Choakpear for ye.

Bel. Without doubt, their Female Majeſties, by notable Subtlety, having diſcovered their Plot to their Husbands—— but ——

Bayes. But——here's a Secret coming, ſhall cauſe a Diſappointment for all that. —— Oonz, where's Mr. *Diſcipline*? —— Now —— oh! quick, quick, pray, Mr. a—— [*Enter* Diſcipline, *with a Pen and Paper.*] You quite ruin the Scene, if you don't enter Souſe upon the Matter —— Quick, quick——pray ſpeak.

Diſcip. So, Brother Incendiary, is this your Place for Politicks, where the two Kings are within three Yards of ye, ſitting in Judgment? 'Dſlife, I could hear ye plain into the Lobby, where I was Writing —— Out upon ye, is this the Diſcretion of Deputy Stateſmen? ——Ha, ha, ha; well, egad I ſhall have ſome freſh Matter for my Paper to morrow however by it: ha, ha, ha, ——You Polititians! ha, ha, ha, [*Points and laughs at 'em.* Exit.

Smith. Humph——Very odd and whimſical; prithee, what ſnip ſnap Fellow is this?

Bayes. Why this you muſt know is a notable Obſervator on the King's Party againſt *Belrope*——A word in your Ear ſoftly, he's really a Popiſh Prieſt, tho' he goes here for a true Royaliſt.

Chant. Oh! the fitter for Politicks, that's certain; but hark'e; prithee, Friend, what's this Secret, that muſt hinder the Prince's Conviction?

Smith. Ay that, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Why that, Sir, I brought this Fellow in, becauſe you and the Audience ſhould not know——There's decorum now, there's Management for ye; that Diſcovery is not ripe yet; every thing muſt have its Time, Mr. *Smith*: Go, go, ſneak off, Conſpirators. [*Exeunt* Belrope *and* Tokay.] And now for the firſt Muſick, a little Maſque to amuſe the Audience, whoſe Minds muſt be haraſs'd with this Scene of Politicks——The Deſign is ſome Humours in a Camp——Come flouriſh, Violins; and then enter a General Officer, who is ſuppos'd to be deeply in Love—— Oh! your Servant, Mr.——Come, Sir, pray let's hear your Noble Voice.

Here

Here the Mask begins.

SONG I.

When *Semele* with Luſter ſhone
All her Virgin Glories on,
Brighter than the God of Day,
When the ſparkling Atoms play:
Or when *Danae*, rapt with Gain,
Smil'd to ſee the Golden Rain;
Or as *Læda* to be proving
Her fair Swans Luxuriant Loving,
Scatter'd Beauty's Darts around him,
Healing ſtill as they did wound him:
So freſh Beauty ſtill I chang'd,
So, like Jove, I lov'd and rang'd.
But ſince my *Cælia* bleſt our *Albion*'s Shore,
All, all theſe joyful Freedoms are no more.
Cælia's exalted Wit and Beauty joyn'd,
Cælia's triumphant Greatneſs of the Mind:
Cælia in her lovely State,
Rare as Nature could create,
Charms me from what I ſhould be
To the Slave of Conſtancy.

Second MOVEMENT.

But I'll break the rough Chain,
And turn Rover again;
'Tis a Shame for a Man,
With a Sword in his Hand;
That has Hundreds in Store,
To take leſs than a Score.
I'll plunder the Race; to be conſtant to one,
Muſt make me a Coward, and then I'm undone.

Bayes Sings after him.] Muſt make me a Coward, *&c.* ——Your humble Servant, dear Mr. *Leveridge* —— And ſo pray go off, Sir. [Exit. *Singer.*

And now enter Robin *the Sutler.*

Smith. Well, what think ye now, *Johnſon*?

John. A plague, this is none of his, I'll be damn'd if he wrote a Line on't——No, no, this muſt be ſtole.

Chant. Ha, ha, if you ſhould be miſtaken now —— Well, let's hear the reſt, what's this *Robin* he's calling for?

Bayes. Why *Robin*, *Robin*, Good-fellow *Robin*, the Devil, a-pox, where are ye?——Come, come, Sir, the Stage ſtays for ye——Now, Gentlemen, to vary the Humour, [*Enter a Singer.*] and conſequently improve Variety; as the laſt was lofty, this here is a little light, low Fancy, which Method of Diverſion I reſolve to take; high and low, high and low, low and high, perpetually, like a——

John. Like a Sowgelder's Horn; there I've helpt ye to a good Simile, egad,

Smith. Ha, ha, ha,——Oh, a confounded Simile, don't mind him, prithee let the Muſick go on.

Bayes. Sir, I don't mind ye, that's in ſhort——And therefore, Gentlemen, as I ſaid, this is to be a low Humour—— he's Sutler, you muſt know, to the Camp; beſides, lately made a Serjeant; and his merry Song is to give ye a Comical Account of himſelf, and ſome of his Family; come begin, *Robin*——

Enter Serjeant.

SONG.

I.

Serj. Sings. Three Daughters I had by my Spouſe,
A black, a brown, a yellow,
That for a Seaſon plagu'd my Houſe
As they by Years grew mellow,
The firſt would ſcold, the ſecond Pout,
The third would fling and flounce about,
And make all Day a hideous Rout:
Whilſt each did want a Fellow.

Bayes. Good, pray mind——

II.

Three forward Fools at laſt they got,
That in the Town liv'd near 'em,
That were for Wedlock piping hot,
So had no cauſe to fear 'em.

The

The firſt a *Chanter* of Renown,
A rank Sweet Singer in the Town,
A Taylor and a grazing Clown,
Soon won 'em, and muſt wear 'em.

Bayes. So, obſerve, pray.

III.

My eldeſt Romp with Kid was grown,
E'er ſcarce her Husband kiſt her,
The Quean came juſt three Months too ſoon,
And faith, ſo did her Siſter.
The third that was the *Chanter*'s Spouſe,
Was ſuch a plaguy toping Blouze,
She'd ſit and Quart by Quart Carowſe,
Whilſt Day and Night he miſt her.

Bayes. So, good again——

IV.

The Taylor, plagu'd with Whore and Scold,
Was once reſolv'd to drown for't,
The Grazier ſoon his Sheep had ſold,
And ſcamper'd up to Town for't.
The *Chanter* did ſo ſtrain his Maw
To chime his tuneleſs Hum and Haw,
If hang himſelf his Brethren ſaw,
Not one would cut him down for't.

Bayes. So——Ha, ha, ha.

V.

Theſe goodly Sons of great Regard,
All juſt as wiſe as loyal,
To help Recruits may well be ſpar'd,
And aid the Party Royal.
My Daughters, as my Story tells,
Can ſtitch or knit, or ſomething elſe,
And I with Pots can ring the Bells:
Thus we ſhall live with Joy all.

Bayes. Live with Joy all; Ha, ha, ha,——There's a merry Rogue for ye now. [*Exit. Singer.*

Chant. Why, Gad, a merry *Robin*; I ſee he's a Plain-dealer.

Smith. Robin does not ſtand upon the Honour of his Family, when Truth's in the Caſe.

John. A filthy Bird, indeed! bewray his own Neſt, out upon him!

Bayes. Come, come, Sir, *Robin* has a farther Reach in his Noddle, than I perceive you have in yours; You know I told you, Friend *Smith*, before the Song, that he was a Serjeant as well as a Sutler.

Smith. Right, Mr. *Bayes*, you did ſo —— Thank'e heartily, you remember *T. Chanter.*

Chant. Ay, ay.

Bayes. Why then, to ſhew ye a Spice of *Robin*'s good Apprehenſion, coming to Town himſelf to follow new Buſineſs; and finding his Rakehelly Sons-in-Law had left his Daughters, in Revenge procures a Friend of his to drill 'em in to liſt amongſt the Recruits —— Ha, ha, ha, as you found he gave a hint in his Song. —— Odſo, here comes one of 'em, the Sweet Singer, who has juſt taken the Money, and is coming from his Captain. —— You ſhall hear his Humour preſently. [*Enter Sweet Singer.*] Come, Sir, when you pleaſe.

I.

We Chanters of the loving Race,
Nicknam'd harmonious People,
Do far excel each Meeting-place,
Or Houſe that bears a Steeple.
We preach in Tune, from Morn to Noon,
Of Peace, and Love, and Conſcience;
We raiſe the Voice to ſwell the Song,
And if it be but loud and long,
'Tis ne'er the worſe for Nonſenſe.

II.

We crow, when we the Siſters move,
Like Cock that Hen do's tread, Sir:
And when the Union Note does move,
We ſing 'em ſtraight to bed, Sir.
We cant in Rhime, as loud we chime,
As St. *Sepulcher*'s Ringers:
The Bagpipe with its Squeak and Drone,
Or Pariſh-Clerk, with noteleſs Tone,
Are Owls to us Sweet Singers. [*Exit.*

Bayes.

Bayes. Ah, juſt as I would have it——The Notes are contriv'd ſo between the Tune of a Pſalm, and the old venerable Ballad of *Chevy Chaſe*, that nothing can be more natural I'm ſure.

Smith. Very queint, and much out of the way, indeed, Sir.

John. Of all good Senſe and Muſick, that I'll ſay for't.

Chant. What's here, another of 'em?

Enter TAYLOR.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, they muſt make Haſte in now, becauſe the Act is long; and now, my cruſty Sir, I will make bold to entertain you, as well as Mr. *Smith* here, whether you will or no; for this was deſign'd for none but thoſe of the fineſt Taſte: This Taylor ſince his coming to Town was happily lodg'd in a Garret, oppoſite to one of our principal Eunuchs, and having always a good Voice, has exactly learnt their manner; I have taken care to contrive the Words to be as full of Senſe as any of their beſt *Opera*'s; And don't doubt to have this darling Song frequently in the Mouths of all the Quality (that love theſe extream Fineſſes) in *England*. Come, the Recitative firſt, dear Mr. *Pack*.

Sings. From Shopboard rais'd on high in Croſs-leg'd Poſture,
From Toping off two Pots to raiſe new Vigour,
I, from my Wedlock am, like Inſect roving,
To ſeek from yon Gay *Tuba* Roſe freſh Odour.

Bayes. Sweet, ſweet——Now the Air —— Now mind, Ah me, poor Loveſick humble Bee.

John. How! Poet, prithee read right. Loveſick humble Bee, what a Devil ———

Bayes. Ay, Sir, Loveſick humble Bee———I'll juſtify it ———Did not you hear him in the Recitative, ſpeak of an Inſect, and pray what more Muſical, or capable of Paſſion than an humble Bee?

Smith. By a Figure ſomething may be made on't indeed.

Chant. Ay, ay, he carps at every thing——pray go on.

Bayes reads. Ah me, poor Loveſick humble Bee,
That fly o'er Trees ſo tall and proper,
To meet my tuneful Cowlady,
And hear her ſing an Air at Supper.

And ſo forth, go on, dear *Pack*.

Sings. Ah me, poor Lovesick humble Bee, &c.
Ah dearest Cow,
Ah dearest Cow,
Ah dearest, dearest, Cowlady,
Since I by Fate am thine,
Say then, sweet Hum,
Sweet Buz and Hum,
Sweet Hum and Buz, or Buz and Hum,
I ever will be thine.

[Bayes *mimicks the latter part.*

Ah, if this does not strike the Intellect, farewel all charming Musick i'faith ——— I think my self a Disciple now of old *Robin Car*, that liv'd at the *Temple-Gate*; I'm ready to weep for Joy, egad.

Smith. Now, *Johnson*, this I'm sure thou canst not carp at, for thou wert always an Admirer of the *Italian* singing.

John. Why, I like the manner on't well enough.

Chant. Ay, let the Words be what stuff they will, so there be but a Manner, any thing will go down ——— Ha, ha———

Bayes. There, thou hast nickt him, faith, there's the right Taste of the Town——— But come, now for the third Son-in-Law, the Grazier, and then the Act ends——Come, Grazier, let's hear your Country Ditty, tho' you were not so happy to enjoy the Effects.

Enter GRAZIER.

SINGS.

I.

A Country State,
Tho' void of Treasure,
Is form'd by Fate,
The chiefest Pleasure.

On flowry Downs,
Fresh Breezes blowing,
We hear sweet Sounds
Of Oxen lowing.

Our

Our Sheep look fair,
Our Lambs are bleating,
Which great ones ſhare,
Such joy in Eating!

And breeding when,
Our Stock advances,
We're happier than
The King of *France* is.

II.

When hungry grown,
When wet and weary,
Then Roſie *Jone*
Comes from her Dairy.

A Feaſt of Curds,
A Toaſt and Honey,
Outvies what Lords
Can get for Money.

Good Beef does ſmoke
In earthen Diſhes,
And from the Brook
We've ſtore of Fiſhes.

A Spicy Pot
Then do's us Reaſon,
Would make a Cat
To talk High-Treaſon.

III.

Kind Harveſt got,
If Ears are Cropping,
We value not
Whoſe Heads are Chopping.

To crown Delight,
Inſtead of roaring,
We waſte the Night
In Love and Snoaring.

I come from Work,
Sweet Sleep is ready,
And *Jone* i'th' Dark
To me's a Lady.

For when I'm close
In found Embraces,
I laugh at Beaus
Are making Faces.

Bayes. Ay, gad, and let any of your fine Criticks laugh at that if he dares.

Smith. Mighty natural really, Mr. *Bayes.*

Chant. How *Johnson* stares at him ——— he's a little Nonpluſt at this.

Bayes sings. I laugh at Beaus are making Faces——Come now the Country Dance; and then we'll go and see how they prepare the State-Scene within. [*Dance here.*] Very well; come, Sirs, now let's walk in a little.

Smith. } Nay, nay, no flinching, Faith, you ſhall go.
Chant. }

[*Pulling along* Johnſon.

John. Pox on ye, are ye never to be tir'd?

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene opens, and the two Kings appear, ſeated with their Queens, all comically dreſt; Prince Volcius *and Prince* Prettiman *guarded, attending by.*

Enter BAYES, SMITH, CHANTER *and* JOHNSON, *as before.*

Bayes. NOW, Gentlemen, I'll pretend to ſhew ye a right Scene of State. Appear Kings and Queens in your Royalty ſitting in Judgment upon the Princes.——Prince *Volcius*, you are to ſpeak firſt, pray begin, Sir——And therefore——

John. How!——And therefore; Zoons, did ever any Prince's Speech before begin with——And therefore.

Bayes. Prithee be quiet, Mr. What d'ye call'm——Gadzookers, you know I have told ye already theſe Matters are above the Sphere of your Country underſtanding. Pray don't be troubleſome.

Smith. Well, but under Favour, Mr. *Bayes*, as *Johnſon* ſays, And therefore is a very odd beginning, unleſs they have been ſtating the Caſe before.

Bayes. Before——why they are ſuppos'd to have talk'd ſo long within, that the Examination is quite over, the Queens impeach'd 'em, the Kings diſcuſs'd the Matter, and the Princes made ſo notable a Defence, that they are now upon the Huff, and will get off, you ſhall ſee preſently——by another Turn. And pray was not this better contriv'd, than a damn'd long Scene of ſending and proving, that would tire the Audience as well as the Actors?

Smith. Nay, if that were in his Head, *Johnſon*.

John. There is not ſo much in his Head as this pinch of Snuff, Begad.

Bayes. Aw——never fear my making things plain, Mr. *Smith*—Go on, pray Friend, in Verſe——And therefore——

P. Vol. And therefore since our Honours have been soil'd,
P. Prett. And Scandal has our florent Glory spoil'd.
Both. Depend on't, Kings—— [*Angrily.*
Bayes. Look'e, I told you they were upon the Huff.
Chant. This is indeed very Political, Mr. *Bayes.*
Bayes. Ay, Sir, they are no Fools, ——pray mind,—— speak now, you by your self. [*To* P. Volcius.
P. Vol. Depend on't, Kings,——our Breasts shall harbour Flame,
'Till we're acquainted, whence this Scandal came.
P. Pret. 'Tis an Affront unto our Princely Race;
Greater our Birth, the greater our Disgrace.
Bayes. The greater the Disgrace; very well spoke indeed, Mr. a. — Now hear the Kings.
1 *King.* Kings cannot always judge where Right is due.
2 *King.* You were Impeach'd by those we thought spoke true;
And if by erring Judgment we're misled,
Stanch Satisfaction must atone the Deed.
Bayes. That's now like a Man of Honour.
1 *King.* Let Guilt be cleans'd, and Innocence appear,
We still as formerly shall wear you here;
2 *King.* Nor what we Eat or Drink, be half so dear.
Bayes. So tender, so good, I have drawn these two Kings, the very Patterns of Clemency.
John. Thou hast drawn a couple of damn'd Ideots, that's all I can see of 'em.
P. Vol. Bring me the Caitiff here before my Face,
Tho' made Impregnate, as *Achilles* was.
P. Pret. Or bring some Female of renown'd Idea,
Strong as the Warlike Queen *Penthisilæa.*
P. Vol. Straight, in Seccoon, grim Death shall be his Lot,
P. Pret. And with my Point, in Cart, I'll lay her flat.
Bayes. My point in Cart, I'll lay her flat.——Is not that strong? Now han't those Verses fire in 'em, hah?
Smith. Fire, ay; but pray, Mr. *Bayes*, take care it be lambent, won't the heat of your Metaphor offend the Ladies, think ye?
John. I hope it will.
Chant. Why Faith, as you say, that may be a little too free.
Bayes. No, Sir, no; 'tis beyond their Apprehension, the Ladies have no Notion of Fencing, none in the World, Sir. ——But now for the Turn, pray hear the Queens——Come, Mrs. a.—Oh! Words more sweet. [*Teaching her in a Tone,*

1 *Queen.*

1 *Queen.* Oh! Words more ſweet, than Honey that do's pleaſe
The luſcious Taſte, when Farmers burn their Bees.
2 *Queen.* Oh! graceful Perſon, that where'er it moves,
So charms the Eye, that ſhe that ſees it loves.
Was I inchanted——but I'll ſtraight atone,
And what I ſwore againſt 'em——I'll diſown.
1 *Queen.* My Tongue ſhall never ſuch dear Lives betray,
What has been ſaid——I'll turn another way.
We'll chouſe our Kings,
2 *Queen.* And make 'em ſoon obey.
Begin the Muſick——and let's have a Dance.

[*The Queen goes and whiſpers the Kings, who thereupon riſe and ſmile on the Princes.*

Bayes. There's a Turn now for ye, Mr. Critick——Who would ſuſpect this; the Queens on a ſudden fall in Love with the Princes, and leading the poor Kings by the Noſe——as what can't Women do? for the preſent invalidate the Evidence, and to divert 'em, call for the Muſick; ha, ha, ha.

John. Ay, pray Sir, is that like Women of Honour too, to forſwear themſelves?

Bayes. Forſwear themſelves——Oons——why did not I tell ye they were in Love?——Honour, why they're mad, Sir, mad for Love——and a Queen or a Commoner, in ſuch a Caſe, values an Oath no more than an Oyſter-ſhell—Come, come, let's have the Muſick; which to vary the Diverſion, and entertain this Royal Aſſembly properly, ſhall be ſome Humours of a Court. Come, flouriſh there—and enter Groom of the back Stairs, and my young Widow, Lady *Breakback.*

Enter young Iriſh *Beau.*

SONG *here in* DIALOGUE.

He. I live at Court, and am in Grace,
Diſtinguiſh'd for a Shape and Face;
And bleſt with lucky Confidence,
As well as ſome degrees of Senſe,
I've got a handſom Place;
Yet this won't ſatisfy half my Ambition,
Methinks I'm ſtill in a ſorry Condition.

I want a Coach to roul and wander,
And Twenty Thouſand Pounds lies yonder;

I want the Joy that daily crowns it,
The buxom Widow too that owns it:
That Bliſs would be true Life endearing,
And ſee, the Goddeſs is appearing.

Enter LADY *and* PAGE.

Now *Iriſh* dear Aſſurance teaze her,
Inſpire my Tongue to fawn and lye
Of this, or that, or t'other Toy;
Of Balls or Beaus,
Or Gaudy Cloaths,
Or any other thing to pleaſe her.

Lady. Go bid the Chairmen wait, ſure I ſhall come
In good time now into the Drawing Room.

He. Mine is good Time I'm ſure, ſince now I can
Such Excellence approach——

She. What ſays the Man?

He. The Man condemn'd by Love's Imperial Law,
Says thou'rt the ſweeteſt Woman!
Oh! thou'rt the ſweeteſt Woman!
His Eyes yet ever ſaw.
Thoſe Planets blaſt me, oh, that Shape and Air,
So fine, ſo charming, and that Face ſo fair;
Like Sea-born *Venus*, do's inchant me ſo,
I cannot move, nor can I let you go.

She. Not let me go?

He. Nay, now I'm ſure I can't.
My hearing that dear Note,
As from ſweet *Philomell*'s melodious Throat,
Do's more and more inchant.

She. An odd bold prating Fellow——ſtrangely rude,
Sure you'll not force my ſtay?

He. Divinely good!——
Darling of Fate! by Love inſpir'd and taught!

She. What Nation you, and ſo much Flatt'ry brought?
What gave you Birth?

He. Dear *Bogland*.

She. So I thought.
No other Country durſt have been ſo bold.

He. A ſign I'm made of a more mettled Mold.
I've had a Viſion, deareſt Dear,
That told me I ſhould meet you here;

Another

Another MOVEMENT.

Shew'd me what Wife the Fates had choſe,
Juſt ſuch a Face, with ſuch a Noſe,
Your Figure and your very Cloaths.
I muſt, muſt ſeize my own!
She. You ſaucy grow;
Shall I not go to Court?
He. To Court, no, no;
You muſt go back to Church, a Prieſt and Ring,
With Love and me, and a more charming Thing
Shall pleaſe ye better, than the Court or King.
She. I ſtrive to go, and yet I hardly can,
I'm charm'd, why ſure the Devil's in the Man!
His Impudence is into liking grown,
Thus, thus, poor Widows, is your Weakneſs ſhewn.
He. Now ſhine, my *Iriſh* Stars, and ſhe's my own.
She. My dull, ſickly Husband, whom late I did wed,
Three Years has enjoy'd me without e'er a Kid;
And ſay what we will, we can never bear that,
This Yonker, methinks, has a far better Lot.
He'll tell me a Story, would ſurely prevail,
And looks as his Argument never could fail.
He. You muſt be mine, by *Jove*, d'ye think I'll be forſworn?
She. An impudent young Rogue as ever ſure was born;
And yet, to argue freely, altho' the Phraſe is courſe,
I know not what do's ail me, I like him ne'er the worſe.
He. Joy ſhall regale my Widow, we'll frolick ſtill in Mirth.
She. And will you get me Children?
He. Three fine Boys at a Birth.
She. Away——you grand Deceiver.
He. Try, try——my Love, my Life.
She. And what if I ſhould venture,
He. Why then, my Dear, my Wife,
Let's Wed juſt now, I tell ye,
It ne'er can be too ſoon;
I'll get thee a big Belly
Before to morrow Noon.
She. Od's Life, 'tis a Match.
He. We'll the Proverb make out,
The Marriage is happy that's not long about.
She. You Courtiers but ſeldom a Jointure can ſpare,
So I'll for a Kid give Three Thouſand a Year.

He. There's

He. There's nought but thy Perſon can give me more Joy,
For that's what I want, 'tis a folly to Lye.

CHORUS *of both.* *Treble and Baſs.*

He. Why then 'tis a Match, we'll the Proverb make out.
She. Why then 'tis a Match, we'll the Proverb make out.
He. The Marriage is happy that's not long about.
She. The Marriage is happy that's not long about.
He. We Courtiers but ſeldom a Jointure can ſpare.
She. You Courtiers but ſeldom a Jointure can ſpare.
He. So you'll for a Kid give Three Thouſand a Year.
She. So I'll for a Kid give Three Thouſand a Year.
He. There's nought but thy Perſon can give me more Joy.
She. There's nought but thy Perſon can give me more Joy.
He. For that's what I want, 'tis a Folly to Lye.
She. For that's what you want, 'tis a Folly to Lye.

Bayes. Well, now, Mr. *Smith*, pray deal faithfully with me; how dy'e like this Dialogue?

Smith. Mighty well, indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, there's nothing wanting, and without doubt you have brought *Johnſon* over now.

Bayes. And what ſay you, Sir?

Chant. Oh! good without Exception, I like it extremely.

Bayes. As for you, Sir——

John. Ay, Sir, as for me, I ſay it may paſs for want of better.

Bayes. Very good, troth——I think it may, Sir.——Yet, Gentlemen, to oppoſe ye all now—I muſt ſay—'tis not my Favourite; 'tis a good plain thing, and will down with eaſy Appetites; but not like our dear Cowlady, Mr.a—— that was a *Non Parelio*, egad—Ah! that dear, dear Humble Bee!

John. Buz——

Chant. } Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Smith. }

Bayes. Come now for the t'other two little Songs that muſt be ſerv'd in as Pages to this Court Lady——This now, Gentlemen, is ſuppos'd to be a nice Character of a Maid of Honour. Come little Mrs. a—— let's hear your Treble.

Enter another Singer.

SONG *here*,

I.

A Virgins Life who would be leaving,
Free from Care and fond Deſire;

Ne'er

Ne'er deceiv'd, nor e'er deceiving,
Loving none, yet all inſpire.
We ſit above and Knot the live-long Day,
A thouſand pretty harmleſs things we ſay;
But not one Word of Wedlock's frightful Nooſe,
For fear we chance to think what we muſt loſe.

II.

Our Souls are free from dire Revenges,
Boſom's Miſchief never owns;
Our Wit's employ'd in making Fringes,
Or embroidering our Gowns.
If any Lover comes to play the Thief,
Our natural dear Cunning gives Relief.
We dance, we ſing the tedious Hours away,
And when we've nothing elſe to do—we pray.

Bayes. Ah, well ſaid, my little Dear; egad I'll kiſs thee for that. [*Kiſſes her, and Exit Singer.*

Smith. Why God-a-mercy Poet, Faith.

Chant. Oh! ſhe deſerves——a ſmall Fee certainly.

John. If the Audience ſhould chance to Clap here you'd ſee him as rampant as a Colt.

Bayes. We muſt do ſo now and then to theſe young things to keep up their Spirits——Egad they'd flag in their Cadance, and ſing out of Tune elſe. Come now for her Siſter, another young Companion, or Confident, to this Court Lady. ——Come enter little Lady *Phœbe Fineſſe*, ſhe's ravingly in Love, you muſt know, with the Son of a great Duke—— who, egad, they ſay, loves one of the Actreſſes——but Mum for that; and her Song is a Hue-and-cry after her Heart——'tis very quaint and odd you'll find; come Lady *Phœbe.*

I.

O Yes, O Yes, O Yes, I cry,
Pray tell you gentle Swains are by,
If you a roving Heart have met,
Did lately from my Boſom get.

II.

Some Marks to ſhew it I'll expreſs,
It comes of loyal honeſt Race;

By Nature kind, and prone to Love,
And conſtant as the Turtle Dove.

III.

Upon the out-ſide of the ſame,
You'll find the charming *Damon*'s Name,
By Love ingrav'd, and plain to ſhew,
From which freſh Drops of Gore do flow.

IV.

'Tis tender as ſoft Down can be,
Or Beauty in its Infancy;
Nor Wealth can make it e'er untrue,
Such Hearts as mine you'll find but few.

V.

That 'twas confin'd, I late was told,
Amongſt the Lambs in *Cupid*'s Fold;
If ſo, pray ſeek that Deity,
And carry this Reſolve from me:

VI.

If he'll reſtore my Heart agen,
I'll keep it from Deceits of Men;
From wily Wits, and am'rous Tongues,
And all that to their Sex belongs.

VII.

But if my Heart he'll me refuſe,
For 'tis a Jewel few would loſe;
Pray let him tell dear *Damon* this,
And in Exchange command me his.

And now for the Dance, the Dance Ænigmatical, Gentlemen, 'tis as full of Satyr, egad, as an Egg; for my Deſign in't, you muſt know, is to introduce at Court the Bleſſing of Concord——You ſhall ſee come firſt enter Concord, in her left Hand an Olive and a Myrtle Branch twining, in her Right a good Goblet of Lamb's-Wool.

Enter

Enter CONCORD.

Smith. So; but why Lambs-Wool, pray?

Chant. Av, that's a Novelty indeed.

Bayes. Why, Sir, 'tis harmleſs Rural, and egad I think as pretty an Emblem of Amity and Friendſhip as any.

John. Ay among Country Hobbs, that dance round their Appletrees at *Chriſtmas*.

Enter Six Figures comically dreſs'd.

Bayes. Your Patience, pray Sir; ſo, now enter ſix foreign Figures repreſenting Nations——Obſerve, pray mind this Fancy, 'tis notable I aſſure ye, for all of 'em have, or ought to have, Concerns with Concord there; look how they ogle her, ſome with Love-leers; and ſome with Indifference: The firſt in the Bear-skin there, is a damn'd cold frozen Fellow, a *Muſcovite*, he cares not a Fox-tail for her.

Chant. What's he there in Buff, with a black Crape Neck-cloth on, and the blue Shirt, ſhewn with open Sleeves?

Bayes. Why, Sir, he's a *Swede*, a plaguy mad hot brain'd rough Fellow; but the *Muſcovite* having formerly threſh'd him, he's now a little upon the Moroſe; beſides he's over-aw'd by the *Turk* that ſtands by him, who ſome time ſince paid for his Diet, and lent him Money.

John. And what do's he take to now, pray?

Bayes. Oh, Sir, ſets up for a King of Piracy——lends his Fleet and an Army to make a Deſcent upon thoſe that aſpire to new Kingdom; all, all crack-brain'd, as mad as a very Devil, you muſt know.

Chant. Then——the ſquab Fellow——that's a *Dutch* Hero, I ſuppoſe?

Bayes. Sir, a *Battavian*, if you pleaſe; pray no vulgar Words; to ſay Truth, Mr. *Smith*, he's a difficult Creature, and was lately damnably averſe to Concord——but he is ſociable at laſt, provided 'tis profitable, and he may dance his own way.

Smith. But pray what's he with the Whiskers?

Bayes. Odſo—ſoftly—pray Sir, a *High German*—plaguy untractable too——and very angry with the *Frenchman* that's near him, whoſe old Maſter, it ſeems, before the preſent Regency, politickly gave his Grandſon a rich Manor of Land that he thought he was Heir to; the *Frenchman*'s a deviliſh

cunning Fellow, and keeps things plaguy close, therefore I shall say little of him.

Chant. Very well, now the last there, what's he?

Bayes. He, ha, ha, ha; I thought you might have found him out by his *Saturnine* Phiz; why, Sir, he's a whimsical *Englishman*, his Humour just like the Seasons of his own Country, hot and cold, shining and storming in the space of half an Hour.

Smith. He's a Rarity on my word.

Bayes. He represents a Race that never could keep in with Concord, not suitable to their own volatile Fancies from the beginning of the World to this present time: but he'll make one amongst 'em now, you'll see, because he thinks he can do it with Honour, for a sham Peace has lately stuck upon his Gizzard plaguily.

Chant. Methinks I long to see 'em proceed.

Bayes. Come, all stand now in a Circle——and by turns drink of the Bowl. [*They all drink.*] Well done——why there's Concord now I think, in Perfection, and now we'll have the Dance——Stay——but first the Catch in three Parts, made for the Occasion——Begin. [*Catch here.*

A Catch *here in three Parts.*

I.

Sound it o'er *Albion*, sound it high,
Peace with Fame, or glorious War,
British Sons unite with Joy
And all defend great *George*'s Crown.

II.

Raise up his Glory to the Sky,
He now invites your Arms, prepare;
Youth you can ne'er so well employ,
And drive all false Pretenders down.

III.

France is renown'd for Feats of War,
Thousands the *German* Braves have seen;
Some the bold *Muscovite* will praise,
But *English* Generals all excel.

IV.

Who has not heard of bold *Villars*?
Who has not heard of great *Eugene*?
Many the *Czar*'s Renown do raiſe,
But conqu'ring *Marl'brough* bears the Bell.

V.

Fill then the Glaſſes to the brim,
Strong as the Wine let Courage be;
Firm to your rightful Sovereign ſtand;
For factious Foes let no one care.

VI.

Great *George*'s Health, we'll drink to him,
Then let it ſound eternally:
Three noble Bumpers in a Hand,
Peace with Fame, or glorious War.

Bayes ſings. Peace with Fame, or glorious War.—— Hey Boys, Gentlemen, your humble Servant, ye have oblig'd me to a high degree, egad. [*To the Singers going off.*] Come now the Dance, and then go off Kings and Queens, with the Princes, and drink your Chocolate.

A humourous Dance here by the ſix Figures and Concord, and then Exeunt *all but* Bayes *and the Gent.*

Smith. Moſt exquiſite, I never ſaw a better Fancy.
Chant. Very fine indeed.
John. As fine as 'tis, Faith I'll go and take a Diſh of Chocolate with the Queens——ſay what you pleaſe.
Smith. We'll all go, and then come and hear the reſt.
Bayes. Aloons donc. [*Exeunt.*

End of the ſecond Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter BAYES, CHANTER *and* SMITH, *he pulling in* JOHNSON, *who was going.*

Bayes. THESE toping Queens have given us a notable Touch of their Quality, egad, for they have whip'd off a Pottle of Chocolate, before a Couple of Subjects could have manag'd two Diſhes——We muſt have Patience till more's made; therefore not to loſe time, let's go on. Come, enter Princes with their Miſtreſſes, *Armorilis* and *Parthenope*, Prince *Volcius*, you muſt know, has prov'd a very *Roger* the Conſtant, but as for Prince *Prettyman*, a former Love ——.

Enter Prince VOLCIUS, *Prince* PRETTYMAN, ARMORILIS *and* PARTHENOPE.

And a high point of Honour has made him ſwerve a little.

Smith. Oh gad, I'm ſorry for that with all my Heart.

Chant. Methinks that's ungentleman like.

John. Piſh, thou art the Devil of a Fellow, haſt no Mercy; have I not been tir'd enough? Oh! for a fine Spell, to hoiſt me through the Ceiling into the Air a little. [*To* Smith *aſide.*

Bayes. There's a Neceſſity for't, Gentlemen, the Plot will have it ſo.

John. Whether you will or no, Ha!———

Bayes. Ay, Sir, ay———Come Mrs.———a———

Smith. That's very uncommon indeed.

Chant. Hark, let's hear the Miſtreſſes.

Arm. Thus Joy is oft ſucceeding baleful Woe.

Bayes. They have been talking, you muſt know, of their late Delivery.

Arm. Thus Roſes Spring, where Nettles once did grow.

Since

Since things, Sir, go ſo well, by general Voice,
Let's to the Garden *Grotto* and rejoice.

P. Vol. And give your timely Thanks, with ſilent Noiſe.
[Exit. *Arm.*

John. Very obliging truly.

Chant. Ay—I'll warrant her a good kind hearted thing.

Smith. Ah, ſhe has Reaſons for't no doubt.

Bayes. Private Matters muſt be ſettled, there has been Kindneſs between 'em a great while, you know: Now the t'other you'll find will be more ſullen.

John. And why ſo, pray?

Bayes. 'Dsdeath, Sir, I won't tell ye: Oh! the inſupportable Torment of Impertinence———Why here's to be another Turn, Sir———Go on, Prince *Prettyman.*

John. The Devil take thee and thy Turns, I grow horribly Cropſick.

P. Pret. Glory, ſad Thoughts out from my Boſom root.

John. Root, why do they grow there, like the Nettles ſhe was ſpeaking of?

Smith. Nay, nay, *Johnſon*, let the Metaphor have fair Play, don't murder it.

Bayes. O Lord! O Lord! but hang't, I won't mind him ———Come, prithee anſwer Mrs———a———

Parth. Why is your Heart diſturb'd—Why, Sir, ſo mute?
Let's follow to the flowry Garden,
With Tales of Love I'll ſoften all your Care.

Bayes. Soften all your Care———Is not that a pretty Rogue? but now obſerve, now for the Turn. Come, Mrs. —a—Pray mind your Cue. [Bayes *mimicks her.*

Enter THIMBLESSA, *beckons Prince* PRETTYMAN, *and goes out.*

P. Pret. Hah—She's here—nay then,
The Fates will have it ſo, I'm call'd—And I
Controul'd, by Honour's Laws, dare not deny.
Go, Madam, take of amorous Thoughts your fill,
I'll come—I'm buſy—If I can—I will.
[*To* Parthenope.

Bayes. He's horribly diſorder'd——damnably puzzled, but muſt have her.

Smith. Ah, Pox, this is unkind 'faith.

Bayes. 'Tis ſo, yet it can't be helpt, but you ſhall ſee a Salvo for't preſently. Come, Enter Madam *Fleabitten.*
[*She comes in.*

Flea. Their Majeſties the Queens, without Delay, Madam, deſire you'll come and drink ſome Tea.

[*Exit.* Parth. *and* Fleabitten.

Bayes. Look'e there's ſome Honour to abate her Melancholly, however; why now you gape and ſtare, and I warrant wonder what this new Figure meant by her beck'ning, and why the Prince is ſo ſurly —— Why in two Words then, this new Comer was his former Miſtreſs; and when he was found to be but a Fiſherman's Son —— was his Sempſtreſs —— Kindneſs grew then, and Gratitude ſince to ſuch a Head, that the Prince being a Man of Honour, is now in great Trouble of Mind——What's the Reſult you ſhall hear——Speak, Sir——

P. Pret. She was the firſt I choſe to be my Mate,
Her Pains oblig'd me in my mean Eſtate;
Honour ſays then to her, be not ingrate.
I'll follow. [*Exit.*

Bayes. So—very well,—let that paſs; and now we muſt vary the Matter, by a ſhort Scene of Politicks.

Re-enter FLEABITTEN and DISCIPLINE.

Put on a plotting look Mrs.—a— Conſider you are a Piece of a Polititian—Come ſpeak.

Smith. She a Polititian! 'Dſlife, Sir, I took her for a Chambermaid.

Bayes. A Chambermaid! One of the Queens chief Women of the Bedchamber, as I hope to be tam'd—Was there ever ſo vile a Thought, conſidering the grand Family of the *Fleabitten*'s? Beſides, Ods Mortification, Death, and the Devil and all—Has this polite Perſon the ſneaking Air of a Chambermaid?

Chant. You ſee *Smith*'s no Phiſiognomiſt, Mr. *Bayes.*

John. No, Pox on him, 'tis plain he ſaid that to affront thy Work; faith Poet, if I were thee, I'd let him hear no more on't.

Smith. Oh hang ye, why any Man breathing may miſtake.

Bayes. Miſtake, ay gad, but that was a damnable one. Come ſpeak, ſpeak, ſhe'll ſoon undeceive ye ——or I'm miſtaken.

Flea. Well, Mr. Obſervator, what Intelligence have ye brought me now——Hah——What?

Bayes. Hah—What! ſmart and pert, you may know by that ſhe has been bred at Court.

Flea. I aſſure ye, Sir, you have very ill ſupply'd me of late, and I never was ſo aſhamed in my Life, as I was laſt Night; I was

I was with ſome Ladies of Quality, of the firſt Rank of *Phizgigs*, who were almoſt ſick for News, and never a conſiderable Lye to tell 'em——Oh fie, I ſhall loſe my Reputation of a States-woman quite at this rate.

Bayes. Very well, the Chambermaid you ſee, Sir, keeps pretty good Company; beſides, I thought you might have found her out by ſome Matters that are paſt; why, ye dull Creatures, 'twas by her means that the Queens knew of the late Plot, the Prieſt there is in Love with her, and ſhe manages his Secrets as ſhe pleaſes——Ha, ha, ha.

Chant. And betrays, I ſuppoſe, the t'other Boutfeu—What d'ye call'm, *Belrope*——Hah!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, ay——Now ye have it; Ha, ha, ha.

John. Has it; oh notably the Rogue hunts for a Jeſt, like a Ferret in a Coney-borrow; he makes it bolt whether it will or no.

Diſcip. I heartily beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon, dear Madam; but I profeſs there has been a great Scarcity of News lately, and Invention, I think, freezes too; but however, incouraged by a Kiſs from this fair Hand, I'll tell ye one topping thing.

Smith. Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, this Perſon looks his part as you'd have him, for he gives her a very Amorous Oagle, methinks.

[Diſcip. *kiſſes her Hand.*

Bayes. Ay, Sir, I taught him that, I had it from a Prieſt in *Flanders*; the holy Rogue would look quite through a Wench, when the Fit was on him; beſides, I told ye before, he was a plaguy Toad.

Flea. Come, Sir, I wait impatiently.

Diſcip. Why, look'e then, dear Lady——you may put it abroad when you pleaſe; that the two inveterate Parties, the Royaliſts and the *Phizgigs* are reconcil'd by the Grandees of the Bank and Stock-jobbers; and to crown their Amity, are all to have a great Cuſtard-feaſt at my Lord Mayor's.

Bayes. Ha, ha, ha,——pray hear him.

Diſcip. In the next place, tell 'em this for great News, that the whole Body of *London Jews*, at the Inſtance of a *Rabbi*, who has lately been charm'd, by an Anthem ſung by *Monſieur de Sol re*, at the Chapel, have unanimouſly agreed to build *White-hall* by the Model of *Blenheim Caſtle*; that the Quakers will provide Painting and Arras Hangings, who being weary of their former ſlovenly Garb and Formality, reſolve from henceforth to wear Pantaloons and Ribbons.

Bayes. Ha, ha ha,——there's News for ye.

Flea. Thank'e, Sir, this is ſomething; the Devil's in 'em that won't take this for a well-grown Lye.

Smith.

Smith. The Devil's in 'em indeed, why this will cram the Maw of the Town for at leaſt a Month.

Chant. Ay, and make a ſtrange buz in the Coffeehouſes.

John. He's mad by theſe ten Pickers and Stealers, as *Hamlet* ſays.

Bayes. Shrewd, ſhrewd, egad. I warrant it flies about like Lightning; Ha, ha, ha.——Now pray hear her Concluſion of the Scene.

Flea. And now, Friend, obſerve—— You ſhall find that I have ſomething to inform you—— Come, I intend to cloſet ye about it; I know you Prieſts love Cloſet-work; you ſhall know then, that our Politick Ladies have certain Advice, that their High Mightineſſes have generouſly reſolv'd to give us up our Herring Trade, and lend us all the Money they got by the late War, taking our Tally Bills for the Repayment. Come, Oily-fiſt, come in and you ſhall know more. [*Slaps him on the Shoulder.*

Diſcip. Ay, with all my Heart, ſweet Honey-ſuckle; ods Sugar-ſops—I melt like *May* Butter; rare, rare News, and I'll ſpread it about ifack.

Bayes. There's a Scene now; there's Politicks and Wit together for ye.

Smith. This new Character ſhews Roguery enough, I confeſs.

Chant. Ay, there's a double entendre in't too, if we could hit it, hah, *Johnſon.*

John. Pox, I was liſtning to the Fiddle; don't diſturb me. [*Fiddle within.*

Bayes. Oh——now for the third Entertainment: They're tuning I find; a Scene of new Variety ſtill, which will be ſhewn in another little Maſque, explaining the Humours of the City—Come, firſt enter *Diſcord*, a Figure very well acquainted there at preſent, and with him [*Enter* Diſcord. *and three Figures*] three Figures more, Bigotry, in the Habit of a Jeſuit; *Faction* in the Garb of a Fanatick; and *Stubbornneſs* dreſt like a Quaker.

Smith. I marry, Sir, this gives an Idea of ſome Diverſion indeed!

Smith. I warrant ye, Sir—— [*Song begins here.*

The firſt SONG, *in the third Maſque, repreſented in the Figure of* DISCORD *dreſt like a City Stock-jobber.*

Bold *Diſcord* is my Ancient Name;
My Title too of greater Fame;

The

The City can it well explain ;
A fly notorious Knave in Grain,
A wheadling Party Robber.
No Brain has in't more Turns of Wit,
When there is any thing to get ;
More learn'd in City Politicks,
Nor can a Monkey do more Tricks,
Then I, a true Stock-jobber.

[*Bigotry*, *Faction* and *Stubbornefs* appear.

Second MOVEMENT.

My Sons here ſtill are worſe,
A Nation's greateſt Curſe ;
Who boldly in Diſguiſe
Make Religion cloak their Vice,
Who boldly, *&c.*
When Stock does riſe,
Then to the Skies,
Their airy Hopes are flying ;
But if it falls,
Down goes St. *Paul's*,
Their Church and they are dying.
And tho' they, like Saints, will diſſemble with many,
They're Devils, mere Devils, at the turning the Penny.
A dull quaking Moper,
A Maſs Interloper,
With them a blew Practice of Piety Groper.
Who quarr'lling and ſnarling,
And biting and fighting,
Would make their Commotion
A Caſe of Devotion,
Would make, *&c.*
When, oh, 'tis Money, that grand Devil,
Money, Money, that grand Devil,
Is the Root of all their Evil,
And though their ill Lot,
Their own Vices begot,
The Crown and the Government muſt be in Fault.
The Crown, *&c.*

The next is the Comical Dialogue between BIGOTRY, *dreſs'd like a Jeſuit* ; FACTION, *like a Fanatick* ; *and* STUBBORNNESS, *like a Quaker.*

Big. The ſtubborn Sons of *Alba* can't agree,
Or elſe they ſure would ne'er make uſe of me:
And

And to promote their Jars I now am come,
To aid 'em like a true-bred Son of *Rome:*
For ſo, in ſpite of all their Laws, I'll be,
As by my ſhaven Crown, Friends may in private ſee.

FACTION *comes up and obſerves him.*

Fact. Bleſs me! oh bleſs me! if my Sight's not gone,
I ſee a Type o'th' Whore of *Babylon.*
As I'm a Proteſtant, 'tis ſo;
Tho' baniſh'd, yet they will not go.
He ſhew'd me his ſhorn Pate,
But I may profit by the Beaſt;
I'll go and peach him for a Prieſt,
So get the Rogue's Eſtate.
[*Is going, and* Stubbornneſs *ſtops him.*
Stubb. Hold, Friend, pray hold—by what I've heard,
Thou want'ſt a brotherly Regard;
Thy Mind's in ſome Confuſion;
Now plainly, if thou wilt be wiſe,
I may—Hum—give thee ſome Advice.
And bring things to Concluſion.
Big. You may, Sir, as well
Keep Noiſe from a Bell,
His Soul is compounded of Jargon;
For as bred among Bears,
This Rogue ſtops his Ears
At the raviſhing Sound of an Organ.
Fact. I muſt confeſs that Pagan Tone,
Is worſe to me than Bagpipe Drone.
'Tis Popiſh and I cannot bear it.

MOVEMENT *changes.*

Stubb. Nay, Friend, thou then can'ſt err, I ſee;
For Soundings may harmonious be,
Through Motions of the Spirit.
And when a Siſter mounts on high,
And pants and ſpeaks with Ecſtaſy
Then, hum—good lack how ſweet's the Voice!
Fact. When you in Revolution doze,
Big. And you are canting through the Noſe,
Stubb. Our Babes of Grace rejoice,
Fact. Our ſtanch Opinion grounded is on Senſe,
We ſhew nor Miracles, nor *Peter* Pence.

Big.

Big. Nor do we, when our Nonſenſe plagues the Town,
Require a buxom Laſs to rub us down.
Stubb. We hate the Wantons that to ſnare us come,
And in our own Tribe mingle with a Hum.
Big. Fanatick, leave off your dull Stuff, and your Twang,
Fact. Sir Prieſt, if you're ſawcy I peach and you hang.
Stubb. Nay ſurely you're Vipers of Satan's own Seed,
And ſhould be deſtroy'd to extirpate the Breed.
I'll cauſe our Brethren ſoon to join,
And both your Sects we'll undermine;
We'll vouch you'll root out Monarchy;
For tho' not ſwear, we all can lye.
Stubb. I know ye all are Fiends—at grand Hypocriſy.
Big. The Canters all ſhall down, but plainly for thy part,
I know thou art for Maſſes, a Jeſuit in thy Heart;
So thou ſhalt ſcape the Laſh, moſt of thy Tribe are ſo.
Stubb. Plainly thou lyeſt—ah me, the Spirit moves me now.
We never, we never will put up this Wrong,
The King ſhall comply, we are Legion and ſtrong.
Fact. We'll manage the Court till the Jeſuit we hang,
Big. We'll work, like the Mole, 'till the Canter we hang.
Stubb. We'll mutiny ſtrongly till both of ye hang.
Fact. The Jeſuit ſhall hang.
Stubb. The Canter ſhall hang.
Big. The Quaker ſhall hang.

Chorus of all.

We never, we never will put up this Wrong,
The King ſhall comply, we are Legion and ſtrong,
[*They all fall a fighting, and ſo go off.*

Bayes. There, there, a hay —— Oh rare Fanatick, well done Jeſuit, oh rare Quaker—there's Mob Commotion for ye, there's Hurry and Buſtle to the Life—egad.

Diſcor. Halloo, halloo, halloo. [*Shouts 'em on.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.———

Bayes. Come, now enter to *Diſcord*, *Envy* and *Jealouſy*, the one dreſs'd like an old ſuperannuated Chambermaid, the other like a ſupercillious *Italian*. [*They enter.*

Envy ſings. From gloomy Realms of Night aſcending,
And the fatal Lethes Shore,
Thus new Miſchiefs ſtill attending,
We are come to aid thy Power;
Envy and dire Jealouſy,
With potent Diſcord ever muſt agree.

Diſcord.

Difcord. Whilſt baleful Feuds Mankind annoy,
Hymens Rights too we'll deſtroy,
Women may count Love a Joy.
Smiling, Crying,
Whining, Lying,
Of another kind am I.
I am ſworn Foe to all his Law do's bind,
Marriage from firſt Creation was deſign'd,
A Curſe intail'd on wretched human Kind.
'Tis noble Diſcord, generous ſtrife
That gives the trueſt Taſte of Life.
Marriage firſt made Man fall,
Had I been in the Garden plac'd,
The Woman ne'er had made him taſte,
'Twas fooliſh loving damn'd us all.

Envy. Let that Humour laſt for ever,
Diſcord's Rules to fix endeavour;
Let all Nature have a Fever.

Jealouſ. *Alba*'s Court moleſt with Jarring,
All their Joys and Pleaſures marring,
Let there be perpetual Warring.
Or if zealous Pangs are worſe,
Vex 'em with that heavy Curſe.

Diſcord. Let the Elements conſpire,
Sea and Air, and Earth and Fire:
Let loud Thunder cleave the Sky,
Let the blaſting Lightning fly;
Storms of Hail, and guſts of Rain
Deluge o'er the flowry Plain:
All things in Confuſion bring,
To raiſe new Jars and bloody Wars;
And without Cauſe, in ſpite of Laws, join to moleſt the King.
I am the lofty Power Commands all theſe,
Impriſon'd Winds can from their Bonds releaſe.
And from *Æolian* Caverns free,
Whenever Miſchief's to be done you may be ſure of me.

Envy. And me.

Jealouſ. And me.

Diſcord. Search both the Globes you ne'er ſhall find there's ſuch another Three.

Chorus. Search both the Globes, *&c.*

Bayes. Very well; now you ſhall hear *Envy* give ye her own Character.

Envy. By Fortune croſs'd, and Love betray'd,
I liv'd 'till Seventy five a Maid,

And

And now in Hell have Envy's Place,
Becauſe condemn'd to ſingle State,
When all but I had got a Mate,
It fill'd me with ſuch mortal Hate,
I would have poyſon'd all the Race.
Below or here, where-e'er I am,
I ſtudy to defame;
To Reputation mortal Foe, but conſtant Friend to Shame.
I ſlander all Wit,
And a Face that is ſweet,
I wiſh the Small-Pox, or much rather the Great,
Sword, Fire and Ruin to thoſe that have Wealth,
And a Peſt of Blue Plagues upon all that have Health.
The Soldier I wiſh for his Laurel wore Thorns:
And he that as Life
Loves his beautiful Wife,
Oh! ſend him, great *Pluto*, a huge pair of Horns.
I ſtill have a Pang when Contentment I ſee,
And Merits Reward when 'tis duly prepar'd,
Is a Torment to me, is a Torment to me.

Bayes. There's Envy for ye—there's a Touch for all old Maids, egad. Ha, ha, ha. Come now for Jealouſy. Hark'e, a Word by the by; I would fain have perſuaded her, you muſt know, to fall in Love, or to drink a Gallon of Vinegar every Day for a Month, as the Jockeys do, to make her waſte and grow hagged, that ſhe might look her part well; but a Pox on her 'twou'd not do. Ha, ha, ha.

JEALOUSY *Sings.*

From hot *Italian* Progeny,
A Mixture form'd of Blood and Phlegm,
Of both in the extreme,
Dame Nature firſt compounded me;
In *Pluto*'s Court I took my firſt Degree
And Title there of *Jealouſy*,
From my ſuſpicious Nature;
So plagu'd I was with baſe Miſtruſt,
And with ſuch vile Opinions curs'd,
I thought my Ruin doom'd by every Creature.
Hence made I Jars in Families,
Diſturb'd the Virtuous and the Wiſe;
Infeſted oft a happy State,
And rais'd Commotions 'mongſt the great;

And when on Earth in Wedlock joyn'd,
I teaz'd to death a Wife, young, chaſte, and kind:
Strong Fetters, Bolts and Bars
Could not ſecure my jealous Fears.
I had a hundred Eyes all gazing round in vain,
A thouſand, and ten Thouſand Plots and Whimſies in my Brain.
A Thouſand, &c.

Envy. Let's go, let's go, and human Peace deſtroy.
Jeal. To trouble all the World will cauſe our greater Joy.
Diſcord. If they Love we'll cauſe a Jangling,
If they Wed we'll force a Wrangling,
If they Friendſhip chuſe to guard 'em,
Wealth or Women ſhall divide 'em.
Envy. If with Politicks infected,
Jeal. One ſhall t'other make ſuſpected;
Envy. And tho' nought appears to wrong 'em,
Diſcord. Diſcord ſtill ſhall reign among 'em.

[*Exeunt Singers.*

CHORUS *of all.*

If with Politicks, &c.

Bayes. Very well; ſo now go off, and then enter a Dance of Profeſſions, and ſo conclude the Act. Ah—— very well done, egad. [*Dance here.*

Smith. 'Tis ſo indeed——they have acquitted themſelves extremely well.

Chant. Come——and now for another Diſh, the Boy is there by this time.

Bayes. With all my Heart—tholl, loll, loll. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter BAYES *and Gentlemen, as before.*

Bayes. NOW, Gentlemen, to take hold again of the Thread of my Plot: In the firſt place here muſt be a Scene of Love and Honour, between Prince *Prettiman* and his old Miſtreſs; ſhe beckon'd to an Aſſig—you remember, ſome time ſince——Come, enter Prince *Prettiman* and *Thimbleſſa*. [*They come in.*] She's jealous, you muſt know, and will now give ye an Opportunity to ſee her Mettle. Come——in Verſe.

P. Pret. Of all the Ills with which the World is curſt,
Believe me, Fair One, Jealouſy's the worſt;
'Tis a Diſeaſe of the moſt baleful kind,
And therefore call'd the Jaundice of the Mind:
'Tis always ſpreading like a Canker ſore,
That eats, and eats——hum [*Boggles as out of his Part.*

John. 'Till it can eat no more.

Bayes. Gadzookers, I'll throw down the Book—Eat no more, there's no enduring this——no, Sir.—'Till it does all devour, are my Words.

P. Pret. I beg Pardon, Sir,——'till it does all devour.

Bayes. Alluſion——d'ye mind, Mr. *Smith*, a rare Figure in Poetry——eat no more—but come go on, Prince, ne'er mind.

Smith. No, no,——he's craz'd, I believe.

Chant. Ha, ha, ha.

P. Pret. Forego it, Madam, if I ſhare your Love.

Thim. You I held dear, Witneſs the Powers above.
Dear as the Foal do's her indulgent Dam,
Or as the tender Ewe, the friſking Lamb.

[Bayes *repeats after her.*

Bayes. Soft, tender, ſweet.

P. Pret. And I the bright *Thimbleſſa*,
Dear, as kind Hoſteſs, the frank Gueſt will pay,
Or the ſtale Maid her joyful Wedding Day.

Bayes. Or the ſtale Maid her joyful Wedding Day. [*Mimicking.*] O! egad there's four Similes tell him, worth the four Thouſand Pound, he goes to Law for, and a better Penny.

Chant. Very paſſionate indeed, Mr. *Bayes.*

Smith. Oh! Very ſoft, very tender.

Bayes. And yet this won't do, ſhe's damnably yellow for all this, and you'll find will do the Devil and all of Miſchief.

Thim. No, Prince, to hide it, weak is your Eſſay,
I know your Heart is with *Parthenope:*
What has ſhe done, that can compare with me?
Did not, when Fate and you could not agree,
Theſe pliant Hands ſow all the Pieces in
Of many a Lockram Stole, worn next your Skin?
Did not my ſmall Steel Engine piercing through,
Oft prick theſe Fingers to give Eaſe to you?

Bayes. My ſmall Steel Engine—Her Needle, ha, ha, ha.——I told you, if you remember, ſhe had been his Sempſtreſs.

John. Ay, you did ſo——thank'e.

Bayes. Phoo,——pray, Gentlemen, mind this——'tis very pretty, Faith.

Thim. Was not my Perſon ——

P. Pret. Well, I know 'twas fine.
And did I not oblige ye too with mine?
Did I not, to be grateful, every Day,
Beſides Endearments, give you half my Pay?

Bayes. And honourable enough, egad; for you muſt know, by the by, that the Prince was no better than a Dragoon at firſt, tho' afterwards he came to be a great General.

Thim. You then were true, but now thoſe Days are o'er,
You're falſe, * and have forget the Oaths you ſwore,
Like mellow Fruit, y'are rotten at the Core. [* *Eagerly.*
Parthenope——Furies and Fire——
I'll cram her Throat with burning Coals like *Portia*,
With Aſps like the *Ægyptian* Queen, with Daggers
Like *Roman Lucrece:* Revenge, Revenge, Juſtice,
And dire Revenge!—— [*Rages and Exit.*

Bayes. Hermione in perfection, ha, ha, ha; ſhe's gone to plot Miſchief, but 'tis opportunely enough, becauſe I want-

ed her Abſence to bring in another great Scene and Dance; for if ſhe ſhould know the Queens are in Love with him too, there would be no enduring her egad.

P. Pret. Oh! Women vecring like to *April* Weather,
Now ſhining, ſtorming now, and ſometimes neither.
[*Exit* P. Pret.

John. That's Nonſenſe, begad.

Bayes. Egad, Sir, 'tis as Tragedy Verſe ſhould be.—— Adapt and Elevate, and I'll juſtify it—— Come, draw the Scene there.

Chant. Ay, ay, 'tis mighty well——let him ſay what he pleaſes.

The Scene opens and diſcovers the two Queens ſeated with Prince Volcius, *Guards attending.*

1 *Queen.* What turn of various Fate has chanc'd to Day,
So long has kept Prince *Prettiman* away?
2 *Queen.* His long'd-for Company has caus'd our Fear,
Depriv'd of having it no longer here;
P. Vol. Than whom a braver Prince could not appear.
Bayes. So well bred——ſo like a Prince.
[*Re-enter P.* Prettiman.

John. So like a Sow-gelder!

1 *Queen.* Advance this way, fair Prince, and ſit by me.

2 *Queen.* Sit by us both, or we ſhall ne'er agree.

Smith. Their Majeſties are very much ſmitten, I find, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Oh, Sir, to the laſt degree.

Chant. Oh! Love, Love's a mighty Tyrant, Love makes a Queen as ſupple as a Sempſtreſs.

P. Prettiman *goes and ſits on t'other ſide of the Queens.*

1 *Queen.* What need you preſs ſo to invite him on?

2 *Queen.* Nay, what need you?—But more of that anon.

John. Oh! the Devil, can my Stomach hold yet?

Bayes. There will be a thundering Scene between 'em preſently, and this is to give a Hint of it before; they are damnably jealous, I told ye; here will be rare Work; but firſt we muſt have the fine Court Dance, or Entry.
[*Dance here.*

The Dance ended they all riſe, and come forward; the firſt Queen takes both the Princes aſide and ſpeaks.

1 *Queen.* Within my Cabinet a Book you'll find,
The Owner on't will not be far behind.
P. Pret. Your bleſt Commands do's ſo much Honour give,
That who delays 'em——not deſerves to live.
P. Vol. Buſineſs avaunt, and trifling Fortune wait,
Your Pleaſure is Diſpoſer of my Fate. [*Exeunt Princes.*
Bayes. Now here is the oddeſt Paſſage, I'll be bold to ſay, Gentlemen, and the neweſt, that ever was ſeen in a Play; they are each of 'em in Love with both the Princes'—hum! is not that new now?
Smith. Yes, truly.
John. Oh, very new——very new——a Plague on't.
Bayes. Huſh——look, look; do but ſee how they lowr at one another.
2 *Queen.* Your Highneſs will, I hope, except my Love,
To wait ye to the Door of your Alcove;
That when you with the Princes there reſort,
No other may intrude to ſpoil the Sport;
But think not that I mean the thing I ſay, [*Raiſing her Voice.*
No, Wretch, 'tis I their Hearts can only ſway.
1 *Queen.* That you can ſway, you inſolently think,
But if you do, 'twill be when they're in drink:
Once I remember, at a Warrior's Feaſt,
When raiſing of the Siege a Town releaſt,
And they of Wine, the Soldiers Recompence,
By gulping up too much, had baniſh'd Senſe;
Their heedleſs ſtaggering Steps were turn'd to you,
For which, by *Jove* my Hatred is their due;
And I'll renounce 'em——yet methinks I'm loth.
Bayes. Yet methinks I'm loth. [*Softly mimicking her.*] Pray mind, here's a luſcious Metaphor coming.
1 *Queen.* They are ſweet Men, tho' I have made this Oath,
Their Bodies clean from Pimples and from Sores,
And *Roſa Solis*——iſſues from their Pores:
They kiſs more ſoft than Nurſe do's Infant fair,
Who turns its ſoft Poſteriors to the Air.
Bayes. Ah—gad, the Image of that ſtrikes ye through I'm ſure.
Smith. } Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Chant. }

John. Ha, ha, ha.——Gad would thou were't to kiſs the Infant with the Image——that I have of it.

2 *Queen.* Worth of ſuch Pleaſures, I the beſt can tell,
Since 'tis with me that only they excel.

1 *Queen.* With you, hah, am I then for Mildneſs mock'd?
Madam, take care I'm not too far provok'd.

Bayes. Now—now—ſhe's nettl'd, now they begin.

1 *Queen.* A burning Bluſh o'er all my Face has got,
And glows juſt like an Ov'n that's over hot.

2 *Queen.* Then with freſh Bavins I'll new Heat inſpire,
With crackling Jealouſy increaſe the Fire;
For to my Cloſet know they both are gone,
And happy I too, ſhall be there anon:
Matters of State muſt be conſulted there,
Affairs you too ill fated are to ſhare;
And whilſt in Politicks, commix'd with Joy,
My *Volcius* dear, my *Prettiman* and I
Regale in unexampled Eccſtaſy:
You like the Cooing Dove ſhall perch alone,
And doz'd with anxious Thought, ſob, ſigh, and groan.

1 *Queen.* I thank thee, that thou doſt my Anger move. [*Raging.*

Bayes. Now, now, now.

1 *Queen.* To feed Revenge I'll turn again to Love.

2 *Queen.* You Love! ſure petty Titmouſe you'll not dare,
[*Loudly.*

1 *Queen.* Yes, Steel devouring Oſtrich, but I dare.
[*Starting up to her.*
Jealouſy burns, and I'll be ſo reveng'd—I will, I will, I will—
[*Stamps and rages.*

Bayes. Ah, *Statira* for that, efaith.

1 *Queen.* I'll meet the Princes—ſpite of all I ſwore,
And graſp—that thou may'ſt never touch 'em more.
[*Exit and t'other ſwiftly after her.*

Bayes. Go your ways for *Non Parelio's*, egad,——There's for ye, Gentlemen,——ſome of the dull carping Vulgar now may think this no better than Scolding betwixt the two Queens; but let me tell 'em, 'tis one of the brighteſt Ornaments has been in our modern Tragedies—for many Years.

Smith. Nay I muſt needs ſay, Mr. *Bayes*, this laſt Scene was very brisk and ſpritely.

Chant. It was ſo.

John. Phoo, Pox, the Conceit is ſtole——I have ſeen it before twenty times.

Bayes. Before! not in ſo fine a Dreſs, I hope, good Signior Carper; a late Heroick Author, 'tis true, once aim'd

at such a Scene, but mine is so much better, that Gadzooks I'm asham'd to speak on't——Now then, for another Surprize, which you shall have eternally in this Act——The Queens being involv'd in a violent Passion, have been so loud, that the two Kings being alarm'd by their Noise in Alt, coming into the Antichamber heard all, and order'd their Guards to seize 'em; the two Princes hearing on't have escap'd, so that now they are reckon'd as Delinquents agen ——Gadzooks the Plot thickens so very much it makes me sweat. Come, enter Kings and Queens——Come.

Enter the two Kings and the Queens, guarded with Belrope, Discipline, Tokay *and* Fleabitten.

Oh! Wedlock!

1 *King.* Oh! Wedlock, what is worse than thy Estate?

2 *King.* What greater Plague than a deceitful Mate?
Have we for this been to small Mischiefs blind,
With Patience born the Yoke of Womankind!

1 *King.* But a due Punishment we'll not delay,
Confine 'em close 'till we have thought the Way.

John. What are these Fellows Kidnap'd already too?

[*Exeunt Queens guarded.*

Bayes. Yes, Sir, and what have you to say to that? Sir, let me tell ye, there's nothing like Dispatch in a Plot; yet 'tis only the Libeller there, and the Secretary that are to be punish'd; the Priest and the Damsel have betray'd 'em, so they have impeach'd, and the others are to be maul'd. Ha, ha, ha,

1 *King.* These Criminals may now have leave to speak.

[*The two Kings go and sit in Chairs.*

2 *King.* Upon our selves we will their hearing take.

1 *King.* In th' first place what are you?

2 *King.* In th' next place——you?

Bayes. Now this is formal, you must know, as judiciary Matters should be; I took this Hint from a grave Justice of Peace, who began his Examination of Criminals just so: Begin agen, pray Mr——a—.

1 *King.* In th' first place what are you?

2 *King.* In th' next place——you?

Tok. Me's Catolique.

Bel. For Money——I'm a *Jew.*

Flea. For my part I'm a Protestant true Blue.

Discip. I'm Shorn, and should be hang'd,—had I my Due.

Bayes. Pithy and short; I make 'em confess to avoid the Inconvenience of a tedious Examination——And indeed the true

true Design of this Scene is to let the World know what plaguy Vermin some of these News-mongers are, and what Mischief they do the Government——Proceed, Mr—a—

Discip. In short, Brother Incendiary, there is no way to incline their Majesties to Mercy but plain Confession; I have done't already, and Thanks to this good Lady here, am much lighter in Conscience.

Flea. 'Tis true, Monsieur, and therefore to second him will be your best way. Are not you a Spie, Transub—— heh?

Tok. Me must maka no Lye at de Confession.——Yes, truly, me have bin de ver great Rascal—but me receave de Bribe from him—dat is ver true. [*Points to* Belrope.

1 *King.* When did you publish any true News, Sirrah? [*To* Belrope.

Bel. Egh, sick, sick——not this forty Years.——Oh! it comes up very hard.

Bayes. Some Peoples Consciences fly in their Faces; I make this Fellow's now plague his Stomach; Men and Times alter strangely, Mr. *Smith*, and the Politicks of the Coffee-house out-do those of the Council clearly.

Smith. The Lyes that are vented there, indeed, do more Mischief in a Government than the Politicians generally do it good.

Bayes. Ay, you shall hear, this is, I think, drawn to the Life.—Come out with it *Belrope.*

2 *King.* No more Delays, Vermin, but if you expect Clemency, deserve it by Confession.

Bel. Oh! if you must have it upthen,—for the Quiet of my Conscience and Ease of my Stomach, I confess I was bred up in Knavery, and born, I believe, with a Lye in my Mouth; as soon as I could speak I told it—and as soon as I could write committed it to Paper.——I have slighted the Lords, slander'd the Commons, abus'd the City, banter'd the Country, affirm'd some to be Dead were that instant playing at Picket, and others alive that I saw just before put into their Graves.

In fine, my Joy has been this forty Years,
To set the World together by the Ears.

Oh! Mercy, Mercy, I beseech your Majesties.

Bayes. There's a Fellow for ye now.——Begad if that's not a topping Character, as Times go, adieu to all Genius, ifaith.

Chant. Odso, the crowding Business in this Act has put you into a Heat, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Oh! ſultry, ſultry; I muſt unbutton my Waſte-coat.

John. 'Sdeath, I have been in a Bath theſe two Hours,—would theſe Kings would give Judgment, that the Court might break up.

1 *King.* Break up the Court, we'll think on what is ſaid,
Oh, Brother, 'tis the Queen moſt plagues my Head;
2 *King.* And mine too, but we'll drink, and then to Bed.

[Bottle, Diſcip. *and* Tokay *are carried off.*

[*Exeunt Kings and Guards.*

Bayes. I told ye theſe Kings were to be admir'd for their Clemency, it has been the fine way of Writing for many Years; but come after this Glut of ſerious Buſineſs 'tis fit to bring in ſome Diverſion; now therefore you ſhall have the fourth Entertainment, ſome Humours of the Country: Come, ſtrike up; the firſt is an amorous Shepherd declaring the Power of Beauty and Love.——Come, Sir.

Enter a Shepherd.

SONG.

When Beauty will its Power purſue,
What cannot charming Woman do?
The Warrior muſt abate his Rage,
'Twill make his Sword quite loſe its Edge:
'Twill make the Students ſlight their Rules;
'Twill make the Stateſmen look like Fools:
The greateſt Prince 'twill make a Slave;
The Niggard laviſh, Coward brave:
Trajan's, *Nero*'s,
Captives, Hero's,
All muſt truckle and come too,
When Beauty will its Power purſue.
What cannot charming Woman do,
When Beauty, &c.

Bayes. So, now comes in his Wife to do her part; I deſign'd this, you muſt know, as a true Model of Conjugal Affection; and to be ſung by all new Brides and Bridegrooms at leaſt the firſt Week, for fear they ſhould not like the Tune on't afterwards.

Enter

Enter a Shepherdeſs.

Smith. Happily contriv'd, indeed.

John. Oh, wonderful! the marry'd Tribe will be much oblig'd to him.

Chant. Prithee let's hear——no carping beforehand.

SONG II.

I.

Chloris Since I my *Damon*'s Paſſion know,
And he his conſtant *Chloris*;
To yonder Covert let us go,
Where *Zephir*'s Breezes gently blow,
And tell our Am'rous Stories:
The Thruſh and Nightingale are there,
O'er Roſie Bed is near 'em,
Who Sing and Warble without Fear,
Rejoicing that we hear 'em.

II.

Damon. There, there the fragrant Woodbine grows,
The Jeſſamin ſweet embracing;
The Orange and the Tubaroſe,
Of which a Chaplet I'll compoſe,
My eager Love expreſſing.
Cloſe by, a Silver Spring do's riſe,
And purling glide at Leiſure;
There will I gaze on thoſe fair Eyes,
'Till Senſe is loſt in Pleaſure.

Bays Sings. 'Till Senſe is loſt, *&c.*——Ah! dear Creature, egad, I'm almoſt in Love with thee my ſelf, [*Exeunt Singers.*] but only here are others coming, and ſo I'm forc'd to divide my Love between 'em.——Come, now enter *Cremiſa*, a Country Milk-maid, who ſings a right Ballad in its natural Purity; 'tis of her Siſter, and how ſhe balk'd an amorous Knight, a Courtier, who moſt barbarouſly made an Attempt to get her Maidenhead.—Here's Variety for ye ſtill, Gentlemen: Come, my Dear.

Enter

Enter a MILK-MAID.

SINGS.

Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring,
The Linnet, Nightingale and Thruſh,
Sate on the freſh green Hauthorn Buſh;
And jug, jug, jug, and twee, twee, twee,
Moſt ſweetly they did ſing.

I.

All you that either hear or read,
This Ditty is for your Delight;
'Tis of a pretty Country Maid,
And how ſhe ſerv'd a Courtly Knight.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

II.

This Courtly Knight, when Fields were green,
And *Sol* did genial Warmth inſpire;
A Farmer's Daughter late had ſeen,
Whoſe Face had ſet his Heart on Fire.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring.

III.

Oft to her Father's Houſe he came,
And kindly was receiv'd there ſtill;
The more he added to his Shame,
Since only 'twas to gain his Will.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

IV.

One Evening then, amongſt the reſt,
He came to viſit this good Man;
But needs muſt know where *Clara* was,
And heard ſhe was a Milking gone.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

Then

V.

Then call'd he for his pamper'd Steed,
With Piſtols at his Saddle Bow;
And to the Meadow rode with Speed,
Where ſhe was milking of her Cow.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

VI.

Then down he lights, and ties his Horſe,
And ſwore ſhe muſt his Pain remove;
If not by fair Means, yet by Force,
Since he was dying for her Love.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

VII.

The pearly Tears, now trickling fall,
And from her fair bright Eyes do flow;
But that he heeded not at all,
But do's her ſtrait the Piſtols ſhew.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

VIII.

But firſt pull'd out a fine gay Purſe,
Well lin'd within, as ſhe might ſee;
And cry'd, before it happens worſe,
Be wiſe, and take a golden Fee.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

IX.

Oh! keep your Purſe, reply'd the Maid,
I will not take your golden Fee;
For well you hope to be repaid,
And greater Treaſure take from me.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

Bayes. So, hold, hold; enough, enough;——I conſider'd the Story, tho' 'tis altogether pleaſant, would be too long, and perhaps pall the Audience, and ſo cunningly deſign'd the Concluſion for the next Act.

Smith.

Smith. Oh! why ſo, Mr. *Bayes*;——no, no, prithee let's have it out, I don't think it tedious at all.

Chant. Oh! out with it, by all means;—— tedious, 'tis very novel and divertive.

Bayes. Nay, egad, I'll be upon ſure Ground;—I'll have Leave of the Audience.—If they ſay ay, ſhe ſhall proceed, not elſe,—I'll not be hiſs'd at for being tedious, I'm reſolv'd: What ſay ye, Gentlemen, ſhall ſhe go on or no?

X.

A thund'ring Oath then out he ſent,
That ſhe ſhould preſently be Dead,
For were his Heart not eas'd, he meant
Point blank, to ſhoot her thro' the Head.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

XI.

Then making Haſte to ſeize her went,
And laid the Fire Arms at her Feet;
Whilſt *Clara* ſeeing his Intent,
Has no recourſe to Aid but Wit.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

XII.

She feigns a Smile, and clinging cloſe,
Cry'd out, I've now your Courage try'd;
You've met no ſimple Country Mouſe,
My Dear, you ſhall be ſatisfy'd.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

XIII.

My Father takes me for a Saint,
Tho' weary of my Maiden-Geer;
That I may give you full Content,
Pray look, Sir Knight, the Coaſt be clear.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

XIV.

Look out, and ſee who comes and goes,
And you ſhall quickly have your Will,
For if my Father nothing knows,
Then I ſhall be a Maiden ſtill.
Chorus. 'Twas in the, *&c.*

XV.

The witleſs Knight peeps o'er the Hedge,
As one well pleas'd with what he heard,
When ſhe do's both the Piſtols ſnatch,
And boldly ſtood upon her Guard.
Chorus. 'Twas in the, *&c.*

XVI.

Keep off, keep off, Sir Fool, ſhe cry'd,
And from this Spot of Ground retire,
For if one Yard to me you ſtride;
By my ſav'd Maidenhead I ſire.
Chorus. 'Twas in the, *&c.*

XVII.

My Father once a Soldier was,
And Maids from Raviſhers would free;
His Daughter too in ſuch a Caſe,
Can ſhoot a Gun as well as he.
Chorus. 'Twas in the, *&c.*

XVIII.

For Sovereign too, when Foe invades,
Can on occaſion bravely kill,
Not ſhoot like you at harmleſs Maids;
That won't obey your ſavage Will.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flowry Spring, *&c.*

XIX.

Who when the good old Man, whoſe Cheer,
Shew'd welcome, tho' of little Coſt,
A Rape thought on his Daughter dear,
Moſt grateful way to pay your Hoſt.
Chorus. 'Twas in the, *&c.*

XX.

Go home ye Fop, where Game's not dear,
And for half Crown a Doxey get,
But ſeek no more a Patridge here,
You cou'dn't keep, tho' in your Net.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

XXI.

At this the Knight look'd like a Mome,
He prays, he ſues, yet vain was all;
She ſoon convey'd the Trophies home,
And hung up in her Father's Hall.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Bayes, Very well —— thank'e Sweet-heart, 'tis a little of the longeſt —— but the Reliſh and Story in't ſhall vie with all the Opera Trillo's in *Europe*, egad —— Come, now the laſt Dialogue——And the Dance, and ſo end the Act.

Smith. Why, well ſaid, thou ſpar'ſt no Pains, I muſt ſay that.

Bayes. I think ſo, this now expreſſing another ſort of Accident relating to Country Matters—is the intended Plunder of a Cottage in time of War, and ſav'd from the rough Officer, by the modeſt Virtue of two pretty Farmers Daughters, whom I make him fall in love with—Hey—call *Robin* the Serjeant agen—there—we muſt uſe him once more ——oh come, Sir.

Enter OFFICER *and* SERJEANT, *and three or four* SOLDIERS.

Officer ſings.

Draw out our Foot, and flank the Horſe,
The Gates of that proud Building force:
And bid the Churl his Money bring,
Whoſe ſordid Soul, as black as Ink,
Would never make a Soldier drink;
Nor do one generous thing.
Serj. At your Command you may be ſure,
They inſtantly will do't,
And if come Files of Foot,
A Score of Men, or fewer, Were

Were order'd here, where now we are,
You'd find ſome Bags as full and fair,
And buxom Girls to boot.

Officers. This ſeems a Farmer's Grange.

Serj. 'Tis ſo.
Thoſe Earthworms make the Money grow,
As rife as Beans and Peas,
And tho' himſelf look like a Louſe,
He has two Daughters in his Houſe,
That ſhine as bright
As Stars by Night,
And quick and nimble as a Mouſe;
Hop up and down like Fleas.

Officer. Stand, ſtand away—— ſure theſe are they.

Serj. Your Honour's Right—A Sorrel and a Bay.

[*Daughters come in.*

Another MOVEMENT, *ſlow.*

1 *Daug.* Be pleas'd, Sir, to draw near,
And taſte our homely Beer.
We've Manchets juſt now bak'd,
And Cheſnuts newly rak'd;
Stout Beer, the Bottles breaking,
And Syder, our own making—Stout Beer, &c.

Officer. Oh! for your Meat and Drink I think not on't;
There's ſomething elſe, Sweetheart, I want.

2 *Daug.* Your Honour may love Fruit:
We'll bring ye that to boot.
A Peach that charms the Puller,
And Cherries your own Colour;
Fine Plums that might regale a Queen,
With Codlings too and Cream.

Officer. The prettieſt Fools that e'er were ſeen
By Heaven, or elſe I Dream.
How my Heart pants—I muſt—and yet I'm loth.
[*Aſide.*

Serj. A plague, why ſure he won't attack 'em both.

Officer. Sweet——can you love——

1 *Daug.* Oh! yes, Sir, and afford a Bargain in't with Honeſty.

Officer. A ſimple, ſimple word.
'Tis out, quite out of Faſhion [*takes hold of the firſt, and t'other pulls him away*] Come, I long.

2 *Daug.* Pray, Sir, mind me, I'll ſing ye a fine Song.

Another

Another MOVEMENT.

There was a Soldier brave intrenching,
That Honour priz'd, not Gold, nor wenching,
Was ſtill the foremoſt, never flinching.

Officer. Oh Tranſport! how this ſecond Fires?
Come, then, will you comply with my Deſires?
[*To the ſecond Daughter.*

I grow impatient.

1 *Daug.* Pray, Sir, turn this way,
I ſing a little too as one may ſay. [*Takes hold*
[*of the ſecond Daughter, and the firſt pulls him away.*

Another MOVEMENT.

The Captain from the *Temple* led
His kind and charming Love,
And fairly got her Maidenhead,
As ſhe did well approve.

Serj. They've fool'd him quite, I ſee it in his Face.
Officer. Sweet Innocence, how charming is thy Grace!
Luſt now ebbs out, and Love flows in a-pace.

Another MOVEMENT.

2 *Daug.* Remember Honour glorious,
'Twill make you ſtill victorious;
Which Peace of Mind providing,
Is to *Fame*'s Temple guiding.

1 *Daug.* If you would take occaſion,
To plant a lawful Paſſion.
[*Sings the ſame Tune.*
What Charmer but would take ye,
And ever happy make ye.

Officer. I will; my Heart, by Love and Honour won,
So much admires thee now,
I'll plight a nuptial Vow,
And for your charming ſakes will ſave the Town.

Another.

Draw off, my Boys, your Powers,
Obey, and dare not frown,
Great Honour will be yours,

Serjeant. But Profit will be none.
[*Anſwering in the ſame Tune.*

Serj.

Offic. and Women. } Great Honour will be yours,
By this brave Action done.
Serj. and Soldiers. } Great Profit would be ours,
If we were let alone.
Offic. and Women. } Great Honour will be yours,
Serj. and Women. } Great Profit would be ours.
Offic. and Women. } Great Honour will be yours,
By this brave Action done.
Serj. and Soldiers. } Great Profit would be ours,
If we were let alone.

Chorus of all. Great Honour, &c.

Bayes. Great Honour will be mine, whenever this is ſung: Gentlemen and Ladies, very well done, egad—and ſo your moſt humble. [*Exeunt Singers*] Come, now a Dance of Dragoons and Milkmaids, and ſo conclude—[*Dance here.*] Look'e, I contriv'd this Song and Dance, to influence Virtue and Integrity amongſt the Soldiers: And 'tis a ſort of a mute Satyr, with inſtructive Hints, that inſtead of debauching the Country Laſſes, as uſual, they may reform and marry.

Enter FLEABITTEN.

Flea. Sir, There was a guilded Flask order'd me to act my part with, and Mrs. ——— has taken it for her own Uſe; ſo that without it I can't do my next poiſoning Scene.

Bayes. Odſo, I muſt go and manage that Affair.

[*Exeunt* B. *and* Flea.

Smith. Let's go too—There may be ſome pleaſant Scuffle amongſt the Women.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter BAYES, *and* GENTLEMEN, *as before.*

Bayes. COME, Gentlemen, now you ſhall have my t'other Walk, and ſo we'll conclude honourably; which Walk I muſt tell ye, before-hand, will cauſe ſome Alterations in your Tempers, for 'twill raiſe both Terrour and Pity, the two great Incidents of a good Tragedy.

John. Neither in me, I'll give my word before-hand.

Bayes. Oh! I'll venture it———Come, where's Miſchief-plotter, where's *Thimbleſſa*?——The Flask of Poiſon I'm ſure is order'd now. And *Fleabitten*—where's ſhe now?—Oh here they are—pray ſpeak.

Enter THIMBLESSA *and* FLEABITTEN.

Thimb. Like ſullen Spider in his Web, that lies
Watching how he may catch and poiſon Flies:
So have I waited for this Interview.
You told me, when we lately eas'd our Boſoms,
Of a rare Drugg was given you by a Wizzard,
That would outdo ev'n *Hecate*'s Compoſition,
To rid us from thoſe Letts of hopeful Greatneſs,
And long'd for Love—give—give it me with Speed,
I long to be in Action.

Bayes. Blank Verſe, obſerve, by way of Variety;

Flea. 'Tis forth coming—and of ſo mortal, and ſo fell a Nature,
'Twill ſeiſe on all the innate Intellects,
As ſoon as taken down.

Thimb. Oonz—let me have it.

John. Oh rare *Maudlin*—Sure this Gentlewoman has taken another ſort of Doſe—by her ſwearing.

Smith. She's in a plaguy Paſſion, you muſt ſuppoſe.

Chant.

Chant. Oh—Love and Ambition work in her like *Aqua-fortis.*

Bayes. Paſſion —why the ſubtle Creature has found out now, that the two Queens, as well as *Parthenope*, are in Love with her Prince. Zoons, would not that make one Swear? beſides, you know, ſhe's but of poor Extraction, a Sempſtreſs.

Chant. Nay, then, ſhe may ſwear as ſhe pleaſes.

John. Oh—like any drunken Carter in *Thames-ſtreet.*

Thimb. Deliver me the helliſh Cordial ſtraight;
I'll do the Deed; this is the Hand of Fate:
Keep you the Secret cloſe, we'll both be great.
[*Exeunt.*

Chant. Why theſe are two dreadful Creatures, indeed, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Hum —— Why, Sir, it may be they are, and it may be they are not—Come, proceed.

Enter ARMORILLIS *and* PARTHENOPE.

Parth. Is *Prettiman* then falſe——Oh diſmal Fate:

Arm. Are all my Hopes to be a Queen, too late?
[Bayes *mimicks 'em.*

Parth. I'm ſick and tortur'd with the horrid News.

Arm. Ambition, Fever-like, my Life purſues.

Parth. Oh, that a Cordial ſome kind God would give!

Arm. A Crown's the only Cordial I would have.

Bayes. Plaguy reſtleſs, damnably uneaſy, at the Turn of State: Here comes the two Queens—they're fall'n very ſick too.

John. Of a Fever, Sir!

Bayes. A Fever, Sir, —— O Lord! O Lord! there he is agen———D'ye hear, Gentlemen, the Devil take him, he puzzles me ſo, I don't know what I do or ſay.

Smith. Nay, prithee, *Johnſon*, this is barbarous.

Chant. At the end of a Play, too, when Buſineſs comes on thick.

Bayes. No, let him go on, I ſhall have it again in ſpite of him. A Fever!—no, Sir, they are ſick for fear of being beheaded; you may well think they're in ſome Danger.—Ha, ha, ha; poor Creature, he has quite forgot what's paſt.—— Come, pray come in, Queens——and very ſick, d'ye hear?

Enter QUEENS.

1 *Queen.* No Comfort yet, oh! who will be so kind
To ease my fearful Sickness of the Mind?
As th' tim'rous Hare that in the open Grounds
Close in her Form, hears the ill-boding Hounds,
So every Word brings Fear, and Fear my Breast surrounds.
Bayes. And Fear my Breast surrounds——in Verse again. Sad, but smooth as the downy plumage Swans do wear. [*Repeating.*

John. Or Storm opposing Fur of *Russian* Bear.

Bayes. Ay, what you will, Sir; what you will—go on.

Smith. } Ha, ha, ha.
Chant. }

2 *Queen.* Guilt's fulsom Diet do's my Stomach pall,
And ah! to whom shall I for Succour call,
That can with Cordial Skill my Pain asswage,
And quell my Royal angry Husband's Rage?

Bayes. Now mind.

Enter THIMBLESSA *with a Flask.*

Thim. They're here, and all, as to my Purpose, met
Like Partridge-Covey, ready for the Net; [*Aside.*
I come, great Queens, to pity your fall'n State. [*To them.*

1 *Queen.* What News abroad?

2 *Queen.* What says the Voice of Fate?

Thim. The King do's still persist in Rage and Hate;
Sharp Knives, and Axes, and such Butcher's Words,
Are all the Matter their Discourse affords.

1 *Queen.* I may well believe we are undone.

2 *Queen.* There is, alas! no way for us but one.

Bayes. No way for us but one. [*Mimicking.*] Hold, hold, now supposing her self in fear of Execution, and resolving to suffer mildly, here must be a topping Simile.

Smith. Is that absolutely necessary, Sir?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, 'tis always counted a mighty Ornament; a noted Bard lately, at the end of an Act, to embellish the Work, made his Heroine compare her self to a Bull just going to be knock'd o'th' Head.——Now mine here, I think, is a more soft and natural Fancy by much; for I compare my Queen, to shew her Humility, to a meek, lowly Country Cook-maid, who is just designing to stick a Pig.

John. A Pig, that's lowly and condescending indeed.

Bayes.

Bayes reads. Thus do's the tuneful Pig in *Fotis*'s Arms.

Smith. The tuneful Pig!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, with Wick, Wick, Wick, deplore enſuing Harms;

Mouth ſtop'd, and Limbs extended ſnowy white,
Like tender Virgin on her Bridal Night;
Yield to the Knife which thro' its Gullet goes,
Whilſt guſhing Purple down the Bowl exuberantly flows.

Ah, Gadzooks, match that Simile, Mr. Critick, if you can.

Smith. Nay, Faith, *Johnſon*, here I think Mr. *Bayes* has Nonplus'd ye.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bayes. Nonplus'd 'em, ha, ha, ha.——Come, go on.

Parth. But of the Princes what do's Fame relate?

Thim. There's Gibbets rais'd for them at the Court Gate.

Bayes. A bloody Character hers.——You muſt know, as theſe for Pity, ſo I made hers to cauſe Terror; beſides, being all her Rivals, the ſubtle Queen tells this Lye, that ſo by driving 'em to Deſpair, ſhe may make 'em readier for her Revenge.

1 *Queen.* What's to be done?

2 *Queen.* Since of all Hope bereft?

Thim. Take Heart, oh Queens, ſome Comfort yet is left.
[*Shews the Flask.*
This happy Flask a Cordial Draught contains,
Compos'd to caſe th' afflicted of their Pains:
Not *Gallick Nantz*, nor fam'd *Hibernian* Juice,
Nor what the noble *Clary* do's produce,
Can half ſo much revive.——Drink and don't ſpare,
It is the ſovereign Antidote of Care. [*Gives it the* 1st *Queen.*

1 *Queen.* Thou'rt kind—I'll try—'tis good.
[*Drinks and gives it the* 2d *Queen.*

2 *Queen.* None better found. [*Drinks and gives it* Arm.

Arm. Moſt excellent. [*Gives it* Parthenope.

Parth. Divine,——let it go round. [*All drink.*

Bayes. If this is not a barbarous Devil, I don't know where you will find one.——This Scene too will make ſome People be afraid of being too eager for a Dram of the Bottle.

Thim. So, now to your Repoſe with Pleaſure go,
[*Exeunt all but* Thimbleſſa.
What Comforts will attend, you ſoon will know.
'Tis done to my Wiſh, and I ſhall fear none of theſe Rivals hereafter.——Now for my t'other Fool, *Fleabitten*; to ſtop her Tale-telling I'll go to the Kings and accuſe her preſently.

The Flask they have with 'em, which being known to be hers, will do her Buſineſs effectually. [*Exit.*

Chant. Oh! this Cataſtrophe will be too bloody, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. This, nay there's more yet.——The Princes are to take the ſame Doſe too.——Come, quick, Prince *Volcius*; pray, Sir, come and poyſon your ſelf.

Enter PRINCES.

P. Vol. What have they done, ye Gods! what is't I ſee!

P. Pret. Oh! dreadful Sight! dead my *Parthenope!*

[*They go in and bring out the Flask.*

'Tis ſo, and done by this, of which I'm th' Cauſe.

P. Vol. Since too, we've loſt the Crown, why do we Pauſe?

Let's follow ſtrait to the *Eliſian* Shade.

P. Pret. Which was for all ſuch wretched Lovers made.

[*They drink and* Exeunt.

Smith. Oh! horrible.

Bayes. Nay prithee, dear *Smith*, have Patience. I know theſe tragick Actions muſt needs touch thee, as they will the reſt of the Audience; but prithee let the Play conclude. I tell thee ſtill thou haſt not my Head.——Come, now draw the dead Scene there, and ſhew them all, and then enter the two Kings haſtily.

Scene draws, and the two Queens, *Prince* Volcius, *Prince* Prettiman, Armorillis *and* Parthenope, *appear ſitting in Chairs all a-row, as dead.*

So; now I'll be bold to ſay, this excels the moſt famous dead Scene that ever was ſhewn in Tragedy.

Enter Kings, *with* THIMBLESSA *and* FLEABITTEN *guarded.*

1 *King.* Oh! baleful Sight; oh! wretched Royalty,
That cannot this amend, and yet can ſee.

2 *King.* We were reſolv'd Love ſhou'd again take place,
And all be pardon'd by an Act of Grace.

1 *King.* Faithful *Thimbleſſa*, thy Preferment ſhall
Equal thy Loyalty, which we extol.

2 *King.*

2 *King*. But for this bloody Trait'reſs——let her feel
The ſharpeſt Pangs on the tormenting Wheel.
Flea. Barbarian! will you ſerve me thus? [*To* Thimbleſſa.
Thim. Yes, Fool,———
'Tis juſt, I always us'd ye as my Tool:
Like modern Wits that deal in Policy,
Us'd for a Turn a while, and then thrown by:
Lay hold, and bind her. [*The Guards are going to bind her.*
Flea. Nay then, I'll play my Card.
Kings—they are all alive, take off your Guard.
Both Kings. Alive,——how can that be?
Smith. Ay, how indeed?
I'm ſure we ſaw 'em poyſon themſelves fairly.
John. Ay, and they muſt be dead too, what a Pox!
Bayes. Oh! you ſhall ſee that preſently.——D'ye hear, all of ye, are ye dead or no?
Omnes. No, no.
Bayes. Look'e there, I hope you'll take their Words.
Chant. Well; but how is this natural, Mr. *Bayes*?
Bayes. Why thus, Sir; I have told ye agen and agen, that the Audience, as well as your ſelves, ſhall always be ſurpriz'd with my Plots; ſo what you think will end one way, I ever deſign another: And this, Sir, I affirm, no Poet breathing has Wit enough to do but my ſelf.
Smith. Ay, but a little plainer, pray, Mr. *Bayes*.
Bayes. Why then plainly, you muſt know, Sir, that this *Fleabitten*, a better Head-piece than t'other, and a great deal honeſter, finding the vicious and vindictive Nature of *Thimbleſſa*, reſolv'd to try her by a piece of Cunning; and ſo told her ſhe had that mortal Poyſon, already mention'd, which ſhe, wanting it to diſpatch her Rivals, greedily begs, and t'other as readily ſeems to grant, but inſtead of it only gives her a Flask fill'd with Sack, with an Opiate in't, which in few Minutes would loſe its quality, and render 'em as well as ever.——And now, pray, Sir, have you my Head or no?—Ha, ha, ha.——Go on, dear *Fleabitten*.
Smith. This is better than I expected, *Johnſon*.
Flea. Within ten Minutes ſhe my Guilt ſhall clear, and prove who did the Deed.
Kings. Then ſeize on her. [*Guards go to ſeize her, and*
[*ſhe turns mad and raves.*
Thim. Burn, burn my Chariot.
Bayes. See, ſee another Turn, her Guilt has crack'd her Brain, and ſhe runs mad o'th' ſudden.

Thim. Burn, burn my Chariot, I am *Phaeton*,
I guide the flaming Horſes of the Sun;
Or rather, I'm his Spouſe——*Cynthia* the Moon:
The Stars are all my Pages, ſee how they glitter,
Each in his Golden Coat made up of Atoms.
Their Food Coffee-Berries ſcorch'd by Lightning,
That burns the Souls of Monarchs into Cruſt;
Mingling in melted Vows inſtead of Water.
You Kings are my Gallants.——Come let's to bed;
But you're ſo old—you cough, and ſnore, and ſpit.
Royalty's rotten.——Give me ſound Heart of Oak.
[*Looking on P.* Prettiman.
I ſhake your Leaves off. [*Shakes 'em.*] But there's a Pine, hah. Oh, ye Gods!—he's crooked, grow ſtraight, for Shame; ſtand firmly like a Cedar—I heard him breathe, he plays Dog-ſleep to balk me.—If ſo, I'll dive and get a Lobſter's Claw, alive I'll get one; and ſo pinch his Noſe, I'll make him roar 'till he leave off diſſembling.—Ha, ha, ha, ha, he's mounting, and Vapour like, ſee he's exhal'd on high:—I'll follow and purſue him through the Sky.

Ride on a Whirlwind, make proud *Jove* obey:
I come, I come, ye Clods of Earth, give way.

[*Rushes thro' the Guards, throws ſome down and* Exit.

Bayes. Oh! rarely acted, finely perform'd, egad, Mrs.—This, Gentlemen, is a Trick, you muſt know, often us'd by ſome very great Authors; who when they don't know what to do with a Character in their Plays, they make it, to amuſe the Audience, run ſtark mad; which do's the Buſineſs rarely.—But now for their Majeſties Act of Grace in Concluſion, and then all ſhall end merrily.

John. So, that's well.

1 *King.* If Goddeſs *Juno* would my Spouſe reſtore,
I would forgive, and doat on her once more.
2 *King.* And I be fonder than I was before.
1 *King.* Theſe Princes, tho' diſloyal, pardon too,
And in a friendly Dance new Joys purſue.

Flea. Sound Muſick there, ſee, they begin to wake.

The Tune of a Dance is plaid, the firſt Queen yawns, riſes ſowly up, makes a Curteſy, and takes the firſt King, who ſmiling kiſſes it.

1 *Queen.* A Dance—nay then this Hand I humbly take.
2 *Queen.* I this, and hope I ſhall Atonement make.
[*Takes the ſecond King's Hand.*

P. Vol. Then this is mine. [*Takes* Armorillis.
Arm. This mine.
P. Pret. This mine. [*Takes* Parthenope.
Parth. This mine.
Omnes. And all with Thanks in the Diverſion join.

Here they all Dance with hugging and kiſſing, inſpir'd by Cupid *and* Venus *deſcending from the Clouds.*

Bayes. Now here's the fineſt Dance in the World—— There's for ye now, egad, I can't forbear ſaluting 'em my ſelf in this Dance; and to make 'em finiſh the Play in Joy and Peace, is beyond all other Concluſions in the World, I think.

John. Be the reſt of the Play what it will, the Concluſion of it, by *Jove*, is good.—Hark'e, Friend, [*To a Scene-keeper.*] prithee try if thou can'ſt get me a Dram of ſomething.

Smith. I can't conclude ſure 'till that Gentlewoman [*Fleabitten*] is rewarded.

Chant. Ay, that indeed muſt be thought on, and then all's in order.

Bayes. Why then ſhe ſhall be rewarded, Sir, if you'll have Patience. The Queens, you ſee, are juſt going to complement her; look'e there, [*The Queens go and make Curteſies, and Whiſper* Fleabitten.] ſhe's happier than the Poet is, ſhe's to have a conſiderable Place at Court.

John. What, without being ſent to learn *Spaniſh*?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, without being ſent to learn *Spaniſh*, good Mr. Biter; are you let into that Secret!—— Well, thus far I think we are right.—Now for the laſt vocal Entertainment, and then you're welcome, Gentlemen.

John. Egad, the Entertainment muſt ſtay for me, my Stomach wambles ſo, I muſt go and look after my Dram.

Smith. Why Faith, I think a Dram, as he ſays, will be no falſe *Latin*, and then we'll come and hear the Concluſion.

Bayes. Let 'em go, the Jeſt is coming to Diſcovery. [*Exit* Johnſon *and* Smith] And now we are alone, my Friend, I give ye Thanks for your Share in't.

Chant. I think I han't been wanting to humour Matters as you order'd me; and if your comical Action, lately rehears'd, has been a Bite upon our Criticks, *Smith* and *Johnſon* yonder, but eſpecially the laſt, I ſhall find my ſelf very well diverted with the Pleaſure of turning the Jeſt upon him; not

only by ſhewing your ſuperior Talent of Underſtanding, which he now very much doubts; but alſo by their finding the *Drama* here, which he has all along ridicul'd, to be eſſentially proper in its ſelf, and writ on purpoſe in this manner for the Town's Diverſion.

Bayes. The ill Nature of Criticiſm is grown to ſo monſtrous a Degree, and the Wits of that kind are ſo plung'd in their own Self-opinions, that for the mere ſake of condemning a whole Piece, they ſhall negligently overlook ſeveral Beauties in it that deſerve Applauſe; of this inveterate kind is *Johnſon*, whom, by ridiculing my ſelf in Action, I and my Piece here have banter'd all this while; and who, for all his boaſted Learning and Judgment, do's not enter into the Merit of my Cauſe.

Chant. There lies the Marrow of the Jeſt, I ſhall laugh at him egregiouſly when we bring him to own his Miſtake; I have lent him the Book you gave me, your Remarks on human Learning.

Bayes. I heard ſo, and that it has the Luck even to controul his Criticiſm, for they ſay he commends it to the Skies.

Chant. He's raviſht with't, calls it, The Wonderful;—— ſwears *Ariſtotle* and *Pliny* were mere Dunces to the Author of that, which makes our Deſign the more pleaſant ſtill.

Bayes. Through all my Piece, hitherto, it has ſeem'd a Banter upon Poets and Poetry; now 'tis high time to let the Satyr turn upon the Criticks, and by proving the ſubject Matter only ſpurious, ſhew the Excellence of that charming Myſtery, and curb the Raſhneſs of thoſe who ſuppoſe themſelves Judges of Wit and Writings, and yet in reality come very ſhort of the Matter: But here they are again,—now for the Muſick, and then we ſhall hear the Sentence.—Come, Gentlemen.

Enter JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

And now to entertain you, Sir, particularly, [*To* Johnſon.] I have contriv'd another Opera Rarity. It has always been a great Beauty in 'em to get a Lyon, or a Bear in, to put one of the chief Actors in Diſtreſs; who being very outragious upon the poor Fellow that was cover'd in the Monſter's Shape, and to ſhew his extreme Valour, has often beat and bruiſed him moſt unmercifully. Now to ſhew a little more Decency, and ſave the Scene-keeper, who generally

nerally had not above half a Crown a time for having his Bones broke, I have contriv'd ſomething, for I confeſs I would have a Lyon if poſſible.

Smith. Oh! nothing more natural in an Opera than a Lyon, Mr. *Bayes.*

John. Ay, or the Creature that goes about with long Ears would do very well.

Chant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bayes. Well, well, for all that, this is purpoſely preſented to your Parts, Faith, Mr. *Johnſon.* Now my Contrivance is this,—I bring my Hero, who muſt be a fine Singer, you muſt know, upon the Stage; the ſeeming Lyon attacks him;—but here's the Turn now—the Oppoſer is only a *Scotch* Conjurer, or Magician, who puts himſelf into a Lyon's Shape to deſtroy the Hero, who is one of King *George*'s Officers, and was ſinging in a Wood near the Camp there; but hearing his melodious and delicate *Trillo*, is ſo charm'd, that after two or three Flouriſhes and ſlight Buffets receiv'd, he ſings the Baſs part in a Dialogue with him, and afterwards a *Scotch* Song; where giving him the Victory, he ſaves the Breath of the one, and the Bones of the other—Ha, ha, ha.

Smith. Admirably well contriv'd, Sir.

Bayes. Well, if you like it, Gentlemen, I'll crowd it ſomewhere amongſt the reſt. Come, enter Hero, his Sword drawn for the Combat, and let the Lyon be ready to anſwer and ſing the *Scotch* Song.

Enter Hero and Lyon.

Hero ſings in Recitative.

Alas, alas, alas, what ails me,
Methinks my Strength and Courage fails me;
'Tis ſo, and if Fate don't reſtore me,
This horrid Monſter may devour me:
Yet I've a Muſick Spell, a *Sybil* gave me,
Is Sovereign, and perhaps may ſave me.

Air. Oh! Muſick that with moving Art,
Inſpires the Brain and charms the Heart,
In gentle Numbers now infuſe
Such Strains to the harmonious Muſe,
As may with Joy to Mortals ſhew
All they can prove Divine below.

Lyon ſings in Recitative.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, I've loſt all Power.

Bayes. Egad, ſo methinks; is that like the roar of a Lyon, Sir? You ſhould roar out, Oh, oh, as if you were to be heard all over the Foreſt.—Prithee, *Jack* what d'ye call'm, do't agen, for Shame.

Lyon. Oh, oh, oh, oh, I've loſt all Power,
My Charm's out-done, and at this Hour
I cannot leap, nor laſh, nor roar.

Hero. What art thou, in the name of Wonder,
With Lyon Shape, and Voice of Thunder?
Some grand Inchanter's Fiend, or what;
A Beaſt, a Devil, or a *Scot*?

Lyon. Hear but my Air
All will appear.

Sings a Scotch *Song.*

I.

Iſe a *Highland* Laddy,
Muckle, ſtout and bold,
As e'er wore a Pladdy
Wrapping from the Cold.
A rank Union hater,
Which did us nea Gud,
And to root that Matter,
Woons Iſe leaſe my Blood.

II.

Daddy dealt in Charming,
We'll he'd cure the Itch;
Weather too make ſtorming,
Mammy was a Witch:
Fra theſe twa gud People
Came my Conj'ring Skill;
I can fire a Steeple,
Or can raiſe the De'el.

III.

Oft my ſel transforming
To ſmaw Beaſt or large,
I abroad am harming,
Aw that love King *George*.
But your Charm is ſtronger
By a high Degree,
I can roar no longer,
You have conquer'd me.

Hero in Recitative.

Victoria, *Victoria*; *vive le Roy*, *vive le Roy*; *Victoria*.
Since Fate alone this Deed has done,
I muſt Affairs to Orders bring;
And wiſh the King's vile Enemies,
That ever dare againſt him riſe
All ty'd in ſuch a String.
[*Fetches a Cord and puts about the Lyon's Neck.*
Air. Juſt as my Muſick conquer'd thee,
So will the King each Enemy,
'Twill be but vain oppoſing:
Ye ragged *Loons* that won't obey,
And have in Hopes a ſmiling Day,
'Ware, 'ware the fatal cloſing.
[*Leads out the Lyon by the Halter.*

Bayes. So, ſo; why there's the Lyon conquer'd now, and the Ladies not frighted at all with a bloody Battle. The reſt of the Entertainment, Gentlemen, are three ſeveral ſorts of Humouriſts that make their Court to a Lady; who is ſo modeſt ſhe receives all with Indifference. The firſt is an honeſt jolly Country Gentleman, that ſhe refuſes for Toping, and who reſolves not to leave his Bottle for any Beauty in Chriſtendom.

Enter Gentlemen.

SONG *here.*

I.

When I viſit proud *Celia* juſt come from my Glaſs,
She tells me I'm fluſter'd, and look like an Aſs;

When

When I mean of my Paſſion to put her in mind,
She bids me leave drinking, or ſhe'll ne'er be kind.
That ſhe's charmingly handſome, I very well know,
And ſo is my Bottle, each Brimmer ſo too;
And to leave my Soul's Joy, oh, 'tis Nonſenſe to ask,
Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil, bring t'other half Flask.

II.

Had ſhe tax'd me with Gaming, and bad me forbear,
'Tis a thouſand to one I had lent her an Ear.
Had ſhe found out my *Cloris*, up three pair of Stairs,
I had balk'd her, and gone to St. *James*'s to Prayers.
Had ſhe bad me read Homilies three times a Day,
She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to ſay.
But at Night to deny me my Flask of dear Red,
Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil, there's no more to be ſaid.

Smith. Ha, ha, ha,——This is a very jolly Fellow indeed.

Bayes. Well, now, Gentlemen, you ſhall ſee the Lady and her moſt favour'd Gallant, who is a little upon the Grumble—You ſhall hear. Come, Courtier like, a fine Air now.

Enter well Dreſt Gentleman *and* Lady.

I.

He ſings. 'Tis not a Kiſs, or gentle Squeeze,
A Complement or ſmiling Eye,
That can my anxious Boſom eaſe,
Or quell the Flame that ſoars ſo high.
Each welcome Favour giving Hope,
Dear *Celia* rais'd my Joys at firſt;
But ſtinted is but like a Drop,
That's giv'n to one who dies with Thirſt.

II.

Fool'd *Tantalus* in Days of old,
Had greateſt Torment for his Sin,
Forbid to taſte, yet ſtill behold;
The Fruit was bobbing at his Chin.

Such luſcious Plums and Grapes I view,
Whilſt all by me are highly priz'd,
Can you a Gueſt invited too,
Think fit ſhould be ſo tantaliz'd?

III.

Who lets his Friend but only ſip
His Wine, is Niggard of his Store,
So tho' I taſte your roſie Lip,
'Tis nothing if you grant no more.
With Fragments ſome the Stomach pleaſe,
And ſmall Repaſt the Humour fits,
But Love's a Lord of noble Race,
And cannot dine on Scraps and Bits.

Bayes. Well ſaid, you ſee he deals like a Man of Honour, he tells her his Mind—But now you ſhall hear what the Lady ſays.

Smith. Ay that, pray, Sir.

I.

Lady ſings. When your Paſſion,
On ſmall Occaſion,
Or Inclination,
Your Humour fires;
Straight 'twill cauſe ye,
To grow more ſawcy,
If e'er we croſs ye,
In vain Deſires.

But we are not
Such Fools, we dare not,
And therefore fear not,
Your Tricks to tell:
Let it grieve ye,
We muſt deceive ye,
An Inch to give ye,
You'll take an Ell.

II.

If our Favours,
Of Kindneſs ſavours,
Your warm Behaviours
Soon ſhews ye rude:
If but civil,
It works our Evil,
For like the Devil,
We're ſtill purſued.

Or if lending
A part pretending,
'Twill ſoon be ending,
In Friendſhip ſmall:
You're ſuch Creatures,
Such Virgin Haters,
'Tis in your Natures,
To plunder all.

Bayes. There, there; ha, ha, ha, I think ſhe has given him his own agen—with Intereſt, egad.

Chant. She's even with him—indeed, Sir, that muſt be owned.

John. Ay, very well, ſo this is the laſt, is it?

Bayes. No, Sir, not yet——The Lady is not ſo ill belov'd—but there's a mad Fool that follows her, amongſt the reſt,—And now prepare your ſelves——for I intend to ſhew the very Quintiſcence of Humour that can be in Song——Come, dear, dear, Mr. a——Enter, and as mad as a *March* Hare, be ſure.

Enter Madman.

Sings. From deep *Avernus*, which ſome call the Grave,
Blaſted with Care and Pain,
By ſcornful Beauty ſlain,
O'er *Lethe*'s Flood, and many a horrid Wave,
I now aſcend to Plains of Light again.
I'll mount where the Celeſtial Signs
Are all in lofty Skies appearing,
Where Muſick every Sphere refines,
And makes it worth *Apollo*'s hearing.

For

Can be my dear;
I've rang'd, I've fought her, far and near!
My Flames can tell,
She's not in Hell,
And too Divine,
On Earth to shine:
No, no, 'tis so, she must be there.
And see where *Berenice* is frowning,
Her brown dishevel'd Locks disowning;
When she displays her Silver Hair,
And whilst her Brow's divinely fair,
Bright *Ariadne* too is crowning,
She sits in State, in *Cassiopea*'s Chair.
Oh, help, ye Powers, that Lovers sway,
Help, help, some lovesick God;
Her lovely Bosom shews the milky way,
And we can never, never miss the Road.
The Giants of old,
Made with Deities bold,
Set Hills upon Hills, *
By their Force and their Skills:
My Zeal is as strong,
And I'll do so e'er long,
On high *Penmen-mawr*,
Raise like *Babel* a Tower.
But if human Art, cannot add to my Force,
I'll fly like a Dove, by a far better Course;
For my Friends the mad Muses will lend me their Horse.
But if, &c.

Bayes. Ah, mighty, mighty, —— well, my dear Friend, go, go, prithee make haft in, and get one of the young Girls to rub ye down, for thou art in a plaguy Sweat, I find; go, go. Well, Gentlemen, what say ye, is not this conclusion fine? [Exit *Madman.*

Chant. Very entertaining, certainly, Mr. *Bayes.*

Smith. Ay, ay, — the Songs are all, no doubt on't, very well.

Bayes. And now, pray, Sir, your Judgment of the whole candidly.

John. Why, Sir, as to the Musical part, I have little to carp at; but if you ask my Opinion candidly of the whole, I must be so free to tell ye,— that you design some Scenes here for serious Tragedy, that are strange stuff to me.

Smith. There wants, indeed, a little Elevation, Mr. *Bayes*, Ha, ha, ha.

Bayes. Bite: Ha, ha, ha, faith, you ſhall give me leave now, Sir, to laugh in my turn; Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Chant. And I too, faith,—Ha, ha, ha, ha,—for with your Severity's Leave, my Friend Critick, he can ſhew very ſound Reaſons for what is paſt: And I have been all along concern'd in the Secret, to put the Trick upon ye, and brought ye hither this Morning for that Deſign. In ſhort, the piece was writ thus humourouſly on purpoſe; and what you ſuppos'd intended ſerious Tragedy was done in ridicule to banter the Criticks; ſo faith *Johnſon* your cenſorious Sword had no edge to wound any thing here, if you conſider wi[illegible] ly of the matter.

John. Nay, if 'tis really ſo, I confeſs *Smith* and I are both banter'd; but however, I can't help ſaying, a Poet for this ſort of writing cannot be preferr'd by me; if he could come up to ſuch a thing as this now [*pulls out a Book*] *Remarks on human Learning*, if he could write ſuch a Book inſtead of Criticiſing, I ſhould adore him.

Chant. Why then to confound that inveterate Humour of thine, all at once know, that this individual Perſon is the very worthy Author of that Book you value ſo, and now I hope you will knock under.

John. Why art thou in earneſt— Did you write this Book, Sir? ———

Bayes. If it could ſpeak, Sir, I believe it would anſwer in the affirmative.

John. Why then, Sir, with much Veneration, and more Shame, for my Miſtake of you and your Writings, I humbeg your Pardon; and for your ſake reſolve hereafter to judge of Authors, and each particular Genius, with more Candor than formerly. And, Sir, to make ſome amends, I do alſo confeſs, that there is a natural Self-Conceit, in moſt that would be thought Criticks, that infinitely ſway above their Deſign of doing Juſtice, which has made me diſallow ſeveral ſprightly Thoughts and Fancies, eſpecially in your vocal Part: To conclude, I am now of another Opinion, and ſhall be proud of your inſtructive Converſation.

Smith. And I, Sir; you having now ingeniouſly taught us to acknowledge that we have been ſevere upon our ſelves, not you all this while, and only begging your comical Epilogue, which you gave us a hint of, we deſire to begin a ſtrict Obligation of Friendſhip over a Bottle.

Bayes. With all my Heart, Gentlemen.

Chant.

Chant. Then, *Johnſon*, you can't help confeſſing the Muſical Part here is well enough?

John. Yes, for *Engliſh*, but I could not help thinking it was not elevate, like the *Italian* Artiſts: Oh! one *Seraphick Trillo* of the Signiors. I like th' inſipid Town Thought beyond——

Chant. Beyond all the good Senſe in the World, Hah!

Bayes. Now, Gentlemen, you muſt know, that this Epilogue has a Whim in't, as well as the Prologue, it is a Trialogue, and to be perform'd between *Sol*, *Rain*, and *Boreas*.

Smith. Oh! for Heaven's ſake let's have it.

Bayes. On Condition that you will henceforth be reconcil'd to Plays and Stage-Poetry, you ſhall—always conſidering the Deſign is for ſpecular Inſtruction, as I could ſhew you in a Piece of my own; but ſince that looks like Vanity, I will borrow a Piece of a Country Friend of my Acquaintance, and conclude with a Parallel.

A Country Laſs, for ſuch was ſhe here,
(In th' City may be Sluts as well as there)
Kept clean her Hands, for thoſe being always ſeen,
Had told her elſe how ſluttiſh ſhe had been.
But for her Face, 'twas dirty as the Stall
Of a Fiſhmonger, or a Uſurer's Hall.
Begrim'd with Filth, that you might boldly ſay
She was a true Piece of *Promotheus*'s Clay.
At laſt within a Pail, for Country Laſſes
Have oftentimes no other Looking-glaſſes,
She ſaw her dirty Face, and fain ſhe would
Have bluſh'd, if thro' ſo much Dirt ſhe could:
Yet ſtraight within that Water—that I ſay,
That ſhew'd the Dirt—ſhe waſh'd the Dirt away:
So, Comedy, as Poets do intend 'em,
Serve firſt to ſhew your Faults, and then to mend 'em.

The End of the Muſical Opera.

The EPILOGUE

Spoken by Actors brought in by *Bayes*.

The EPILOGUE *is a* TRIALOGUE, *and spoken by three Figures, in Poetical Dresses; the one Representing the* Sun, *the second* Pluvia, *or* Rain, *and the third* Boreas, *or the* North *Wind; who now, as in a fit of Raillery, expose worldly Humours, and mimick a subtle Money-Game, or Trick, play'd in City Management; where People of all Degrees, who expected the Benefit of wonderful Rise of Stock, are disappointed. The Comical Names they now take, are* MISSISSIPPI, DIRECTIUS, *and* BUBBLE. MISSISSIPPI *begins.*

Missis. I Like the Sun,
Bright Beams put on;
And with *Scotch* Sense,
Got golden Pence
From forward Fools that would believe me.
I spread my Rays,
Dazled their Eyes,
And tho' some gaz'd
To hear my Lyes,
I did the Rich and Poor surprize,
And no Plot-Juggler rose to grieve me.

Direct.

Direct. Near the *Exchange*, where Traders gain,
I fluently began to rain,
And making full round Drops appear,
Sprinkled both *Whig* and *Tory* there,
I would not let *Scotch* Wit out-do me.
The Men at Court, tho' proud and great,
Were bubbled by my Money Cheat;
The grave Law-makers too with Pain
Went dangling in my growing Rain,
I made 'em think they all ſhould gain
Vaſt Heaps if they'd purſue me.
Bubble. To make this City Chouce to grow,
And trick the Globe, as Time did ſhew;
I, like *North* Guſt, did ſlily blow;
Sword Blades and Copper I'd maintain
I mingled with the Sun and Rain,
And ſtrove by Law to make things plain;
York-Buildings, Fiſhing, many a Bubble
I manag'd well, and gain'd each Day, without much Pain or Trouble.
Miſſiſſ. But oh! the Drowth of ſultry Days.
Direct. But oh! the Floods when Rain eſſays.
Bubble. But oh! the Blaſts when *Boreas* ſways.
Miſſiſſ. I with my Radiance lull'd the P——s,
I Diſſipated all their Fears;
Made *French* Crowns paſs, tho' wanting Weight,
Made Plots t' involve the K—g and State,
And grew my ſelf confounded great.
Direct. I found ye ſoon,
Ye bonny Loon,
And knew our *Change* Fools were in Tune;
To manage Matters in your way,
If Money Cheats could come in play,
I therefore ſtudy'd the *S*——Sea:
Brought Fops in firſt for three Pound ten,
That did not dare to paſs for Men;
Soon after ten Pound, or a Score,
Which doubled Weekly as much more;
'Till the Increaſe did ſo command,
I drain'd up all the Money in the Land.
This by my Showers and Rain was done,
Which gain'd me ſtill a vaſt Renown.
Bubble. When Sun did glare, and Rain did flow,
Then backward I began to blow;

The Coffee-houſes cram'd were ſeen,
With Bubbles of all Sorts brought in;
So great was ſtill, ſo mighty then their Avarice and Folly.
The common Ideots ſlighted were,
The Brokers were employ'd ſo far,
The Garter and the blazing Star
Made poſting haſte to crowd *Change-Alley*.
Miſſiſſ. But late with ſpreading ſuch warm Beams,
And getting Gold by vile Extremes;
Tho' I regal'd the Regency,
And made the K—— as blind as he;
Some Rabble would explode the Caſe
To know what *Miſſiſſippi* was,
And whether having paid their Money,
That five Years hence they ſhould have any.
This curſed boggle broke my State,
'Twas firſt call'd Trick, and then a Cheat;
The Mob began to gather Stones,
And I to ſave my harraſs'd Bones,
Finding the Perſecution hard,
Got leave at Court to have a Guard;
And in the Palace ſhone once more,
But not ſo dazzling as before.
Direct. You've now, dear Father of the Skies,
Related my Calamities;
For as your *Miſſiſſippi*'s gone,
So *S*——Sea Stock no more comes on:
I wiſely flow'd, and gently rain'd,
Nine hundred once my Mart maintain'd;
But when a Thouſand I would force
The Gray Mare prov'd the better Horſe:
The Money-trick no more would do,
And down it fell to one or two,
And made more buſy Ideots mad
Than ever *Moor-Fields Bedlam* had.
You ſay at Court your State you hide,
I there muſt too my Perſon guide;
Leſt ſome in pieces hew my Pate
Whom I have chous'd of an Eſtate;
Some Bubbles great turn'd out of Doors,
That in our Stock, have ſpent their Stores,
Have all reſolv'd to launch my Pores.
Five Millions have been dipt, they cry,
Tho' ſome o'th' Wiſe ſay that's a Lye;

For ſeven there ſcarce is in the Nation,
So that's th' effect of Reprobation:
But when the S——te ſits, if thoſe
That bear my Title are prov'd Foes,
And for nought had, if they ſhould take
The Humour to call Bullion back,
Beſt way to ſave our being undone
Is to conſider where to run;
For the Stock's heat is now ſo cool,
Who ſcap'd is Wiſe, who's dipt a ——

Bubble. I'm glad, by Heaven, ſince 'tis ſo,
That we were ſnubb'd ſo long ago;
My Breezings now can't pleaſe a Friend,
I fizzle ſuch ſmall puffs of Wind:
I cannot bring my Tricks to paſs,
Of Chalk, or Horn, or crimſon Glaſs;
Our modern Plots are open laid,
We've chous'd the P——s, and ruin'd Trade.
Search all the Cheats of foreign Nations
That have been prone to cauſe Vexations,
If ever one was ſo notorious,
I'll give ye leave to hang up *Boreas*;
So I'll ſneak off this very Hour
Before the C———s ſhew the Power.

Miſſiſſ. Sol too, no more ſhall dazzle gay,
Nor ſhine the *Miſſiſſippi* way;
I'll make no Wheedles paſs for Beams,
Nor ſcorch the Grandees of St. *James*;
Nor ſhew my Effigies with grace,
As, Brother, yours at *Guilford* was.

Direct. 'Tis true, with vile Subſcriptions ty'd
My Shape was late there dignify'd,
And, on my Soul, had I my Due,
And Cullies would Revenge purſue,
My Corps would be ſuſpended too:
Therefore, dear Friends, away I'll go,
In ſome Land foreign rain and flow,
I've Heaps of Gold—got you know how.

Bubble. The K——g's expected every Day,
But I'll not for a Pardon ſtay,
For I've deſerv'd as much as they;
And tho' we qualify'd our Caſe,
They know our Cheat's too rank to paſs,
And for our Rout an Order was.

Miſſiſſ. And now to th' *Miſſiſſippi* Sphere,
I'll poſt to *France*, no more ſhine here,
Leſt *Wilſon*'s dreadful Ghoſt appear.
Bubble. Since bubble Trifles ſink ſo low
My Blaſts ſhall here no longer blow:
Direct. Nor ſhall my fruitful Showers of Rain
Change-Alley cheer, my Caſe is plain;
The S——te ſits, my Tribe muſt run,
And here the Trialogue is done
'Twixt PLUVIA, BOREAS, and the SUN.

THE

THE
GRECIAN HEROINE:
OR, THE
FATE of TYRANNY.
A
TRAGEDY,
Written 1718.

LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM CHETWOOD, at *Cato's* Head in *Ruſſel-Street, Covent-Garden.* 1721.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

ARISTANDER, Tyrant of CORINTH.

TIMOLEON, A Noble Lord, late Governour of ÆTOLIA, and General under King DEMETRIUS, Chief of the ELLIEN Faction oppoſing ARISTANDER.

DAMOCLES, Captain of the Guards, and Favourite to ARISTANDER—A Villain.

DEMETRIUS, A Prince of the Blood Royal of CORINTH, fav'd in his Infancy by the Queen, from the Tyrant's Cruelty of the ELLIEN Faction, and often conſulting with 'em in Diſguiſe, under the Name of GRIMOALD, in Love with CLORONA.

POLLIDAMUS, An honeſt Lord, Favourer of the ELLIEN Party.

GOMOND, A Noble Collonel, formerly under TIMOLEON, and Friend to DEMETRIUS.

ZIZIMO, An honeſt Captain and Friend alſo to DEMETRIUS.

CILON, A Fop, Courtier, and Paraſite.

CLINDOR. Son to TIMOLEON, and BELIZARIA, a Child of ſeven Years old.

LONGIN, BILBOE, Serjeant and Corporal in the ELLIEN Faction againſt the Tyrant.

WOMEN.

GILMUNDA,	Eldeſt Daughter to ARISTANDER, Proud and Vicious.
AMIDEA,	Her Siſter, Pious, Mild, and Virtuous, both in Love with DEMETRIUS.
BELIZARIA,	Wife to TIMOLEON, the GRECIAN HEROINE.
CLORONA,	Mute—— Daughter to TIMOLEON by a former Wife.
HELMIGE,	Wife to POLLIDAMUS.

Several other Ladies, Prieſteſſes of BACCHUS, Soldiers, Maſquers and Attendants.

The SCENE, *CORINTH.*

THE

THE GRECIAN HEROINE: OR, THE FATE of TYRANNY. A TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to a Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS *in Disguise, his Sword drawn, and* GOMOND *following.*

Demet. YE awful Powers, must I then bear this Villainy?
Behold, my Love, the Fair, the chast *Clorona*,
Barbarously murder'd thus, before my Face, [*Raging.*
Yet leave her unreveng'd?

Gomond.

Gomond. There is no Remedy.
The Monſter now, heading the Tyrant's Guards,
Has ſent for more, to back his Homicide:
Whole Troops will ſtraight be here; and now this Moment
Some of his Creatures ſearch through all the Rooms,
Expecting vaſt Reward for taking *Grimoald*;
The Name that you have given your Diſguiſe:
When you hold Council with the *Ellien* Party,
Oppreſt by this fell Tyrant *Ariſtander*,
If then, my Lord, inſtead of the falſe *Grimoald*,
They find the true *Demetrius*; not you only,
But we, the Cauſe, and all, are loſt for ever.

[*Enter* Pollidamus.

Demet. My Eyeballs ſtart, my Brain and Heart's on Fire,
When I but think——Oh execrable Dog!
To bath his brutiſh Phangs in that fair Boſom,
The Angels might miſtake for Paradiſe,
And miſs no part of their expected Happineſs;
Death, and Confuſion, I'll go back and kill him,
In th' midſt of all his Hellhounds!

Pollid. Angels guard us!—What can this mean?

Gomond. Delay but of one Minute.
Sinks all your Friends into perpetual Ruin,
And loſes you irrevocably——for Heavens ſake conſider!
And, gracious Prince, as ever wretched *Corinth*,
And th' few of the old Strain were tender to ye,
Recal your Patience; fly, and ſave your ſelf.

Demet. Oh bloody, murd'rous Villain!—Oh, my *Clorona!*

Gomond. The Princeſſes Apartment is the neareſt
Shelter at Hand, there you have Intereſt;
Not a word more as you prize all our Lives.

Demet. Give me Revenge, ye Powers,—or take this Trifle back;
Blow off this Bubble, 'tis not worth my Care. [*Exit.*

Pollid. Some ſtrange Miſchance, ſure! what's the matter, Collonel?
Why is the Prince thus hurried?

Gomond. Whence come you, good my Lord,
That you are ignorant of a dreadful Accident,
Horrid enough to fright the Univerſe,
And make all Nature's numerous Offspring tremble?

Pollid. From a lone *Grotto*, where I have been reading
Some Paſſages, in the calm Halcyon Days
Of our Fore-fathers, e'er curſt Tyranny

Ruffled

Ruffled the Souls of great ones to a Storm:
But ſay, what Accident of Note ſo dreadful
Can fall o'th' ſuddain? I heard, indeed, that *Damocles*,
The King's proud Favourite, has this Morning made th' Governor a Viſit,
His Frown I'm ſure can't fright the great *Timoleon*;
Much leſs the Univerſe.

Gomond. Hear then, my Lord,
What will fright you, and every Creature elſe,
Whoſe Soul bears Senſe of Honour, this great, proud
Fiend you ſpeak of, has kill'd the Governor's Daughter.

Pollid. Hah, ſure thy Brain's crack'd! what ſay'ſt thou, *Gomond*, kill'd her!

Gomond. She's dead, my Lord, the beautiful *Clorona*;
The Flower of Virgins, Pattern of true Virtue;
And in a Word, her Sex's Maſterpeice;
In a curſt Fret of Paſſion, by that *Damocles*,
That Monſter *Damocles*, barbarouſly butcher'd.

Pollid. Immortal Gods, ſay how, for what? my Ears, methinks,
Glow with Expectance of the dreadful Tale,
And my Blood ſtagnates, frozen up with Wonder.

Gomond. To tell the Story, from its curſed Source would ſprove too tedious, therefore the main mattter, briefly, is thus:
You long have known the Governor
Once of *Ætolia*, under great *Demetrius*;
Our late, dread Royal Maſter, (till *Antigonus*,
The conqu'ring *Macedonian*'s Succeſſor,
Winning a glorious Battel where he fell,
Set up his Son, this Tyrant *Ariſtander*,)
Still kept to head the *Elliens*—whoſe rough Numbers
Have been but lately quell'd, nor do's *Timoleon*,
Whoſe Heart is fix'd upon this Prince's Right;
Spare yet t' incourage Parties, and in private
To own this young *Demetrius*, who has the Name
Of the old King, and neareſt is related.

Pollid. I know him of that Line,
And alſo know that *Ariſtander*'s Policy,
Aſſiſted by his Engine *Damocles*,
Had in his Infancy reſolv'd his Murder;
Had not the Queen, now ſome Years ſince deceas'd,
Exerting her Compaſſion one ſoft Minute,
(A Virtue wonder'd at, ſince Wife to him;)
Beg'd him her Page, and bred him with her Daughters.

Gomond.

Gomond. But yet ſo ſtrict, that the Offence is Mortal
To name him of that Race, or own his Birthright;
Himſelf forbid too to converſe with *Elliens*
Of any Rank, tho' here, at Lord *Timoleon*'s
Under Diſguiſe, and by the Name of *Grimoald*,
He often ſteals to meet the *Malecontents*;
As now this Morning.

Pollid. 'Tis whiſper'd that the Tyrant's youngeſt Daughter
Has ſuch Eſteem for him, 'tis grown to Paſſion,
Tho' modeſt Governance keeps it in Bounds;
She being, as fame reports, a Miracle,
Conſidering whoſe Daughter, fair, wiſe and virtuous,
Mild and Religious—and by Conſequence,
Oft in Rebellion, with her vicious Father,
But, for her Siſter!

Gomond. She is the reverſe;
Curſt *Ariſtander*'s own, his eldeſt born,
Firſt Grafting of his damn'd Impiety,
And as her Face, by Nature, bears his Features,
Her Soul too ſhares his Vices,—but, nor this,
(Who 'tis thought loves him too, tho' her Pride checks her)
Nor t'other, tho' her Merits pleads ſo largely,
E'er mov'd the Prince, Nature's chief Work: *Clorona*
Engag'd him all; that ſweet unhappy Virgin
This inſtant maſſacred.

Pollid. Give the reſt Vent, and rid me of my Pain.

Gomond. This fatal Morning,
Juſt as the Prince had tender'd her his Vows,
As was accuſtom'd, ruſhes in proud *Damocles*,
With inſolent Command from *Ariſtander*
To my Lord Governor, to ſurrender up
His Daughter to his Charge, to be a Wife
To one that he had choſe, and this ſo poſitively,
That no Delay muſt be on pain of Death.

Pollid. A Snare, by Hell, laid for *Timoleon*'s Life!
I ſmell it rank, they knowing he'd deny,
And give the Tyrant thus freſh cauſe of Quarrel.

Gomond. You may ſuppoſe, he that for fifty Years
Had led his martial Troops to glorious Battel,
Where his Command was like the Voice of Fate,
As ſoon as giv'n obey'd, was now confounded
At theſe unnatural Orders.

Pollid. Was the Prince by too?

Gomond. He was; altho' to *Damocles* unknown
By his Diſguiſe, but yet ſtruck dumb as Death,

As

As was the Governor for a while, till rouzing,
As from a mortal Trance, his troubled Spirits,
He answer'd, *Aristander*'s Will—was Law,
And bid the haughty Lord accost *Clorona*,
Since her Consent was necessary too,
Who did, and here now comes the sad Catastrophe.

Pollid. My Blood still bears an Ague.

Gomond. This Heir of Hell, it seems, some time before,
Had given her Notice of his brutal Love,
Which, with Dislike, being answer'd, th' haughty Insolent
Resolv'd to seize her by the Tyrant's Power;
But with a Courage, wondrous in her Sex,
Clinging about her Father, she defy'd him;
Till, from that Guard he drag'd her with such Rudeness,
That from her snowy Neck, the swelling Veins,
As if enrag'd at such strange ruffain Violence,
Spouted warm Gore in's Face, which as she saw,
Still more resolv'd her, for with bitter Terms,
Repeating the whole Mass of Infamy
In his curst Master's, and his own vile Actions,
She to the last abhor'd his amorous Passion,
And with such feminine Inveteracy,
That *Damocles*, flush'd with a Night's Debauch,
Inflam'd too with *Greek* Wine, and Hell's worst Fury,
And rais'd with her sharp words, to th' extream of Passion,
His Dagger drawing, fix'd it in her Heart,

Pollid. Before her Father's Face!

Gomond. Before her Father's and her Lover's Face,
Who straight, like Thunder, shot at *Damocles*,
And with a Weapon, which he wore conceal'd,
Had nail'd him to the Arras, had not th' Guards
Quick interpos'd, two of which perish'd instantly,
At the brave Prince's Foot; but the rest pressing,
My self, and some the Houshold Crys brought in,
Made shift to force him from them, and certain Ruin,
Whilst I at last alone conducted him
Out of the Crowd through a dark Passage hither;
And what past more you saw.

Polid. Ye heavenly Pow'rs! can ye view these Horrors!
Yet idle keep your Vengeance!——But, good Collonel,
Where was the Governor's Lady, wise *Belizaria*?
Soul of the *Elliens*, the brave *Grecian* Heroine,
Whilst this inhuman Scene of Death was acting.

Gomond. At her Devotion, e'er the dawn of Day,
Amongst the sacred Priestesses of *Bacchus*,
The *Greeks* fam'd Deity; paying grateful Thanks For

For the Recovery of her young Son *Clindor*,
Late from a dangerous Sickneſs; the ſole Gift
Of Heaven, by her, to Lord *Timoleon*,—*Clorona*
Being by a former Choice.

Pollid. Had the inſulting Murderer nothing to ſay of her?

Gomond. Yes, to conclude, he mutter'd,
The Sting of the young Viper being blunted,
There yet remain'd a Meſſage from the King
To th' Lady of the Houſe, whom he would meet
At her return from Prayers.

Pollid. Miſchief's old Strain, I'll lay my Life; 'twas hot ſome Years ago
That *Ariſtander* courted her.

Gomond. Moſt true; but for the Governor was ſtill rejected
Since when Love turns to Hate: But ſee, my Lord,
The noble Heroine we are ſpeaking of;
Hah!——and that Devil *Damocles*; nay then
This Interview muſt be of fatal Note:
Let's ſtand aſide and hear; when th' Prey is mark'd
That Fiend has Claws to reach a Furlong off;
I'll keep aloof from the fell Gripe.

Pollid. And I. [*They ſtand aſide.*

Enter Damocles, Belizaria *guarded, and* Clindor.

Dam. The Deed may ſeem too raſh, but when th' Abuſe
Of my great Maſter, and my ſelf's conſider'd,
The World muſt call it Juſtice; ſome tame Fool,
Perhaps may ſay, 'twas but a Woman's Anger:
Woman! whoſe only Weapon is the Tongue,
And Men ſhould laugh at it, a proper Argument;
The Stings of Female Serpents are moſt dangerous,
And ſhould be trod out quickly leſt they breed
A Race too ſtrong to quell; you therefore, Madam, [*To* Beliz.
I have brought hither from that Houſe of Clamour
Where now I know Rebellion's forming *Hydra*'s;
Beſides my Buſineſs to ye, from my Maſter,
To give ye Council; and by the Example
Late ſhewn, to have a Care to teach this Boy here
More Loyalty and Manners than his Siſter.

Beliz. Cæleſtial Maid! of Heaven belov'd, *Clorona*,
Who now amongſt the Virgin Angels yonder,
A new come Gueſt, receiv'ſt the joyful Welcomes
Of all the Dwellers in that Court of Glory,
Forgive me, ſince thou know'ſt I'm forc'd to bear

The

The tainted Breath of thy vile Murderer;
And ſince Revenge is not within my Power
To put in Act, accept, ſweet Saint, the Joy
My Heart retains, to think thou ſhalt be crown'd
With Happineſs eternal, when this Wretch,
Rebel to Heaven and Nature, ſtung with Pangs
Of tortur'd Conſcience, howls in Hell for ever.

Damo. 'Tis well, 'tis wond'rous well; yet if that Title,
That Rebel, had been ſpar'd by your Sagacity,
And ſhar'd amongſt your Politick Family,
Methinks your Speech had been more natural.

Beliz. Oh! no, it can ſuit none ſo well as thee;
The petty Crimes are drawn in Minataure,
Of thoſe rebel againſt inferior Princes;
But thou againſt the King of Kings mak'ſt Head,
Break'ſt down his Fence of Law and Divine Mandate,
And ſhedding innocent Blood, with thee, is Juſtice,
Which ſhews Rebellion in the largeſt Figures,
Rank Diſobedience againſt Heaven's Supremacy:
Thou ſcorn'ſt to be ſo trivial an Offender
To mutiny about Diſpute of Titles,
The Right, or Wrong, or Male-Adminiſtration
Caus'd by Ambition, in this lower Orb;
No, to a loftier Vice thy Pride do's ſwell,
To Murder, the ſuperior Crime in Hell,
And equals that proud Fiend that did at firſt Rebel!

Damo. Good ſtill; well then, proud as you pleaſe to make me,
As lawleſs and ungovern'd, yet you ſhall ſee, I have
So calm a Temper to endure Revilings
Bitter as theſe without return.——Proceed,
Nay now I urge you to't, ſay all you can,
And in your worſt of Thought deſcribe my Character.

Beliz. Thou dareſt not ſtand it, ſure!

Damo. Begin, and try me.

Belz. So odious is the Theme, my trembling Tongue
Faulters at th' Attempt; but ſince 'tis urg'd
In part, 'tis thus: Firſt then,—That Form is horrible;
Nature, in Pain, has given ſuch frightful Airs
Throughout thy Face, as if, inſtead of Union,
She meant to ſcare the World from Amity.
Thy Limbs too ſeem as if contriv'd in haſte,
When ſhe was weary of her bungling Work,
And ſent 'em out, half finiſh'd, to the World:
Then for thy Mind, 'twould craze a Stoick's Brain

To think that Lewdneſs, Rapine, Cruelty,
Pride, Rancor, Avarice, Envy, Detraction,
Murd'rous Deceit, and loathſom Flattery,
Join'd with the reſt, as in Contempt of Providence,
Should make the Popular Thing Men call a Favourite.
There,——do's the Picture pleaſe ye?

Damo. Not extremely; I think I've ſeen it fairer drawn in Colours;
But you'd have yours be thought no flatt'ring Pencil,
Nor is it, I confeſs.

Beliz. No, I'll be ſworn
I've drawn as near the Life as I'm able.

Damo. Well, I'll take yours yet with a kinder Hand:
Beauty is proper to exalt the Fancy;
Your Forehead, like the Front of *Venus* fair;
Your Eyes have Fire, that could kindle Nature
Were it extinct, and new create the World.
Your charming Breaſts.——But oh! where am I roving.
Thus ſays the King.——Now then receive my Meſſage:
The King, my Maſter, wills ye to diſcard,
And with a Heart, that wiſhes ye right well,
All Malecontents, and cleave to his Protection:
Your Husband is a weak miſguided Dotard.

Beliz. Audacious Upſtart!

Damo. Ruine is at his Heels, ready to cruſh him,
And would, did not your Intereſt with the King
Stave off the Blow; be wiſe then, and comply,
Dreſs up your Beauty with an Air of Pleaſure,
And let great *Ariſtander* find ye grateful.

Beliz. The Ancients, when they would depict a Devil,
Still faſhion'd him with monſtrous Horns and Hoofs,
To make his Form more terrible to Fancy:
I had forgot that, when I drew thy Picture;
For juſt as that to them, to me art thou:
After this Speech, Thy Eyes are large as Bowls,
Thy Mouth Breathes Fire that blaſts; Hence horrid Spectre,
But Praiſe be to Cæleſtial Providence,
Thy Power can only fright, but not compel:
No, helliſh Tempter, let thy Maſter know,
That the chaſte Soul of *Belizaria* ſtands
Still fix'd on its old Baſis, ſacred Virtue,
Whence neither Gold nor Power can e'er remove it.

Damo. Nay then, ſince offer'd Grace is ſo rejected,
'Tis dangerous to give the Liberty:
Guards, take her, and confine her to a Chamber;

And, on your Lives, let none, no not her Husband,
Have Speech with her 'till the King's farther Order.
The Boy—may keep her Company—I think
He's yet too young for Miſchief.
Beliz. His dear Prattle
Will give me Joy amidſt a thouſand Sorrows.
Come, *Clindor*, come, thou Darling of my Life,
Comfort thy mourning Mother; and hereafter,
When I've infus'd more Sentiments of Honour,
Tell that bad Man her Soul's not like the Vulgar;
But of that purer Eſſence which the Deities
Gave to the Votaries they choſe, and favour'd;
So perfect, that ſhould Fate and Hell conſpire,
The Gem is right, and it can ſtand the Fire.
Damo. Oh! by all means, let's try it then.—Away there.
[*Exit* Damoc. Belizaria *guarded off*, *and* Clin.

Re-enter Pollidamus *and* Gomond.

Gomon. No *Sybil* e'er could propheſy more right
Than you, my Lord, you've gueſt the Source of all.
Pollid. By all my hopes of Peace, a noble Lady,
And worthy of all Honours; nor can Fame ſound
Too highly in her Praiſe. Oh, Fate! Oh, Heaven!
Muſt then this ſharp-fangl'd Wolf worry us all?
No, we muſt muzzle him, perhaps his Maſter too:
But huſh a while,—ſee where the ſad Proceſſion
Appears in pompous Horror.——Heavens! this Spectacle
Wou'd teach old *Niobe* to weep anew;
Forgetting her own Woes, to mourn *Clorona*.

Here Clorona *appears laid upon a Bier all bloody*, Timoleon *following*, *bare-headed*, *with ſeveral* Elliens, *Spectators and Servants*.

Timol. Yet, yet, more Air; the Sorrows in my Heart
Will burſt my aged Trunk; give them more vent,
That I may blow my Sighs around the Globe,
And fill yon' Azure ſpace with mournful Clamours,
Ye mighty Powers, that diſpoſe our Beings,
And, as your choiceſt Bleſſings, give us Children.
Me too, amongſt the reſt of thankful Parents,
Who paid you daily Tribute of my Gratitude,
May I not ask the Reaſon, without ſinning,
Why I'm thus robb'd? Why my *Clorona* lies,

The darling Joy of an Indulgent Father?
Like a ſweet Flower crop'd from its Bed of Life;
Wither'd, ſhrunk up, and pale? Oh my poor Girl!
Where's now the Roſie Bloom upon thoſe Cheeks
That us'd to bleſs me at each Morning's Duty?
Inſtead of taking mine, that ſprightly Eye,
Where like a Mirror I could Pride my ſelf,
And fancy the Meridian of my Age
Was come again; all loſt, all gone for ever! [*Weeps.*
A Hell-born Ruffian ſteals my Heart's chief Treaſure
Even before my Face. Hah! old *Timoleon*,
What wilt thou not revenge?—What ſay ye, Friends,
Is the curs'd State of wretched Age ſo miſerable
We muſt look on, and bear theſe rueful Wrongs?

Pollid. No, no, Lord Governor, ſhould you want mortal Aid,
The Gods themſelves, to give us Proof they cannot
Taint their Divinities by ſuch an Action,
But that it was the headlong work of Fate,
Raſh and precipitate, without their Order,
Would range, in hoſtile manner, to revenge ye.

Gomon. Look up, my Lord, and let your Griefs give place
To brave Reſolves of doing your ſelf Juſtice:
The Seaſon's ripe, the Tyrant's Crimes full blown,
And muſt be cropt; there's ne'er a Tongue in *Corinth*,
Fix'd in the Head of any Man of Honour,
But ſpeaks my Senſe; nor any weeping Eye,
Curſt with a ſight of this *heart-killing Object, [* *Clorona.*
But wou'd direct a Hand to wield a Sword
To cut th' Inhuman Monſters from the Earth.

1 *Ellien.* Propoſe the way, my Lord, my Life is yours
With Joy, ſo it revenge this injur'd Lady.

2 *Ellien.* And mine.

3 *Ellien.* The Lives of all here.
Revenge, Revenge my Lord, and ſuddenly.

Timol. Cover her Face, and now my Friends, I thank ye.
[* *To them.*
Once more a throb of Nature: *Oh! *Clorona!* [* *Kiſſes her.*
Good Friend, I do beſeech ye to forgive me; [*To* Pollid.
Tears are new Work with me, give me your Pardon,
And only think what 'tis to be a Father. [*Wipes his Eyes.*
So then, no more of that, *what yet agen a Look?
[* *Looks ſadly on her, then ſtarts on the ſudden.*
Oh! thou white Liver'd meagre Traitor, Death,
Thou now haſt watch'd thy time to terrify me!

How

How oft in foremoſt Ranks of bloody Battle,
When, like a Field of Corn, mellow'd for Harveſt,
The Soldiers were in Cluſters mow'd away;
Have I, with my good Sword here claſh'd thy Scyth,
And dar'd thee to the Combat,——but vain Boaſt,
Since when I view (thee once ſo ſlighted) * there,
[* *Looking on* Clorona.
I ſtart, and ſhake with Horror. [*Shout and alarm within.*

Gomon. Something of Moment's acting in the Streets by this Alarm.

Pollid. Go and ſee, good *Gomond.* [*Exit.*

Gomon. I am prevented, here comes one from Court, a Courtier certainly; I know him by his State Sneer, and his wrigling.

Enter CILON.

Cilon. My Lord, I come t'inform ye from his Majeſty, that having Knowledge of an Inſurrection deſign'd amongſt the People; and alſo of an Outrage, meant to Lord *Damocles*, for his doing Juſtice on your Rebellious Daughter, by ſome *Elliens* of your known Party; who, it ſeems, likewiſe oppos'd the Guards, of which are ſeveral kill'd, 'tis the King's Pleaſure the Body ſhall be ſeiz'd, to be diſpos'd of as becomes a Traitor. Your ſelf, my Lord, he thinks fit, for the preſent, to baniſh into *Ætolia*, amongſt ſome Numbers more of the Confederacy; nor ſuffered even to take leave of your Wife, but to be gone within two Hours at fartheſt, on pain of Death. This is the Tenor of my Commiſſion, my Lord.——Guards carry off the Body.

Timol. Now hold, my Heart, and Brain keep firm thy Station;
The Air grows hot, 'twill breed a Calenture:
Furies and Hell!——My dear *Clorona* hurry'd
To be diſpos'd of as becomes a Traitor;
Perhaps her beauteous Body thrown to Dogs,
Or by vile Hangman's Hands to be prophan'd,
And dragg'd about the Streets.——Hah! Patience avaunt,
This is too rank; Death, * once more I defie thee.
[* *Draws and falls upon the Guards, who diſarm him, and throw him down.*

Cilon. Secure the Governour, he is old,—half craz'd we may ſuppoſe too; we muſt bear with Frailty. You there that are his Friends take care of him, d'ye hear? And that you 'ſcape your ſelves, take as my Favour.
[*Exit Guards carrying off the Body.*

Pollid. Insolent Upstart! Come, Lord Governour, rise,
Recal your manly Spirits to their Functions,
And let us all join Hands to meet our Friends
There, in *Ætolia*, for I'll thither too.

Gomon. And I, where not a Day shall have an end,
Wherein the longest Hours seem not too short,
In Consultation of the Tyrant's Ruin,
And the Destruction of that Villain *Damocles*.

Pollid. The glorious Sun, each Morn, shall gild our Councils,
And every God propitiously direct us;
Clorona, from her heavenly Seat, shall take
A pleasing View of each Design we make,
And bless the Vengeance plotted for her sake.

Timol. Up then, old Man, from thy repulsing Grave,
[*Rises up.*
Rest even disclaims thee, 'till thy Wrongs are righted;
Rouze and pursue what glorious Honour dictates;
Honour, Revenge, the Hero's bright twin Deities
Court thee once more to settle thy Renown,
And do a Deed shall gain eternal Laurels.
'Tis said, *Medea* once, by Magick Skill,
Her Father's aged Veins did with new Vigour fill.
As his, by Art, mine shall by Nature be,
And strong, as were her Charms, *Clorona*'s Wrongs to me;
Her to Revenge, behold me young again,
My Blood ferments, fresh Heat warms ev'ry Vein,
Courage and Anger fire my Heart and Brain;
Monarchs Ambition, Statesmen Interest prize;
And Lovers, doating on fair Lady's Eyes,
Pursue Delight; but to a Soldier wrong'd,
Revenge, a sweet Revenge is far above
The Joys of Empire, Interest, or of Love. [*Exeunt omnes.*

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Demetrius *undiſguis'd, and* Amidea.

Amid. H! Heaven, what's to be done! the Spies have ſworn
They ſaw this *Grimoald* enter my Apartment:
My Siſter's Agents too are ſearching narrowly
Thro' all the Lodgings.——Fie, my Lord *Demetrius*,
How could you entertain ſuch ſlight Regard
For my true Friendſhip, to expoſe me thus?

Demet. Call it not ſlight, adorable Divinity,
Nor a Preſumption on thoſe milder Graces,
That beautifie your Soul, and make ye heavenly;
But that, in my Diſtreſs, as to a Sanctuary,
I came for a Protection.—If then, gracious Lady,
My Habit be conceal'd, *Grimoald* is vaniſh'd,
And muſt deceive all Spies; if you are pleas'd
To think the worthleſs trifle of my Life
Fit ſubject for a Secret, and forgive me.

Amid. I have taken Care that your Diſguiſe be ſafe
From thoſe that ſearch; ſo much was due to Honour:
If I had ſaid to Love, it might be verify'd. [*Aſide.*
But you, my Lord, grow dangerous in your Politicks,
And honeſt Friendſhip is ſcarce ſtrong enough
To ſtop the Current of a Daughter's Duty,
From whence there might flow Safety to her Father.

Demet. The Stream yet flows no farther than Suſpicion:
Thus, Madam, you can break no Bond of Duty,
But in each Point are ſafe.

Amid. Were the Caſe mine,
Heaven knows, I could forgive ye, had your Dagger
Been buſy with the Inmate of my Breaſt,

And made the little Buſtler ceaſe its Motion;
Such ſmall regard have I for the vain Follies
Of this round Ball we breathe on, and ſo trifling
Appear to me the State, the courted Pleaſures
On which the World do's place its chief Contentment.
One thing, perhaps, worth living for, I value;
But that, like Myſteries of Heaven to the Vulgar,
Muſt be conceal'd,——unleſs a Bluſh reveal it. [*Aſide.*

Demet. May that, and every other Bleſſing, crown
The beauteous *Amidea.*

Amid. And tho' the ſad Tale of *Clorona*'s Death
Exact extremeſt Juſtice and Revenge,
Yet were it known that you are *Grimoald*,
So fear'd and noted; and that I am privy
To your cloſe meeting of the *Ellien* Party,
Againſt the King's Conſent, and dread Command,
What Ruin might not pour upon us both!

Demet. I am ſchool'd, fair Excellence, and will no more
Ingage you in my Fate.

Amid. Perhaps 'tis Treaſon
You're plotting there, Treaſon againſt my Father?
Is't fit his Daughter, then, ſhould be your Confident?
No, Prince, I charge ye, on your Life, no more:
Thus far, ſince I've been bred up in your Councils,
I'll keep the Secret; but if you relapſe,
Honour and Duty put it paſt my Power.

Demet. Your Clemency's too great, and I'm aſham'd
Of this unmanner'd Trouble.

Amid. No doubt, my Siſter,
E'er this, has told the King the whole paſt Matter;
Believe then, 'tis a thing of Conſequence
T'evade her Malice, you well know her Humour;
(Which has been late diſtaſted with your Conduct)
So ſhould be on your Guard.

Demet. I am ſo, Madam;
And have a Turn of Wit too, ready at Hand,
To throw *Grimoald*'s late Action from *Demetrius.*

Amid. That has been worth your Study.—Hah! ſhe's here.

Enter GILMUNDA.

Stol'n in unknown too, pray Heaven ſhe has not heard us.

Gilmun. Alone, and in cloſe Talk!—Nay then 'tis plain
There's Love betwixt 'em. Can then that purblind Wretch,
That Figure of a Man, that ſenſeleſs Statue, [*Apart.*

Prefer

Prefer that awkward, dull, Religious Face,
With the pale Train of all her ghoſtly Features,
Stiffen'd by formal Zeal, even to Uglineſs,
To my freſh Youth, and Flower of blooming Beauty;
Nouriſh'd with Empire's Sweets, and pleas'd with Power?
How I deſpiſe the Creature, and will turn
All Liking to Abhorrence!—What, are ye ſtartled? [*To them.*
Some Plot then muſt be forming.—Where's this *Grimoald*?
Th's rank Arch-traitor, that dares ſeek Protection,
Thus boldly, in your Highneſſes Apartment?
Amid. A Traitor ſeek Protection here! What mean ye?
Gilm. Good ignorant Holineſs, d'ye want the Meaning?
Sure that grave Head, that has ſo long been poring
On mouldy Authors, for Worm-eaten Morals,
With ſuch falſe Gems, dreſſing the Hypocrite,
To paſs on Ideots for Divinity,
Muſt know the Definition of a Phraſe
So german to her Actions. ——For 'tis ſworn
The Traitor enter'd here.
Amid. And freely might do ſo without my Knowledge.
Gilm. Or has this cloſe combining
Another ſort of Plot, call'd an Intrigue;
In which this doughty Prince of airy Caſtles,
Exerts his Love, in hopes the Times will turn,
And Fate ordain your Saintſhip for a Queen?
Is this the ſubject of your Privacy?
Come, Sir, the Truth, what think ye of the Lady?
Demet. Tho' this odd manner of Examination
With Reaſon, Madam, might excuſe an Anſwer;
Yet ſince you've nam'd the Princeſs in particular,
And make Reflection on this Interview
Of ſuch ſtrange Nature, I will ſpeak the Truth;
And tell ye I am ſorry to ſee Beauty,
Like yours, ruffled with unbecoming Anger;
Which, in one meaner, might be counted Malice,
As to my Thoughts—They're, as they ought, of both:
The Princeſs is a Mint of Godlike Virtues,
Where new bright Graces every Day are coin'd,
To bleſs all thoſe about her: And for you, Madam,
You can be what you pleaſe, there's enough in ye
To furniſh out a compleat Excellence,
You are a Royal Virgin.
Gilm. Royal Virgin!
Is that all?—By my Soul's beſt Joy, Ambition,
This is a rank Abuſe——a pointed Satyr:

Inſtead of praiſing Female Rights of Conqueſt,
Of wounding Hearts, of charming to an Ecſtaſy,
And gaining Trophies by victorious Beauty,
He tells me, with ſly Malice, I'm a Virgin:
Virgin!——the Title of a Village Milkmaid.

Amid. Between the ſtormy Gulphs, Love and Ambition,
How her proud Soul is tortur'd!

Gilm. Well, witty Sir, your Jeſt is underſtood:
But your ſatyrick Vein ſo pleaſe your Highneſs,
[*Flouriſh within.*
Or Majeſty, for that I know you dream on,
Will be of uſe to entertain my Father,
Whom I hear coming, and divert this *Grimoald*
Out of his Mind; ſo ſpeed ye both, you're ſure of my Aſſiſtance.

Enter Ariſtander, Damocles, Cilon, *and Guards.*

Ariſt. Can there be Truth in what I hear, of Traitors
Sheltring their infamous abandon'd Heads
Here in this Cell of vile Hypocriſy?
If I did think 'twere ſo, degenerate Brat;
But why not think? What elſe can be the Fruit
Of all this canting Zeal, theſe ghoſtly Groanings;
With the long Bedroll of Fanatick Cheats,
But Miſchief, Treaſon, rank rebellious Villainy?
Furies and Fire, how elſe is this? From whence?
Where didſt thou learn this wretched Trade of Bigotry?
I'm ſure, not from thy Father.

Damo. All your Actions
Purſuing Methods of Imperial Greatneſs
And Glory, ſtill have prov'd your Soul too noble
For ſuch low Traffick.

Ariſt. Now, by my Crown and Dignity,
But that I will not queſtion my Experience,
I ſhould believe thy Mother plaid me falſe;
And that ſome bigot Prieſt fluſter'd with Wine,
And gorg'd with the Reverſions of the Temple,
Stol'n from ſome high luxurious Sacrifice,
Begot thee in the *Criſis* of his Rhapſody.

Amid. Good Sir, I do beſeech ye not to blame me,
Becauſe my Actions, full of Innocence,
Tend towards Piety. Piety, Royal Sir,
Is the bleſt Guide of Duty, and however
Malicious Vice may wrong me of your Favour,
My Prayers are ſtill devoted.

Ariſt.

Ariſt. D'ye hear?——Her Prayers!
A Girl of Fifteen's Prayers are much material;
Stuff, ſtuff, diſſembling, nothing elſe, by *Bacchus.*
She that has that one Gift of ſtrain'd Devotion,
Has twenty Miſchiefs in her Head to vie with't:
By the bright Luſtre of our Roſie God,
I think now 'tis affronting his Divinity,
To teaze him for more Bleſſings than are voluntary.
He, full of Indulgence, preſſing the rich Grape
At Eaſe, and in good Humour, ſmiles upon us,
And doles his Bleſſings as he finds our Merit,
Without the plague of our Impertinence,
And why then muſt you pray?

Gilm. 'Tis Impoſition
Upon his ſacred Senſe, and moſt ill Manners,
As if we would appoint his Hours of hearing,
And hop'd to flatter him into Compliance:
Beſides, in Zealots 'tis all Affectation,
And, ten to one, the Fruits of rank Hypocriſy.

Ariſt. Ah! my Darling,
Let me embrace thee, thou art my own, I'm ſure,
[*Embracing her.*
And ſhall enjoy the Sweets of Empire with me.
But to the Point ſtill, where's this Traytor *Grimoald*?
That Villain, who for fear his Coward Treaſon
Should be detected by our Boſom *Damocles*,
The Ruffian made one deſperate Puſh and fled.

Demet. If ever Patience wou'd be prov'd a Virtue,
Now let it ſhew its Force. [*Aſide.*

Cilon. But what's moſt noted
So, pleaſe your Majeſty, is that the Rebel
Shou'd be dog'd hither to her Highneſs's ſide:
There was a pretty Buſineſs.

Ariſt. Nay, 'tis not much unlikely, he's ſome Retainer
Her Highneſs has in Pay.——Hah! is't ſo, Minion?
Give me to know, and let him be produc'd;
Or, by my Head, not all your windy Prayers,
No, nor your Prieſteſſes, thoſe holy Conjurers,
With all the Myſteries of their Incantation,
And ſubtleſt Juggling, ſhall evade my Fury.

Amid. I am all yours, Sir; and as my primitive Being
Proceeded from you, if you ſuſpect my Duty
I'm ready to ſurrender. [*Weeps.*

Ariſt. Whining Hypocrite!
There's now another Sign of Female Miſchief,

Thoſe

Thoſe Tears, which would as plentifully fall
Were but her Lap-Dog ſick.—Damn'd, damn'd diſſembling,
Gods! from a weeping and a praying Woman,
You that have Power, defend me.
Gilm. Your Majeſty
Looks o'er the great *Demetrius* there, whoſe Knowledge
May give, perhaps, moſt Light into the Buſineſs,
Since he was there; *Dull Fool, neglect my Favours!
[* *Apart.*
I'll be reveng'd, tho' his Deſtruction follow. [*Aſide.*
Ariſt. What—he! the grovelling Inſect I have nouriſh'd
From Infancy by my indulgent Smiles; 'tis impoſſible
That he dares ſpeak, or think, or look towards
The rebel *Elliens*, againſt my known Command,
Much leſs aſſiſt 'em; yet 'tis buzz'd, indeed,
That ſome of the Rabble own him for a Prince,
And talk of Lineage. Hah! young Sir, what ſay ye?
Is this authentick? ſpeak, you Prince of Poppets,
What know you of this Traytor? on your Life the Truth.
Demet. Sir, not thro' Fear, but from th' effect of Duty,
I do confeſs I ſaw a Stranger enter;
Who likewiſe ſeeing me, in a wild Hurry
Convey'd himſelf as quickly thro' a Window
Into the Garden, e'er I could have time
To apprehend him, or to know his Crime.
Ariſt. A natural Slowneſs upon this occaſion
Poſſeſt ye, Sir, I do not like th' Excuſe;
Therefore I would adviſe ye uſe your Diligence,
Your utmoſt Care, to find this *Grimoald*,
This Bugbear of the Herd, within three Days,
Or elſe your Head pays Forfeit.—Your Head, great Prince,
By *Bacchus*, I have ſworn it.
Demet. Mighty King,
What lies within the reach of Human Power,
Or Wit t' effect, ſhall be employ'd to take him.
Be pleas'd, great Sir, to excuſe Impoſſibilities.
Ariſt. Impoſſibilities! nothing's impoſſible that I command,
I'll hear no more, my Word, like Fate, ne'er alters;
Your Head—or *Grimoald*'s.
Demet. Then the Gods aſſiſt me. [*Exit* Demetrius.
Ariſt. Let 'em, with all my Heart, and much good do ye.
Gilm. So, there's a Virgin Favour for ye, Sir.
[*Scornfully to* Demetrius.
Ariſt. You too;—get to your Cloſet, * try if Canting
[* *To* Amidea.
Can

Can cure the Green Sickneſs.——Hence with that Face,
Pale as a Statue in an Abbey Chapel,
I'll have another Hour for you.
Amid. Let me have Life
No longer than Obedience to my Father;
I'll to the ſacred Prieſteſſes of *Bacchus*,
And after ſolemn Sacrifice, invoke
The Deity to pardon all Offences,
And ever guard the King. [*Exit* Amidea.
Ariſt. Thou, my *Gilmunda*,
Joy of my Heart, and Pleaſure of my Eyes,
That with the Roſie Graces of thy Look
Excell'ſt *Aurora* in her Morning Glory,
Go to thy lov'd Diverſion, Maſques and Muſick;
Let thy pleas'd Fancy ſtudy for Delights,
And take my Purſe and Power to procure 'em.
Cilon, go you and ſee if th' Order's executed,
The new Tax on the *Elliens* about Grain;
Strictly examine if it has been paid,
To Morrow I've another Game to play.
Cilon. Your Majeſty ſhall find my Diligence ſwifter than Thought, and I aſſure ye very proud of the Honour.
Damo. What other Game, if I may preſume, Sir?
Ariſt. Come hither, give me thy Ear. [*They whiſper.*
Gilm. So much for injur'd Beauty: I think his Head's at Stake,
And nothing leſs can make me Satisfaction.
My pious Siſter, too, is gone to exerciſe
Amongſt the frantick Prieſteſſes; poor Enthuſiaſt,
I'm reſolv'd I'll follow in Contempt,
And laugh at their mad Ceremonies.—What are the great
More than the vulgar, but in the variety
Of their Delights? Feaſt then, my Soul, in Luxury,
And taſte the Pleaſure of unbounded Will;
Since that vile Canker, Time, muſt ſpoil our Bloom,
And Joys inſipid in the Days to come,
I'll take the preſent Moment whilſt I may,
And make beſt uſe of ev'ry happy Day. [*Exit.*
Damo. Sir, I confeſs I cannot gueſs your Drift,
Have you then order'd this ſtrange Proclamation?
Ariſt. 'Tis done, and worded too as they deſire.
Damo. And great *Pollidamus*, you ſay, is ſent.
Ariſt. Sent from *Ætolia* with a Suit to me
This Morning, in the Name of all the baniſh'd.
Damo. To grant ſafe Conduct for their Wives and Children.

Ariſt.

Arist. Their Effects too, this I have granted all,
And publish'd it at ev'ry Market Place.
Hah!—dost thou wonder?
No matter, e'er the Night's pale Goddess yonder,
Has 'twice adorn'd herself with borrow'd Brightness,
Got from her Brother's Magazine of Lustre,
There will some Changes happen—things be done,
Will make thee own thy Master's fruitful Brain
Was wise in doing this; nay, tho' consenting
To give this Liberty to their Wives and Families,
May add to a rebellious Conspiracy,
I hear are gathering yonder,—Yet I have don't.

Dam. Prosper ye, Sir, you'll give me leave to scratch,
Bite my Nails, pore, or so, I cannot solve the Riddle.

Re-enter CILON.

Cilon. Sir, your Majesty's Commands are executed, and I think usher'd by a new Comet; a Comet, and please ye, for here's something without, appears as rare at Court.

Arist. What Comet mean'st thou?

Cilon. Oh, a very wonderful one, Sir! to be plain then, Lord *Pollidamus*, Friend to the old Governour *Timoleon*, begs an Audience of your Majesty—He, he, he, he.

[*Laughs ridiculously.*

Arist. Admit him—He is welcome.

Cilon. The Devil he is! [*Aside*] My Ear sure is defective; What, I beseech ye, Sir?

Arist. I tell thee he is welcome, bring him to me.

Cilon. The world turns round, but I am no Astrologer.

[*Exit.* Cilon.

Dam. Nor I, 'tis not a Courtier's Business; but go, prithee let's see this Meteor.

Arist. Two of the greatest Gifts that Fate bestow'd,
When first the human Soul was bless'd with Reason,
Were Truth and Subtlety, who tho' of different kinds,
Are jointly seated in the Heart of Man;
Where each by turns mov'd by the Wheels of Knowledge,
Perform their natural Offices—One of these
Must now be manag'd,—Put a clowdy Look on,

[*To* Damocles.

And seem as if ye were sad—Furrow your Brow,
As if soft Conscience, curbing stubborn Nature,
Made ye uneatie; I've a reason for't.

[Damocles *stands apart as Melancholly.*

Enter POLLIDAMUS *with* CILON.

Pollid. Health to your Majesty.
Arist. Welcome *Pollidamus*—I have given Orders
About the late Request of those are banish'd,
To have a Passport for their Wives and Children;
'Tis granted Lord, and that they may not find
I am the Bugbear, counted by the Rabble,
I've ratified the Grant by Proclamation,
For them, and their Effects——A free, safe Passage
On the King's Word.
Pollid. Upon my Knees, I thank ye, Sir.
Arist. Oh, good *Pollidamus*, no Ceremony!
Wise, honest Lord, why thou hast been a Stranger
Of late, at Court, unlucky Misconstructions
Have quite unhing'd us all, some Faults have been too,
I must confess; well, Friend, they must be mended,
We are all faulty.
Pollid. 'Tis common to human Nature, Sir,
And with a Joy—unwonted to my Heart;
I must declare, I feel strange Satisfaction,
To see your Majesty so well dispos'd:
The Crowd would not believe this, as you say, Sir.
Arist. Oh, no, with them, I know I am a Monster!
With far more Horns and Heads, than e'er the *Hydra*;
But let your Wisdom judge. [*Embracing him.*
Pollid. Sir, for your Presence,
You may be term'd Divine; I hope all answers,
In Mind, as well as Body.
Dam. This is no Court,
This is no School of Complements; 'dsdeath, I'm gravel'd still,
I thought the King had hated this old Fellow. [*Aside.*
Arist. Methinks, I wish too, th' Father of the War,
The great *Timoleon* better grafted to me,
But some odd Matters——
Pollid. Oh, his Daughters Wrong's, great Sir!
Can never be so soon forgotten,
To make that easy.
Arist. I have thought upon't, *Pollidamus*,
Who has already had strict Reprehension
For the rash Deed, tho' 'twas his Loyalty;
But Loyalty, my Lord, should still own Reason,
Else Loyalty were Madness:—Pray look on him,
By deadly Melancholly still possest;

He

He ever ſince has droop'd his lowring Brow,
Drawn into Wrinkles by his laſhing Conſcience,
Shew the true Lines of Sorrow.

Dam. I ſhall run mad,—I cannot bear this. [*Aſide.*

Ariſt. He had never regain'd my Favour,
Had he not ſhewn the Signs of true Repentance.

Dam. Confuſion!—The King's diſſecting me!
Muſt I ſtand mute too?—And pleaſe your Majeſty!
[*Offers to ſpeak.*

Ariſt. My Lord, my Lord, there needs no more Confeſſion,
Be ſorry, and be ſilent, I won't hear ye ſpeak.

Dam. Cunning, by Heaven I find it now,—Oh, Fool!
To hit the Mark no ſooner. [*Aſide.*

Ariſt. Without doubt, *Pollidamus*,
Th' old Governour has been ſtirring up his Friends;
Hah, is't not ſo?—Come, prithee ſpeak, good Lord,
Be ſo plain with me, to relate the Truth;
Why thou may'ſt be a means to cauſe a Parly,
To explain Grievances, and make us Friends;
Say then, what Force?

Dam. Rare, rare, moſt artificial! [*Aſide.*

Pollid. Some Troops, 'tis ſaid, indeed there are in Embrio,
But none ſo dangerous.

Ariſt. Yes, I ſhall be beſieg'd,—I've had a Dream on't.

Pollid. Oh, no, I hope not, Sir!
If you are pleas'd to hold this gracious Temper,
Reflecting on paſt Errors—with my old Faith;
I beg leave to be free, Sir, this your kind Paſſport,
Will ſo oblige the Ladies, that their Intereſt
Will be like Balſam to the feſt'ring Wounds
Of the griev'd *Elliens*.—Then, Sir, your late Taxation,
A little mitigated.

Ariſt. Oh, the Tax on Grain!
Of half in half; well, well, it ſhall be moderated;
They ſhall be full of Bread, and full of Mirth,
And we'll be Friends again; by this time the Edict
Is out to their Deſire, and tell old Lyon-heart,
Timoleon, that the Grant's the Speedier,
In Complement to the fam'd *Grecian* Heroine,
His wife and virtuous Lady; ſo, *Pollidamus*,
Good honeſt Lord, farewel.

Pollid. Heavens bleſs your Majeſty!
[*Exit.* Pollidamus.

Ariſt. In good time; ſo much for the Politician:
Now to my ſelf again.—Well, haſt thou fathom'd?

Thy Eye ſeem'd to dart through me, as if wond'ring
At what I ſpoke; haſt thou yet found the Meaning?
Dam. I muſt confeſs, Sir, not of every Circumſtance;
Tho' I knew Fallacy was the main End.
Ariſt. Haſt thou found that,—when firſt I favour'd thee,
'Twas for thy Heart, my *Damocles*, not thy Head-piece;
Thou art a forward, bold, quick, willing Fellow,
To execute thy Maſter's Will, that's ſomething;
And then performing it without examining
The Right, the Wrong, the Virtue, the Vice on't,
Is admirable Service; a rare Quality!
Fit for a Prince's Favourite,—Give me thy Hand.
Know then, that whilſt my Tongue carreſs'd this Rebel,
With politick King-craft guilding o'er my Medicine,
The Poiſon was moſt fatal underneath.
Dam. But, Sir, this Paſſport to conduct the Ladies;
Muſt it not greatly add to raiſe new Forces,
And bring 'em to a Head?
Ariſt. When they're there:
But when is that to be?—Oh, dull, dull *Damocles!*
Can'ſt thou believe I meant 'em what I promis'd?
No, Fool, as ſoon as e'er themſelves and Carriages,
For they have leave for all,—Jewels and Treaſure,
Plate, and what would have been ſtow'd up in Holes,
Cellers and Ovens, had I try'd to find it,
Shall be upon the March; then ſhall my Guards——
Dam. Seize on 'em all, and make a glorious Plunder;
Oh, moſt divinely plotted!
Ariſt. Ay, now thou haſt it;
Gold never fails to prune a Courtier's Wit,
And form him for the Miſchiefs of its Nature.
Dam. Let me adore ye, Sir, as you are greater
Than all in Power, ſo are ye too in Politicks.
Ariſt. They'll have a glittering Shew, I make no doubt;
And I'll command that no Degree nor Age
Shall be diſtinguiſhed, but all ſeiz'd and rifled;
Which done, the Women ſhall be ſent to Priſon,
To ponder there at Leiſure.
Dam. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
The Matron too, S^t haughty *Belizaria*,
Will now have time to curſe her Inſolence,
In late refuſing of your offer'd Grace;
There, let her chew upon her boaſted Honour,
Or try if ſtubborn Virtue will prevail:
Virtue that wretched thing, fit for a Goal;

This

This ſure will low'r her Pride. — Oh, I'm tranſported
At the mere though on't!

Ariſt. I'll give Orders inſtantly;
I'll make her ſue to be receiv'd, and wait too,
Till I'm at Leiſure.

Dam. 'Twill be double Joy,
To make the proud imperious Beauty know,
'Tis Obligation,—when you condeſcend.

Ariſt. Why are we here confirm'd Gods of the Earth,
Unleſs our Wills have a commanding Right,
To rule the ſubject Creature? Let dull Monarchs,
Of frozen Climes, diſpenſe with the Prerogative
Kings ſhould enjoy. I'll ſhew no ſuch Example,
But live Supreme — He that do's otherwiſe,
And the bright Circle, on baſe Terms receive,
Is King at Will, and governs but by Leave;
And, as the modern Satyriſt denotes him,
A marbled *Cæſar* pinnion'd to a Throne,
The People regnant, and the Monarch Stone.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter TIMOLEON, *and* POLLIDAMUS.

Timol. THROW down your hiſſing Bolts, ye angry Powers,
Upon my Head, ſince 'tis your dreadful Will,
Let fall at once, and daſh me to the Earth;
For theſe dire Plagues, theſe ſtarts of Indignation,
Are more inſufferable——

Pollid. Perfidious Tyrant!
Tyrant's a Name too mild for ſuch Barbarity,
There ſhould be one in Hell new form'd on purpoſe;
Curſe on my credulous and eaſy Folly!
Are theſe the Fruits of all his flattering Smiles?
Only to gain a helliſh Opportunity
For more and greater Miſchiefs, Robbery, Murder?
Oh, horrid! horrid!

Timol. Murder——Damnation ſeize him!
That has been ever known his darling Sin,
His dear Twin-Brother, ſtill incorporated
In his curſt Infancy, ſome Woolf was ſlain,
From whom his bloody Nurſe took the warm Gore,
To ſmear her Breaſts, and make him ſuck in Cruelty,
With his firſt Nouriſhment: Muſt not then, ye Gods,
Blood be for Blood repaid? Oh, Juſtice! Juſtice!

Pollid. The dreadful Inſolence too of frighting Ladies,
Wounding and bruizing Children, butchering Servants,
Then baſely plundering all, is paſt Example.

Timol. Why Lucifer has drawn him to the Lees
Of Wickedneſs; the Fiend runs low in Villainy:
From the firſt rank of Crimes, Murder, Oppreſſion,
Rapes, Inceſt, and unnumber'd Sacrileges,
He now deſcends in curſt Variety,
To the poor, baſe, Mechanick Vice of Stealing!

The Ruſſian's Trade to ſatisfy his Riot,
When Want has made him deſperate.

Enter GOMOND.

Pollid. Now, good *Gomond*,
What's farther done? The worſt we know already.
Gomon. A little to allay that worſt then, hear
Something of Comfort.
Timol. The Word ſounds as ſtrange
As if it were *Arabick*.—Well, proceed; what Comfort?
Is my Wife paſt her Fears and laid in Peace;
Or my poor Boy, my ſweet young tender Bloſſom,
Pluckt up by ſome rude Gripe?—Oh! execrable Dog!
Theſe are his Comforts.
Gomon. No, brave Soldier,
Fate has not been ſo cruel, your Wife and Son
Are ſafe, tho' yet in ſome Diſorder, being retir'd
To *Bacchus* Temple, with the reſt o'th' Ladies,
T' avoid Impriſonment, threatned by the Tyrant;
Whoſe Guards have made ſuch an unmanly Havock
'Mongſt all that did reſiſt, Story can't parallel.
Pollid. The helpleſs Women, ſtript of their very Ornaments,
Carriages robb'd, and all their hoarded Treaſure,
Sav'd up for many Years, 'tis ſaid, amounting
T' a Maſs of Wealth——
Gomon. All which that Devil *Damocles*
Stood by to ſee diſpos'd to the King's Uſe;
Beſides the common Plunder given the Soldiers
For their good Service.
Timol. Oh, Devil! Devil! theſe are his Comforts.
Gomon. No, great *Timoleon*,
Theſe now ſhall feaſt your Ear; this matchleſs Villainy
Have the *Ætolians* ſo poſſeſt with Horror,
Rage and Revenge, that throughout all the Country;
Nay, through the utmoſt Bounds of wide *Achaia*
They flock in Shoals to Arms, each Hour brings Numbers;
So that with thoſe good Troops already rais'd,
Which are to watch the Sign from Prince *Demetrius*,
Within the Walls; we ſhall, e'er Morn, be ready
To form a powerful Siege.
Pollid. The News was Yeſterday,
The Prince to be proſcrib'd at three Days end,
Unleſs he find out *Grimoald*.

Gomon. 'Tis moſt true, the Riddle of himſelf to be that Traytor,
Being yet unknown, tho' it muſt make *Demetrius*
Extremely active to divert his Fate;
Which under Covert of a Search for *Grimoald*,
Still furthers our Affairs.

Pollid. The new *Ætolian* Governour's revolted too,
And has to Day diſpatch'd a Letter to him,
T' encourage and aſſiſt all Enterprizes.

Gomon. My Lord, I ſaw it; every thing beſides,
Methinks, looks well and lucky, and to lead us
To certain Victory, dear General,
We only want you there.

Timol. Me! Saidſt thou me?
In ſuch a Cauſe can any one be wanting
That has a Soul, and the leaſt Grain of Honour,
Much leſs *Timoleon*? Oh! *Gomond*, thou haſt nam'd
A Word indeed ſo powerful, that Revenge,
Revenge, with its Aſſociate Victory;
That were I dead, and ſhrouded up to lie
In mouldring Diſſolution, a Clod inanimate,
Like Heavens firſt *Fiat*, wou'd anew create me;
Dart thro' the porous Marble where I lay;
Like bright Ætherial Lightning force its way,
And faſter raiſe new Life, than could the old decay.

Pollid. That was ſpoke like *Timoleon*.

Timol. Time, that giv'ſt Hero's ſpace for mighty Actions,
And haſt, I hope, aſſign'd me theſe laſt Minutes
To crown my Days with Glory; ſhake my Sands,
Oh! ſhake 'em ſlowly, that I may have leiſure
To finiſh this great Deed; then willingly
I fall thy Victim, full of Years and Honour.

Gomon. Ten thouſand Soldiers fight in your Reſolves, Sir,
'Mongſt which we've ſome of the old hardy Kind,
That trod your former Marches; Sun-burnt Faces,
With valiant Hearts, and ſinewy Arms to follow ye;
That when their ſtill lov'd General gave the Word,
Tho' Fate it ſelf ſtood to oppoſe, would conquer.

Timol. Let us go on; Charge, charge then, I am ready;
Within my Banner, by ſome curious Hand,
The Figure of *Clorona* ſhall be painted,
Dreſs'd in her Virgin white, an Angel Innocence
Gracing her Look; and in her ſnowy Boſom
A bloody Dagger, ſtuck by a black Fury,
Grizly and baleful, repreſenting *Damocles*,

Wave in the Air to animate our Friends.
Then ſound the Trumpet, and begin the Sport.
'Tis done, 'tis done, methinks I ſee the Action;
The Walls are mounted, and the Breach is made:
Oh! fix me there, thou martial Deity,
That lov'ſt a Soldier; and this *Ariſtander*,
Once more within my reach, if then I loſe him
May I be loſt with Infamy; not *Jove*'s Bolts,
Nor crooked Fulgor, with its darling Flames,
Should guard him from me; Heaven nor Earth ſhould ſave him;
Not all the Powers Hell ſent him for Supply,
Nor all the Thunder burſting from the Sky. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Temple of* Bacchus.

Enter DEMETRIUS *with a Letter, and* ZIZIMO.

Demet. Abandon'd as I am, proſcrib'd, diſgrac'd,
Yet do's this Letter from the *Ætolian* Governor,
In the Name of them, and all the baniſh'd *Elliens*,
Give me ſome Hopes, tho' with extremeſt Danger.
Danger! what's Danger, in a Caſe like mine?
Nothing,——a Word,——no more.
Zizimo. The Siege is laid, Sir, think on that to comfort ye.
Demet. He writes me word they're ready for the Attack,
Bids me prepare too, my Friends within here, againſt five in th' Morning,
To kill all thoſe that guard the Caſtle Poſtern,
Where they will entrance wait to ſeize the Tyrant.
Zizimo. And rout the Guards.
Demet. By Heavens! 'tis nobly plotted,
And will, I hope too, be as well perform'd.
Away to your Poſt then, and remember Silence;
Silence, good Captain.
Zizimo. Doubt me not, my Lord. [*Exit* Zizimo.
Demet. Oh! thou then, who within this ſacred Place
Receiv'ſt the Prayers of Votary's diſtreſt,
Propitious be, and grant us thy Aſſiſtance;
That *Corinth* may again retrieve her Peace,
And the Traytor, *Grimoald*, be found her Prince.
But hold,——I fear my Feet intrude too raſhly;
This Corner of the ſacred Dome is hallow'd,
Where the Illuſtrious Bones of Kings and Peers,

For many Ages paſt, mouldring in Reſt,
Poſſeſs their gloomy Habitations.
'Twas here, ah! ſome where here, the dear Remains
Of my ſweet Virgin Love were rudely caſt
By Villains Hands; guide me, ſome pitying Angel,
To the dear Receptacle, that I may with Reverence,
The trueſt Reverence, ſprung from faithful Love,
Invoke my Angel's Aid for her *Demetrius*.

Ghoſt of CLORONA *aſcends.*

Oh, ye Immortals, have ye heard me then!
Am I on Earth, may I believe my Eyes?
Oh! take not from me, thou Cæleſtial Figure,
My Soul, that flutters between Fear and Joy,
'Till thou haſt bleſt me with thy lov'd Commands.
Behold the Creature of thy Will, thy Lover
Charm'd to an Ecſtaſy at thy bleſt Sight,
And crawling on the Verge of Life to hear thee.
[*In his Ecſtaſy drops the Letter.*

Ghoſt. Go on, oh Prince, favour'd of Heaven, go on;
Let no Doubt ſhake thee, nor chill Fear moleſt;
Thou art ſelected for the Reſtauration
Of the *Corinthian* Liberty.——Tyranny ſhall wane,
And cruel *Ariſtander* ſhall be no more.
From flow'ry Groves, where *Sol*'s eternal Rays,
With Light perpetual, gilds the Nights and Days:
Where Heaven gives boundleſs Joys to recompenſe
Thoſe Virgin Souls that die with Innocence.
I come to tell thee, Prince, th'Almighty Doom
Ordains thy Riſe, and the curſt Tyrant's Fall
In loweſt *Diſs*; where *Lucifer* in Chains
Shackles the damn'd, that rage and yell in Horror!
Where frozen Iſicles dart through the Bowels
Of gnaſhing Fiends, or Fire alternate melts
The ſcalding Marrow, is a dreadful Cavern
Replete with Serpents Newts, and odious Vermin:
The ſpotted Toad here ſpits his yellow Venom
Againſt the poys'nous Aſpick.——Horrid Spectres
Skimming about with piercing Shrieks and Groans,
Sound o'er the baleful Place.——This dire Abode,
By Fate, is fix'd the Cell of *Ariſtander:*
Thus cruel Pride, is by the Gods rewarded.
This gives the curſt Blaſphemer too a Mirror
Where he may view himſelf; on then, my *Demetrius*,

Prepare to ſtrike the Blow, revenge, and proſper:
The Powers Divine aſſur'd Succeſs will grant,
And wrong'd *Clorona* prove thy Guardian Saint. [*Deſcends.*
Demet. And guarded ſo, who can fail to conquer?
Thou heavenly Meſſenger, that from the Depth
Of low Deſpair, haſt lifted me to Paradiſe,
Doubt not but I'll go on; the light foot Roe
Stretches not faſter o'er the ſpacious Lawn
Than I, to meet this joyful Opportunity.
My eager Speed, fledg'd with the Wings of Joy,
As ſwift ſhall Poſt as Time it ſelf can fly. [*Exit.*

Enter AMIDEA *Reading.*

Amid. Sacred Devotion, that doſt cleanſe the Mind
From the vile Droſs of worldly Vanity,
Clear our ſhort-ſighted Reaſon, and inſpire
The clouded Scene with thy Cæleſtial Fire.
How excellent to me are all thy Graces?
And, ah! how ſweet is innate Satisfaction?
Bleſt Souls above ſeraphick Joys may find,
But nought below compares with Peace of Mind.
What's here! * A Letter ſubſcrib'd to Prince *Demetrius!*
* *Takes up the Letter.*
How my Heart pants! this may be worth peruſing;
But I'll retire and read it, for yonder, 'mongſt the
Prieſteſſes, I ſee my Siſter coming, and Heaven help 'em,
The hapleſs *Belizaria*; and the reſt,
Fled here for Sanctuary. Oh! *Ariſtander*,
I wiſh thou hadſt my Heart. [*Exit.*

Enter from the inner part of the Temple Belizaria, Clindor, Helmige, *and other Ladies, with the Prieſteſſes of* Bacchus *in their Ornaments*, Gilmunda *appearing with her Maſques on the other ſide; the chief Prieſteſs coming forward, ſpeaks.*

Ch. P. Ye Gods of *Greece*, and above all, great *Bacchus*,
To whom, for many hundred rowling Years,
Our ſacred Rites and myſtick Ceremonies
Have been addreſs'd, protect, and be propitious
To theſe thy Suppliants; puniſh too the impious,
Who dare prophane thy Altar; ſhower quick Vengeance
Upon their Heads, thy Votary implores thee.
Helm. The holy Maid bluſhes with glowing Anger,

The

The Agitations of her troubled Soul
Blaze in her Eyes and Viſage.
Beliz. Oh! can'ſt thou blame her?
Seeſt thou not yonder, where the Royal Inſolent
Appears, in Mockery of the ſolemn Myſteries?
Helm. Yes, and behold it with confus'd Amazement.
Heavens! Can that Figure of a perfect Angel,
That beauteous Form, whoſe perſonal Divinity
Has Charm enough to force Cæleſtial Favour,
Be yet ſo black within, to incline, Fiend-like,
To horrid Profanation? It confounds me!
See, ſhe moves this way, and will ſpeak t'ye, Madam.
Beliz. I am prepar'd.
Gilm. Is it then poſſible my Eyes can grant me
So rare a Sight as this? Great *Belizaria*,
Cry'd up for Patroneſs of Virtue, Wiſdom;
By the Crowd nick-nam'd too, the fam'd *Grecian* Heroine,
Seeking a Shelter here for baſe Rebellion,
Amongſt a Rout of Enthuſiaſtick Bigots?
Can that great Soul, then, condeſcend ſo low
To ſeek for any Aid but from it ſelf?
This is moſt wonderful, ſince I know, Madam,
Do what you pleaſe, your Deeds are glorious all,
And wiſe, as ye held Counſel with the Gods,
And faſhion'd their Decrees.
Beliz. No, not ſo wiſe;
Virtue's a thing, indeed, of ſuch plain, ſimple Nature,
'Tis ſuited by kind Heaven for all Capacities,
And conſequently mine; but ſacred Wiſdom
Is a much richer Grace, a Gift peculiar;
Which as but few poſſeſs, ſo few deſerve.
Gilm. Oh! you deſerve it, without all Diſpute;
The Gods, when they contriv'd ſo rare a Cabinet,
Could not do leſs than give the richeſt Jewel
T' encloſe therein.
Beliz. One Jewel, I confeſs,
There is enclos'd, of an uncommon Value;
Which is, Contempt of vicious Dignity.
I can deſpiſe a mighty Man in Office,
Whoſe Life and Inclinations are deprav'd,
Or acts unjuſtly.——And if I ſee a Lady,
Nay, tho' as great as you, out-face her Modeſty,
And from the Rules of Virgin Decency
Rove up to Libertine Extravagance,
My Soul can from its little Eminence

Look down, nay and contemn her.
Gilm. You can, great Heroine?
And from my Eminence of State, and Power too,
I can look down upon your proud Humility;
For there's an Inſolence ſometimes in Rags
As blameful as in Robes of Gold and Purple.
I've often ſeen a ſurly Beggar ſnarl
Becauſe he thought the Alms was giv'n too mean
For his Deſert, tho' in extremeſt Miſery.
This boaſted Virtue truly is a Pride
Faſhion'd and gilded by Hypocriſy,
Which equals even the worſt of vain Extravagance.
I revel and enjoy the World, am great,
Plac'd high, and thus, perhaps, indulge my Flatterers
You're humble, ſet your Face, give Alms, and pray,
Diſſemble——All to gain publick Applauſe.
What Difference then betwixt my Pride and yours?
Beliz. The Difference is in th' Actions plain Sincerity:
My Ends are ſacred, and the Good I do
Aims not to be rewarded here below,
But in a Place where Pity's remember'd.
Gilm. And do ye never fear to miſs your Aim,
And after your Pains-taking loſe your Labour?
Beliz. Oh! no, the Records are for ever fixt,
Set down by an eternal Regiſter,
Where can be no Neglect.
Gilm. If the rank Hypocrite,
Who kindles publick Feuds for private Ends;
Or th' ſtubborn factious Kindler of Rebellion
May live unpuniſh'd there, and hope Reward,
You may be certain of uncommon Share.
Beliz. Rather for Loyalty and Love of Honour;
For unleſs doing Juſtice deſerve Puniſhment,
I have no Pang of Conſcience.
Gilm. Not ev'n for Treaſon?
That petty Vice lies ſunk in your deep Wiſdom.
Here's a rare Proof of Honour, Virtue, Conſcience;
A precious Guide for our *Corinthian* Dames; [*In heat.*
Or is your Matronſhip grown mad o'th' ſudden,
Should Rebels have no Puniſhment?
Beliz. Rebels, Madam!
'The Word do's need ſuch a nice Explanation
'Tis hard to be defin'd; and you, alas, [*Raiſing her Voice.*
That uſe 'em moſt by Rote, without true Judgment,
Had better change it for a modiſh one,

Relating

Relating to your Head-dreſs, or your Body:
Study new Phraſes that run glib at Court,
Where Flatt'ry ſtill do's eccho ye, tho' Nonſenſe:
Where the vile, ſupple, cringing Paraſite
May take 'em like his Gold, all without weighing;
And let no thought of the Rebels ſtrain your Fancy:
But if you needs will deſcant on the Word,
To do it right, know, Madam, 'twas invented
When Royal Villainy firſt plagu'd Mankind.
Were there no Tyrants, there had ne'er been Rebels.

Gilm. Oh! can your Pride mount now o'er your Sincerity? [*Loudly to her.*

Calm Virtue, croſs'd, I ſee, can turn to Thunder;
My Breaſt is all on Fire, by awful *Juno*,
Her Soul o'er-tops me ſo, I flag and faulter. [*Fretting about.*
And have no Power of anſwering.—But ſee my Father,
He'll do me Right I'm ſure.

Enter Ariſtander, Damocles, *and Guards.*

Ariſt. What! are we then beſieg'd? (*To* Damocles.

Damo. Yes, Sir, in Jeſt;
Three or four Thouſand hot brain'd Ideots,
Led by *Pollidamus* and craz'd *Timoleon*,
Bloated with their long Eaſe and Idleneſs,
Are got before the Walls. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Ariſt. I'll ſend my Guards anon to whip 'em home;
Their hoary Ring-leaders too ſhall upon Mules,
Their Faces to their Tails, ride thro' the City,
To divert thoſe within.——
Now, my *Gilmunda*, what antick Forms are theſe?
* What's all this Pageantry? [* *Pointing to the Prieſteſſes.*
Hah! I gave Order that † thoſe ſaucy Women ſhould be Impriſon'd, how comes this Neglect? [† *Seeing* Beliz. *and the reſt.*

Damo. In the great Hurry, Sir, they 'ſcap'd the Guards,
And fled for Shelter hither.

Gilm. Theſe here, the Prieſteſſes,
The impertinent Teazers of our Roſie Deity,
Are going to entertain ye with their Ceremonies.
Pleaſe your Majeſty to ſit a while you'll be diverted.

Ariſt. It ſhall be ſo, I'll borrow ſo much time from the Beſiegers.

Gilm. How, Sir, beſieg'd, is't then ſo hot?

Ariſt. Ha, ha, ha, ha.—Come, let us ſee theſe Ceremonies.

Here

Here follows the Entertainment of Singing and Dancing, which done, enter Cilon *haſtily.*

Ariſt. Extremely pleaſant: Oh, the crack-brain'd Anticks, What Whimſies craze their Brains?——How now, what bring'ſt thou?

Cilon. Sir, your Majeſty, if you're at Leiſure, ſhall hear a pretty Buſineſs. Hee, hee, hee, hee; the Beſiegers, it ſeems, are now about ten thouſand; hee, hee, hee. The new *Ætolian* Governor, I hear, heads 'em, and joins with old *Timoleon*, hee, hee, hee, hee. Fools, Rogues.

Ariſt. Confuſion ſeize him! he makes Head againſt me. He, by my Bounty rais'd. Come hither, *Damocles.* [*Whiſper.*

Gilm. If my Eyes guide me right, I think I ſee
My Siſter yonder, in that part o'th' Temple,
Alone and muſing, a Paper in her Hand too:
Now we're beſieg'd—perhaps 'tis ſome Intelligence;
I'm reſolv'd to know,—it may do Service. [*Exit.*

Ariſt. Ten thouſand wilful Villains are too many,
[*To* Damocles.
And tho' I fear 'em not, 'tis good Policy
To be ſecure: Hire then ſome truſty Agent,
With promiſe of a Bounty large and gracious,
In a Diſguiſe to ſteal out of the Town
At the dead of Night, and poſt to King *Craterus*,
Our Ally and Neighbour; write our Caſe,
And require Succours.

Damo. Sir, it ſhall be done,
And Goddeſs Fortune, if thou'lt be ador'd,
Retrieve thy Scandal, be no more inconſtant. [*Exit.*

Ariſt. Enquire you for *Demetrius*, let him be watch'd,
[*To* Cilon.
His dated time comes on; and take thoſe Tatlers [*To Officer.*
And ſtow 'em up in Priſon, for their great Heroes
That are beſieging us, thence to relieve 'em.

Beliz. Death is a Hero, whoſe Relief is ſure;
He's ours, and we will thank him with a Smile.
Actions, like this, bleſt Innocence can do,
When thou ſhalt ſtart, and tremble at his View.

Ariſt. Furies and Hell! away with that curſt Adder,
She ſtings thus far off. How now? what new Frenzy?
What would your Ceremonial Holineſs?
[*Chief Prieſteſs approaches* Ariſtander.

Chief P.

Chief P. By ſacred *Bacchus*, myſtick *Cybele*,
Apollo, *Delia*, the Auguſt Divinities,
Each Morn ador'd within this holy Temple,
I do conjure you ceaſe this Cruelty,
And give theſe pious Votaries their Freedom.
Ariſt. Ha, ha, ha, ha, what ſaid the Antick? [*Fleering.*
Chief P. Be cautious, *Ariſtander*, how with Deeds,
Impious like theſe, thou doſt offend the Deities;
Free 'em, in the Name of all the Gods, I charge thee.
Ariſt. Hence, preaching Ideot, or I'll ſpurn thee from me;
Away, I ſay. *Now, by my ſacred ſelf, [**Ladies carry'd off.*
Not all the Gods, did they ſtand by, ſhould free 'em.
Chief P. Then take the Curſe which I by them pronounce,
Thy Ruin, impious Prince, is near at hand,
Thy Crown and Empire loſt.
Ariſt. Witch! impudent Traytreſs! [*Drags her by the Hair.*
I'll ſpoil your propheſying; drag 'em hence,
And give 'em each an hundred Blows with Staves;
Then let 'em try agen to be prophetick.
[*Guards beat the Prieſteſſes.*
The Fury lurks within 'em will be rouz'd,
Inveteracy its high flown Rage extend,
Curſt Female Miſchief adding to the Fiend. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Gilmunda *with the Letter, and* Amidea.

Gilm. And did you find it here?
Amid. Here in the Temple, [Amidea *weeping.*
Open as now, ſubſcrib'd too to *Demetrius*;
But oh! conſider, when I had perus'd
The curſt Contents, how then I was ſurpriz'd!
Gilm. Surpriz'd! ſhe talks as if ſome petty News had reach'd us,
Whilſt I, convulſive, tremble at the Terrors
Are here enclos'd.——A Plot to kill the King,
And let in the Beſiegers to deſtroy
The Guards, my ſelf, and all of us; Oh horrid!
And you to find this,——that wants Confirmation;
You have been thought, long ſince, to favour th' *Ellies*,
And own this ſuppos'd Prince, and now, perhaps,
Some Fret of your Deſpair makes you betray him.
Amid. Oh! wreſt not impiouſly my loyal Meaning
Such an unnatural way; reluctant Conſcience
Infus'd into my Soul a Father's Danger;
And the ſtrange Means, Heaven ſent me to prevent it.

Thus

Thus a ſtrict Bond of Duty principally,
As well as to preſerve the reſt of the Court,
Divulg'd the Secret, elſe you ne'er had known it.
Gilm. Rather a Fit of Enthuſiaſtick Zeal
Has forc'd it from ye; you would fain be fainted,
And this you think will do't, elſe why was I
To be an Ignorant; was a Siſter's Safety
So ſlightly to be valu'd?
Amid. Honour and Conſcience
Engaging me an equal Friend to both,
Produc'd the great Diſcovery; elſe ſuch a Siſter,
Who calls the Good we do, the Acts of Phrenzy;
And when her certain Ruin is contriv'd,
Says her Reliever do's it from Deſpair,
Little deſerves the Grace of ſuch a Secret
That muſt deſtroy a Lover.
Gilm. Deſtroy a Lover!
Amid. That, amongſt the reſt;
Secrets are Trifles in ſuch times of Danger;
Yes, I avow, forgive me, Modeſty,
If at this Juncture I tranſgreſs thy Laws,
And bluſhing, own *Demetrius* for my Lover;
Whoſe Life not all the Wealth of Earth or Sea,
The Sweets of Empire, or the Rage of Power,
Should have compell'd me thus to have expos'd
But th' Safety of a Father.
Gilm. Double Traytor!
And ſince I find him ſo, my Rage is doubled;
Which ſhall, e'er Morn, have ample Satisfaction:
My Father's twine of Life ſo ſlightly hangs,
That even methinks grim *Atropos* is ready;
I'll haſte, then and prevent her, and in ſtead
Make her an Offering of his Enemy;
For now Love to rankeſt Hate is grown,
Much, for my Father's ſake, but more my own. [*Exit.*
Amid. Oh wretched Maid! how dreadful is thy Caſe,
When thou art even oblig'd to curſe thy Piety? [*Weeps.*
Nor could it be a bleſt, but ſome ill Genius
That working his dire Ends, prophan'd the Temple,
And led me to the Secret. What have I done?
Why ſav'd a Father's Life, and ſure that's good?
What elſe? Why then I have to do this Good,
Murder'd the Man I lov'd!——Oh Horror! Horror!
Can all the Joys that bleſs my filial Piety
O'ercome the Woes my Soul muſt bear for this?

Ah,

Ah, no! Love has a nearer Tie than Nature,
And pulls the Heart Strings ſtronger.—Yet 'twas my Father!
To ſee the Author of my Life extended
Upon the Floor! a Dagger in his Heart,
Which I conſented to!——Impious and hateful!
A Sin unpardonable!——But then, *Demetrius!*
Whoſe graceful Charms firſt caus'd my Virgin Heart
To have a Senſe of Love; who, by his Influence,
Forming the Atoms that lay all confus'd
And wild, firſt made me know I had a Soul
To be, by my Diſcovery, dragg'd to Ruin;
The Rack, the Sword, Impaling, or the Gaunches
Tearing his Limbs to pieces! And I, oh killing Terror!
The fatal Cauſe of all! *Aſſiſt, ye Gods, [**Weeping.*
Keep firm my Brain, and prop my ſtaggering Reaſon;
Let *Amidea* now be worth your Care,
For nothing elſe can ſave me from Deſpair. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Priſon Gate.

DAMOCLES Solus.

Damo. CONſcience, thou Terror of irreſolute Minds,
Phantaſtick Phantom that depriv'ſt the Soul
With ſordid Fear, of the due Veneration
It ought to pay to that great God Ambition,
Diſturb my Peace no more; there is no room
For any thing but Greatneſs in this Breaſt,
All Thoughts beſide are Baſe.——How dar'ſt thou then
Preſs, with thy nothing here, when I indulge
In the Exceſſes of my tow'ring Fortune,
Lull'd in ſoft Eaſe and Riot, the bent Bodies
And humble Looks of Suppliants imploring;
With the large Train of gaudy Flatterers,
Who wait, as if I were the *Delphian* God,
To worſhip my upriſing? Thou intrudeſt,
And meagre as the Skeliton of Death,
Pretend'ſt to moralize; giving Reflections
That Favourites, like Beacons ſet on high,
May warn the reſt of Danger by their Blaze;
But firſt conſume themſelves, that State and Opulence
Beget the People's Hate,—and that their Ruin.
This thou would'ſt fright me with; poor dull Chimæra's,
Bugbears o'th' Vulgar, ſpiritleſs and baſe,
But ſhall be my Diverſion. I ne'er enter
My Garden but methinks the Statue there
Of *Pallas*, *Veſta*, *Daphne* and *Diana*,
All taking on themſelves *Clorona*'s Figure,
With Daggers ſtab at me; at which, perhaps,
I ſtart, and for a Minute may be ruffled;

But

But ſtraight all's drown'd within the *Greekiſh* Bowl,
Then ſomething new, and wicked, Charms my Soul.

Enter CILON *with a Letter.*

Who's there, oh *Cilon!* Well, my Friend, what News?
Cilon. So, pleaſe your Lordſhip, I have here in Charge
A Letter of Importance.——Where's the King,
'Tis from the Princeſs?
Damo. What, *Gilmunda*, hah, his darling Daughter?
Cilon. Yes, my Lord, I had th' Honour from her own fair Hands.
Damo. He promis'd to be this Inſtant here, on a Deſign
T' harangue th' Impriſon'd Ladies with ſome Orders,
Some new Commands; he'd have 'em ſend their Husbands
Without their Walls. Has there been ought of Note
Since the laſt Sally, I've been buſied elſewhere.
Cilon. Nothing, my Lord, of Worth, ſince I commanded
The Party that beat 'em off from the laſt Baſtion.
I hope your Lordſhip heard how th' Counterſcarp
Was taken; and where I order'd 'em to ſpring the Mine,
When the Enemy deſign'd upon our Trenches,
Near the *South* Ravelin; there, if your Lordſhip's ignorant,
I muſt be bold to ſay, I pepper'd 'em:
They have got Ground ſince, I hear, and are come up
Cloſe to our Palliſades.——But if the King, my Lord,
Would take my Counſel——
Damo. Oh! no doubt he will, [*Trumpet ſounds within.*
I hear he's not far off, let's go and meet him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter from the Priſon's inner part Belizaria, Helmige *and Ladies*, Clindor, *and other Children.*

Helm. The Tyrant's coming, Madam.
Beliz. So is, ſweet Friend, our latter Day fatal,
And ruinous, like him; let us with brave Contempt then
Receive 'em both alike; are all our Friends here
Join'd in Opinion, and reſolv'd unanimouſly
On what was laſt conſulted?
Helm. All moſt firmly,
And chiefly declare, a Death with Honour
Prefer'd before the leaſt ignoble Action,
To taint their Memories.
Beliz. Let me hear 'em own it,
Methinks the very Sound is ſo ſeraphical,

The

The Joy will fill my Heart. What say ye, Ladies,
Can ye? For without doubt when *Ariſtander*
Comes to diſcourſe Affairs, he'll make Propoſals
Fit for his Intereſt, tho' to your Diſhonour.
Can ye reſiſt? Shall not his Flattery tempt ye,
Nor Threatnings fright ye to debaſe your Honour,
And ſo betray your Country?

1 *Lady.* No, we are confirm'd.

2 *Lady.* And all reſolv'd to bend our Reſolutions
To what you ſhall think proper in your Anſwer.

3 *Lady.* And this we all have ſworn to.

Omnes. All, all, all.

Beliz. Inſtead of Infamy, a Death with Honour.
Death!—Well, and what is Death, hoary Philoſophers
Term it a leap i'th' dark! A Diſquiſition
Horrid, yet natural.—Senſeleſs Contradiction,
Death is no more than Nature's final Couch,
Whereon ſhe reſts from Cares; ſo eaſy too
That little Birds endure it without Noiſe,
And Infants with a Sigh give back their Beings:
Or if Diſeaſe or Age give ſome ſhort Pangs,
The Joy free Conſcience brings, and balmy Honour
So heals the Minute Woe, it turns to Pleaſure.

Helm. And tho' the Separation, may ſeem terrible,
Of Soul and Body, like two ancient Friends
Of long Acquaintance, that are loth to part;
Yet when we think of the Future State——

Beliz. Ay, my *Helmige*, that Scene of laſting Glory,
Where impious Tyrants act no cruel Part;
Nor dreadful Revolutions can moleſt us,
There's the Reward ſtill of a Death with Honour;
Life's a ſhort Voyage to that heavenly Place,
Prepar'd to recompenſe our anxious Days;
To which the Soul in her frail Veſſel ſtow'd,
Thro' numerous Dangers makes its vent'rous Road;
And painfully o'er Rocks and Sands do's ride
Thro' the tempeſtuous War of Wind and Tide:
Endures the Storms above that boiſterous grow,
And booming Terrors of the Deeps below;
'Till paſt Vexations that each Moment chance
On Nature's Sea, of frail Intemperance,
The bliſsful Haven do's at laſt appear,
Where endleſs Joy ſucceeds ſhort Pain and Fear.

Enter

Enter Ariſtander, Damocles, Cilon, *and Guards.*

Ariſt. So, my good Subjects of the Viper kind,
You bare it bravely ſtill; theſe great Succeſſes
Without the Walls, by your victorious Husbands,
Add Freſhneſs to your Cheeks; my Clemency,
I ſee, has been to blame, I ſhou'd have ſtinted ye
Of your high Diet, and your Eaſe; a Woman
Muſt be kept low, if you wou'd have her humble.
Damo. Juſt like the Viper you were ſpeaking of,
Wear 'em within your Boſom, they ſhall ſting ye;
But let 'em feel the frozen Blaſt a little,
The Venom cools, then you may turn and wind 'em
Juſt as you pleaſe.
Cilon. All Women are to me a ſort of Cockatrices,
And kill me with a Look,—as I do them.
Ariſt. But think not but I note your Inſolencies,
Your proud Contempt, and your neglect of Duty;
Eſpecially of you, their Captain here, [*To* Beliz.
Who are, no doubt, moſt wonderfully pleas'd
With your new Hopes of Liberty.
Beliz. My Soul do's ſtill enjoy its Liberty,
That ſoars aloft above thy Power to fetter;
And for my Body in this impious World,
Where Villainy has got ſuch monſtrous Privilege,
'Tis not worth thinking on, enſlav'd or free.
Ariſt. Moſt Heroine-like deliver'd; let the Devil,
If he would act Pride nearer to the Life
Than he's yet Maſter of, copy it there.
But I have no time to trifle.——Hear me,
And with regard, for it concerns ye nearly;
Your Husbands, a vile Rout of lawleſs Rebels,
Have dar'd to take up Arms 'gainſt me their Maſter,
As inſolently have beſieg'd my City;
And tho' I cou'd confound 'em in my Anger,
Scatter 'em like a Flock of fearful Crows
Upon a Field of Grain.—Yet my indulgent Grace
Moves me another way more mild and gentle,
And guides me calmly to remand their Duty,
Before my Power ſtorms with Extremity.
Sit down, take Pen and Ink then all, and write;
Write with a Tenderneſs your Sex is skill'd in;
When you deſign and purpoſe to inveigle;
Intreat, that for your Sakes, to ſave your Lives,

Which elſe ſhall ſurely ſecond the Refuſal,
Straightway to raiſe the Siege, and to retire.
Damo. The Matron ſtarts; there, the proud Heart being pinch'd,
Shrinks at the biting Pain.——How the reſt ſtare too?
[*To* Cilon.
Ariſt. Nor ſhall your puny Lives atone th' Affront,
But what's far dearer to ye ſtill,—your Children,
Without conſidering either Sex or Age,
Mangled, diſmembred, torn and cut in pieces,
Shall, as a Preſent, on each Soldier's Blade,
Be ſent your Husbands the next Sally made.
Beliz. Now, dear *Helmige*, the fatal *Criſis* comes,
With Aſpect horrible!
[Clindor *is playing amongſt the Children.*
Helm. The Gods direct ye.
Damo. Your toyſome Chit, there, will have little reaſon
To thank his Mother for her Obſtinacy,
Should you hold out; be wiſe then, and go ſcrawl,
The King's not in a Humour to be play'd with;
Think on the Boy.
Beliz. Oh, do not name him, Monſter!
Leſt thy invenom'd Breath, tho' thus far off,
Wither the infant Bloomings of his Face,
Lately his wretched Mother's chief Delight,
With loathſom Leproſy.
Ariſt. 'Sdeath!——Dare ye then delay?
Now, by the Gods of *Greece*, let it be done,
Write quickly, or———
Beliz. Oh! that thoſe bounteous Gods
Should give Mankind a Figure like themſelves,
To damn it ſo with Frowning.
Ariſt. Death and Hell!
Am I ſtill trifled with? Who am I, hah!
Am I not *Ariſtander*, my Will abſolute?
Which whoe'er dares to diſobey, my Breath,
Like darting Lightning, can conſume to Atoms;
To Duſt in th' Moment!——Briefly then, will ye write?
Beliz. Then briefly no;
Believe not, cruel Tyrant, becauſe Women,
Thy Threats ſhall awe us to betray our Country;
And by the Weakneſs of our Sex and Fear
Nature impoſes; for our Childrens Slaughter
Shall e'er deſtroy the Means of publick Liberty
To all the *Ellien* Race. No, *Ariſtander*, [*Boldly to him.*

The

The Tract our Husbands have begun we'll follow;
Follow with Wills unanimous, confirm'd too
With Venture of our Lives.
Ariſt. You will, you ſay;
By Heaven 'tis brave, fantaſtically brave.
Come, think agen e'er 'tis too late.
Damo. Scrawl, ſcrawl;
Ten *Billet Deux* had been blur'd o'er by this time:
Begin your Conjuring.
Beliz. I will not write a Tittle;
No, let the Conſequence be what Heaven pleaſes,
The Happineſs of *Corinth* to be freed
From ſuch abominable Tyranny,
Out-vies, by far, the Woes that we can ſuffer.
Ariſt. Oh! there's the Bar, the Hopes you have of Freedom
By Force and Conqueſt; but remember *Hecate*,
You ſhall be nothing e'er that comes to paſs;
Your rebel Off-ſpring too be chopt to Fragments,
And thrown to Fowls o'th' Air.
Beliz. 'Twill be ſome Comfort
To know thoſe airy Executioners
Soon after ſhall revenge that Cruelty,
And gorge upon the Carcaſs of a Tyrant
More ravenous than they.
Ariſt. Fetch her Brat hither.
Damo. I'll do ye that kind Office. [Damocles *fetches* Clin-
[dor, *who is playing with an Orange amongſt the Children.*
Beliz. And *Pluto* one for thee in happy time:
Go, *Clindor*, go, my little Angel, willingly,
[*Tenderly to* Clindor.
To meet thy heavenly Play-fellows above;
And bleſs the Gods, dear Boy, that frees thee from
The Slavery thy wretched Country ſuffers;
Thou art the ſecond Martyr crown'd for *Corinth*:
Make haſte, my Darling, from yon' ſtarry Manſion,
Bright Cherubims will ſoar to fetch thee thither,
And pleaſe thy innocent Soul with Joys innumerable.
[*Here* Clindor *looking pityfully in* Ariſtander's *Face, of-*
[*fers him the Orange he was playing with, who ſpurns*
[*him away.*
Ariſt. Ha, ha, ha, ha, give the Brat the Joys ſhe ſpeaks of;
this Minute comply, or——
[*Here one of the Guards ſtabs* Clindor.
Beliz. Now help, relenting Nature, ye bleſt Deities,
[*Trembles and ſtands ſilent.*

Ariſt. Ha!—ſtubborn ſtill!—Strike, ſtrike then, and throw it to her ſprawling. [*The Guards kill* Clindor.

Beliz. Ah!—worſt of Devils! [*Shrieks.*

Ariſt. I'll make ye change your Note.

[*Walking about ragingly.*

Beliz. No, Tyrant, thou ſhalt never;
Tho' thou haſt done a Deed would make thy fellow Fiends
Bluſh even in Hell, with a much deeper red
Than Fire can imitate! Make all Nature dumb,
Stupid with Horror, * yet ſhall the anguiſh of my Soul

[* *Wringing her Hands.*

Breath out new Curſes and periſh to Death!
Oh my Soul's Happineſs! [*Throws her ſelf upon* Clindor.
Art thou then gone, that pretty prattling Tongue
That was each Day my moſt delightful Muſick,
Untun'd for ever? Oh! could that curſed Hand
Do this, and yet not rot dropping to Earth!
Ye Pow'rs, ſince this can be, from henceforth then
Let injur'd Innocence deſpair of Vengeance.

Ariſt. Vengeance is me, I'm Fate, and will controul;
Not the fictitious Terrors of the Prieſthood
Charming the Gods to ſhower down Plagues upon me,
Nor all the juggling Magick of their Trade
Shall ever change me from my fixt Reſolve;
My Will's my Law, and born to be a Monarch;
My Province is to govern, without weighing
What's Right or Wrong, Juſtice, or otherwiſe;
'Tis juſt enough if I command: * Once more then,

[* *To* Helmige *and the reſt.*

Since by Example I have ſhewn ye now
What I intend to proſecute, will ye yet write,
And ſave the reſt?

Helm. Never, *tho' utmoſt Cruelty fall upon us and ours.

[* *Raiſing her Voice.*

Omnes. We never, never will.

Ariſt. Hags, Witches, Furies ſeize 'em, I'm all Flame!

[*Raging.*

Beliz. Oh! ye moſt noble, virtuous, beſt of Women,

[*Riſing and embracing the Ladies.*

You now out-do the Heroines of old,
So practis'd in the glorious Laws of Honour;
How, when this poor weak Manſion of your Bodies
Shall crumble into Duſt, ſhall your bright Names
In Golden Letters deck the Monuments,

That

That Time shall ne'er erase? *Now, cruel Tyger,
[**Turns to Aristander.*
For thou art lost to all Humanity;
Reflect with Shame, how far a Woman's Honour
Excels thy Power; senseless, feeble Woman,
Undaunted, can defie the Rage of Tyrants:
Woman, well arm'd with the strong Mail of Virtue,
Can smile on Racks, Wheels, Axes, Swords or Poyson:
Woman, defies the Rage of Hell, and th' worst,
The great Devil there —— curst *Aristander.*
[*In extreme Passion.*
Arist. Defiance is a Call to Combat——there!
[*Offers to kill her, who stands still boldly opposing 'till* Demetrius *rushes and parrys his Sword.*
How now! how dareſt thou cross me? Hah! sure my
Eyes dazzle, speak, Art thou not *Demetrius*?
Demet. I am, Sir, happy *Demetrius* now, since 'tis my Fortune
To save great *Aristander* from an Action
That would for ever have eclips'd his Glory,
The Blood of simple Women; let your Enemies,
Who now are in the Snare, Sir, feel your Sword.
To be more plain, Sir, first know *Grimoald* is taken.
Arist. That's well, now I begin to understand thee.
Demet. And shall have better Reason, Sir: I've long
Been curst with Misconstruction from your Majesty,
But now kind Fate is pleas'd to give the Means
Of shewing Proofs of my Fidelity.
[Belizaria *throws her self again on* Clindor.
Arist. 'Tis well, there has indeed been some Suspicions.
Demet. Besides my apprehending then that Traytor,
I have encountred, Sir, by being diligent,
Some friendly Messengers sent from *Craterus*,
Your Royal Friend and Ally; who inform ye
Ten Thousand Men are on the March already
To raise the Siege, which will be done to Morrow.
Arist. My brave *Demetrius*, this is indeed such Tidings
As I could wish for, and a piece of Service
Which shall not be ill paid.——Prithee, good Friend,
Forget what's past, the Value of good Jewels
Are never known 'till try'd; I'll make Amends; this coming Night, then
Thou, and I, and *Damocles*
Will make Collation with our trusty Messengers;

And after we have examin'd that Dog *Grimoald*,
Conſult about a Sally; at that Juncture
The others ſhall attack.

Damo. Eaſily done, Sir, and ſurprize *Timoleon.*

Ariſt. Oh! I could eat his Heart, and th' Bandog Governor's,
Come, Friends, let's to our Strangers, no Affair now
But this, ſhall fill my Thought; here is a Letter
Juſt ſent from my *Gilmunda*, News of ſome Trick I warrant
Upon her preaching Siſter.——Prithee read it at thy Leiſure;
[*Gives* Demetrius *the Letter.*
And humour her, you are acquainted.——You Officer,
Go lock up thoſe ſhe Wolves, who e'er next Sun
Will howl out loud Repentance for their Inſolence,
And in return meet Scorn.——Come, my *Demetrius.*

Demet. Pleaſe ye to grant me, Sir, but one ſhort Minute
With the Virago there, I have ſomething new to teaze her with.

Ariſt. And doſt me Pleaſure in't; * ſhe has loſt her Cub there,
[* *Officer takes off* Helmige *and Ladies.*
And is in Tears, damn'd Traytreſs, inſolent Fury!
Fate grant me but her Husband in my Power,
Then my Revenge is perfect.
[Exeunt Ariſtander, Damocles, Cilon *and Guards.*

Manent Demetrius *and* Belizaria.

Demet. So, hitherto it proſpers; ſhine out my Stars,
Cloud not one Spark of your propitious Radiance
From your *Demetrius*; and thou, my better Genius,
My ſweet *Clorona*, let thy ſacred Spirit
Be ſtill at hand to hallow my Revenge.
Hah! here agen, * by Heaven, and ſmil'd upon me.
[* *Ghoſt appears, ſmiles and* Exit.
Nay, then my Enterprize ſucceeds I'm ſure,
Thoſe Looks have no Portent but Happineſs.
Now to my Letter here, I'm grown a Man in Truſt,
Damocles will grow jealous if this hold.
Oh Fate! * Oh my lov'd Genius! Is this poſſible!
[* *Reads the Letter and ſtarts.*
By Heaven, a fatal Letter from the Princeſs,
Diſcovering mine, and our cloſe Correſpondence
With the *Ætolian* Governor; which had the King but ſeen
My Life had gone with Torment, ſhewing this loſt Paper,
Which has ſo terrify'd me, leſt any Foe ſhould find it.

Now

Now I perceive too, why bleſt *Clorona* ſmil'd,
Which ſhews the Fate of Tyranny is fix'd
To give it due Reward.——Oh *Belizaria!* [*Coming to her.*
If thy deep Sorrows can afford an Ear
To one that brings thee News of ſweet Revenge,
And Comfort, hear me ſpeak?

Beliz. Oh Heaven! Comfort!
Is Comfort poſſible, when ſuch Griefs as mine
Preſs on the loaded Heart, and cruſh it down?

Demet. The ſacred Powers, that have their Cauſe for all
The Infelicities of human Life,
Have, in their Turn, the Means of Comfort too;
And have, no doubt, reſerv'd for you ſome Share
To mitigate your Sorrows: Let your Senſe then
Be thus inſtructed: E'er the Sun ſhall drive
This burniſht Carr twice round the Univerſe,
Timoleon ſhall be found a Conqueror,
And, crown'd with Laurel, bleſs the Streets of *Corinth.*

Beliz. Are then the Guardian Angels of the City
Return'd again? Will they be good to *Corinth,*
And to the reſt of the Diſtreſs'd within?
No longer ſuffer *Ariſtander*'s Cruelty,
Nor let his horrid Miniſters of Death
Gorge in the Vitals of their Infant Sons?
I Joy to hear it, but withal muſt ſay
I was forgot, they were not ſo to mine.
[*Weeping over* Clindor.

Demet. Divert the Thought, dear Madam, with the Proſpect
Of Comforts that are coming.

Beliz. My poor Boy!
Forgive, ye Gods, if thus a Mother's Paſſion
Forgets her Reverence, was not ſo much your Care.

Demet. The awful Deities have ſecret Ends
In all theſe wond'rous Acts, and Reſignation
Is our chief point of Duty.——Fate is tir'd
With the ill Dooms fal'n on unhappy *Corinth,*
And has reſolv'd to make her Satisfaction.

Beliz. Me 'tis impoſſible; Oh Heaven! what Satisfaction!
[*Weeping tenderly.*

Demet. Nay all the tutelar Divinities
Join on our ſide; amongſt the reſt, *Clorona,*
The ſacred Genius of our hopeful Enterprize,
Whilſt you lay there o'erwhelm'd in Floods of Sorrow,
Appear'd; and with a propitious Smile

On you and me, diſperſing Influence,
Gave Omen of Succeſs, and ſafe Revenge.

Beliz. That then, a while, ſhall raiſe me from the Grave
[*Riſing up.*
A little Buſtle muſt be done in the World;
Then to my darling Angel I'll return, [*Kiſſing* Clindor.
Make his cold Bed, and gently lie down by him.

Demet. The Voice of Fame eternally muſt ſing
In your Applauſe, the noble *Grecian* Heroine
Will be a Theme to all Futurity
For our immortal Bards upon their Lyres,
To charm the World with, and in Womens Right
Renown their wond'rous Conſtancy and Honour.

Beliz. Traverſe the Stories of immortal Heroes,
Penn'd by the nobleſt Hands in their Applauſe
For doing Wonders in their Country's Service;
Contempt of Danger, and Heart-breaking Woes,
Let 'em be all enrol'd and canoniz'd;
And, when they are ſum'd up to the laſt Degree,
Then let all tender Mothers write of me.
[*Looking tenderly and kiſſing* Clindor.

Demet. A Theme for ever to be celebrated
Whilſt Time exiſts, and Humans have a Being.
Come then, thou Soul of Honour, rouze and cheriſh
Thy noble Heart with Courage, clear thy Brow,
And then prepare thy ſelf to bear a part
In the enſuing Wonders.

Beliz. Lead the way,
[*Takes up* Clindor's *Body in her Arms.*
Revenge inſpires me, and I'll try to follow,
Clearing ſad Looks, as if my Heart were eaſy:
But as the wounded Deer, by Hunters preſt,
Bearing a Shaft deep in his wounded Breaſt,
Bounds over ſpatious Plains, do's Mountains climb;
And makes the beſt of his ſhort dated Time
T'avoid his Pain; from thence he hops, he flies,
Runs, then ſtops ſhort, and ſeveral ways he tries;
But vainly ſtrives his former Reſt to win,
The Dart ſticks faſt, the Grief is ſtill within.
[Exeunt, *ſhe carrying out* Clindor's *Body.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Demetrius *meeting* Zizimo.

Demet. STand, give the Word e'er you paſs farther.
Zizim. Demetrius?
Demet. Oh, honeſt Captain,——come opportunely
To forward Matters in this Night of Wonders.
Zizim. Wonders indeed, my Lord; for ſure till now
Never was City taken in ſuch Silence:
No Stir, no Noiſe, in ſuch a huſh of Quiet,
That when the Poſtern-gate was open'd to us
To let the General in, and all that follow'd;
When thoſe who made Reſiſtance were cut off,
'Twas done with ſuch a Stillneſs, as if Death
Made purpoſely quick Work to prevent Outcries.
Demet. The Tyrant being in th' heighth of his Security,
By his Neglect, made th' Enterprize ſo eaſy,
Never was Bird of Prey caught in a Snare
So pleas'd as he, ignorant of what is paſt,
He has been drinking largely with his Favourite,
Suſpecting nought even here, in my Apartment;
And I'm now ſent to fetch th' ſuppos'd *Grimoald*
With th' Meſſengers of *Craterus*; who they are,
And what the end of this Night's Work muſt be,
Go with me and be ſatisfy'd. I've promis'd Muſick too
To entertain him—I'm now a *Primiere* Miniſter.
Zizim. Thus the juſt Gods ordain the Fate of Tyranny,
When things moſt dangerous have eaſieſt Turns.
Firſt, that the Letter loſt, of ſuch dire Conſequence
Had *Ariſtander* ſeen't, ſhould fall ſo contrary;
Then, that the Creature of proud *Damocles*,
Train'd up ſo long in Villainy, and truſted

With

With Packets to *Craterus* to raiſe Succours,
Should at that *Criſis*, by reaſon of a Grudge
Taken perhaps, about ſome Suit refus'd,
Revolt, and ſtraight diſcover the main Secret
That has cut all their Throats.

Demet. Nay, and to me too,
His Maſter's known, reſolv'd Remembrancer,
Is half a Miracle! Why, Captain, I'm ſo truſted,
That even this Night, when we ſurpriz'd the Guards,
They ſtar'd on me as if they thought 'twas done
By the King's Order.

Zizim. The *Ætolian* Soldiers
Are plund'ring now the Palace, and th' Tyrant's Daughters
Expos'd to utmoſt Fury.

Demet. Which I'll prevent, if poſſible, for *Amidea*'s ſake,
Tho' much I fear; but firſt let's make the Game
Secure with *Ariſtander*.——Guards are ambuſh'd,
And every thing in Order, come thou along
And help on my Diſguiſe.——See, yonder he comes
Like a fell Dragon, gorg'd with hop'd Revenge;
There let him Bask a while, we'll to our Work.

Zizim. I'm glad there's Joy in's Face.——'Tis ominous.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ARISTANDER.

Ariſt. I heard a Noiſe, no doubt 'tis the new Succours,
And the great Work is doing; where *Timoleon*
And the Rebel Crowd ſhall cruſh beneath my Vengeance.
Fate, thou haſt ſerv'd me now as I could wiſh,
And like a God in yon' celeſtial Dome,
Methinks I fix me here an equal Deity.
Oh Power! thou darling Miſtreſs of my Soul,
I will enjoy thee now with my full Guſt,
In ſpite of crawling Inſects, the baſe Vulgar;
Who tho' they all exiſt by my warm Beams,
Yet envy me in my Glory.——Power, thou Creator
Supreme, firſt Cauſe of perfect Happineſs,
What is not done by thee?——To thee the Miſer
Tenders the Golden Idol of his Soul,
Dearer than that by far; to thee the Tranſports
That Beauty brings with that ſweet angelick kind,
Are humbly offer'd; high exalted State,
Honour's bright Wreaths, and awful Dignity;
Bent Knees of Vaſſals, flowing Eyes of Suppliants,

With the vaſt Train of diligent Attendants,
All waiting for the Hand or Nod to execute,
Subſervient are to thee, celeſtial Power.
Feaſt, feaſt my Soul then, ſate thy ſelf with Joy,
Indulge in Bliſs which nothing can deſtroy.

Enter DAMOCLES.

Hah! Shall we not, my *Damocles*?
Damo. No doubt you ſhould, Sir.
Ariſt. Thou ſimil'ſt, what's the occaſion?
Damo. To think that you, who are this God in Power,
Should let a trifling Mortal, pufft up with Pride,
Oppoſe the darling Pleaſure of your Heart,
And by that Inſolence boaſt a Power above ye.
Ariſt. Ah, thou meaneſt *Belizaria!* Furies take her,
The Luſt I had t' enjoy her is now turn'd
Into Revenge, which ſhe ſhall feel, and ſuddenly.
Damo. Revenge your ſelf upon her Beauty firſt;
Take that, I know 'twill pleaſe ye ſtill t' enjoy her:
For to do Juſtice, tho' ſhe acts a Fury,
Her Body's moulded of celeſtial Matter,
And muſt exquiſitely charm. When I ſaw her
Lately in Priſon, mourning her young Cub,
Methought her Eyes in Tears caſt ſtill more Sweetneſs;
Her Cheeks, that wore an Air of ſolemn Sorrow,
Fluſh'd with warm Blood, ſhew'd ſuch a pure Vermilion,
Would infuſe vig'rous Warmth to frozen Hermits,
And make 'em languiſh in a new Deſire.
Ariſt. Nay, th' Enchantreſs has her Charms 'tis true.
Damo. Then as ſhe lay,
Her well-form'd Shape extended on the Floor,
Raiſing her ſelf a little, Oh! what Heaven
Appear'd about her Neck and ſwelling Breaſts,
That with her Paſſion heaving ſtill, and falling,
Expos'd at large the beauteous demi Globes,
Soft as Swans Down, and white as Virgin Lillies:
Not *Citheræa*, when the *Dardan* Prince
Gave her the Prize for his tranſporting Object,
Was grac'd with half her Charms.
Ariſt. Curſt ſtubborn Traytreſs!
Damo. Stubborn; why Sir, the Pride of the Reſiſtance
Adds ſtill more to the Pleaſure of the Conqueſt;
I was born, Sir, to further your Delights,

And would not have you miſs a Joy ſo ſingular,
Becauſe the Nymph, forſooth, is coy and ſullen.
Ariſt. Thou'rt in the right, I will have her, I've now reſolv'd on't.
Damo. Beſides, ſhall that old Rebel
That Fate ne'er durſt intend to be her Husband,
Unleſs to be your Cuckold——Shall he boaſt
He has out-rival'd mighty *Ariſtander*?
No, were I you, poſſeſt with Means and Power,
I'd ſhew Diſtinction between King and Vaſſal;
I'd ſoon divert that ſcandalous Diſgrace,
And have my Will to prove ſuperior Pleaſure.
Ariſt. It ſhall be ſo; thou'ſt fir'd me, bring her on th' Inſtant, [* *To an Officer.*
'Twill be a proper Sport, join'd with the Muſick,
I hear they are preparing.
Damo. I've yet more News, and happy for ye, Sir.
Ariſt My beſt of Friends.
Damo. A Cheſt of Treaſure found of old *Timoleon*'s,
'Mongſt which, 'tis ſaid, there is one Gem ineſtimable,
Hoarded, no doubt, for his rebellious Uſe,
Is ſeized, and brought ye hither.
Ariſt. Ye Gods, this is too much, my Joys crowd on too thick.
Damo. Long may they laſt, Sir. *Oh the Entertainment [* *Muſick ſounds.*
Is juſt beginning; pleaſe to ſit, Sir.
Ariſt. My ſecond ſelf, ſit by me.

Here Demetrius *is brought in by* Zizimo, *diſguis'd like* Grimoald, *and ſuppos'd bound; with him* Timoleon, Pollidamus, Gomond, *diſguis'd as the Meſſengers of* Craterus, *then* Cilon *and a Cheſt.*

Ariſt. Is that the Ruſſian Traytor?
Damo. Yes, Sir, that's *Grimoald*, he had the ſame Habit
When he late 'ſcap'd me, he was doom'd, Sir, for the Gaunches.
Ariſt. Thou ſhalt be cloy'd with Vengeance.

Muſick ſound, then a Song and Dance done, expreſſing the Reward of Tyranny.

Zizim. The Sports being ended, Sir, and I hope ſuitable
To your great Thoughts, tho' ſomewhat moralizing,

Be

Be pleas'd to taſte a better Entertainment,
Luſcious Revenge; here's *Grimoald*, your ſworn Foe,
What Death, what Torture, for your chief Diverſion,
Pleaſe ye t' allot him?

Ariſt. I will conſider on't,
'Twill take time, I'll have ſomething new and exquiſite
For ſuch a Dog. [*Frowning on* Demetrius.

Zizim. Oh, Sir, Delays are dangerous.

Demet. I'll be more quick with him,
He ſhall be torn in pieces inſtantly;
I dare pronounce it, I, *Demetrius*, [*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Neareſt of Blood to th' late *Corinthian* Monarch.

Ariſt. Hah, *Demetrius!*—What means this?

Damo. Treaſon! Treaſon!

Timol. Contriv'd to cruſh your Dignity.

[Timoleon *ſtamps, and Guards ruſh in, who with* Pol-
[lidamus *ſeize* Damocles.

Pollid. I hope you'll uſe your Intereſt for a Pardon, Sir.
[*To* Damocles.

Cilon. Adsheart, what's here to do, within there, Treaſon!
Treaſon!
Here's a very fine Buſineſs.

Gomon. 'Tis ſo, and falls exactly to do yours, * my fine
Court Caterpillar. [* *Kills* Cilon.

Cilon. Ah Lard! I'm ſtuck.—Ah! here's a pretty Buſineſs.
[*Dies.*

Ariſt. Betray'd! ſurpriz'd! Art thou then ſuch a Traytor?
[*To* Demetrius.

Demet. Here is my Anſwer.
[*Brings up* Timoleon *who ſtares at* Ariſtander.

Ariſt. Thy Eyes, like Daggers,
Seem to ſtare at me. Hah! what art thou? Speak.

Timol. My Name will ſtab thee worſe, take it, *Timoleon.*
[*Diſcovers himſelf.*

Ariſt. The Devil!

Timol. Right, in th' inſtant come to damn thee.

Damo. Oh, damn'd, damn'd Fate!

Demet. I'll leave him to your Juſtice, noble Father,
I've Buſineſs elſewhere, drag that Hell-hound after me.
[*To ſome of the Guards.*

Damo. Let Hell-hounds, if a Hell there be, torment me,
Gnaw, mangle, tear, ſo they do but lend an Hour
Of Joy to ſee that hoary Rebel's Cuckoldom;
The Rape was well contriv'd I'm ſure: Curſt Fortune,
To lour on ſuch a bleſt Deſign.

Demet.

Demet. Stop, ſtop his Mouth, away.

[*Exit* Demetrius *and* Zizimo, *Guards dragging out* Da-
[mocles, *and more appear on t'other ſide.*

Pollid. Nay, you're faſt in the Trap,
My gracious Prince of Clemency,
Whence neither Earth nor Hell can ever ſave ye, and Heaven I'm ſure wo'not; your Creature too I'll ſee ſhall have true Wages. [*Exit* Pollidamus.

Timol. Go ſeek my Wife, good *Gomond*, and deliver what I late order'd. * Oh all ye avenging Powers!

[*Exit* Gomond.

Now give me Patience to out-face the Horror
That ſtrikes me from that Object; for not *Mæduſa*
With her fell *Gorgon* Shield, nor Snaky Treſſes,
Were ever ſeen ſo terrible.

Ariſt. Since I am then ſo terrible,
Let Fear ſupply the place of proper Duty,
And get thee from me; for to turn the Notion,
The ſelf-ſame *Gorgon* thou art now to me.

Timol. No, I'm ordain'd to be your Slave in waiting,
And have not ſhew'd ye yet *Timoleon*'s Treaſure.
Yonder's a Jewel, Sir, which, Miſer like,

[*Pointing to the Cheſt.*

My Soul once doated on; my greedy Eye
Was never ſatisfy'd with gazing on it,
Nor my Heart free from Trouble for its Safety;
Yet being doom'd your Prize, the Robbery
I muſt bear as I can.

Ariſt. Oh! I forgive it thee,
Take back thy Treaſure ſo thou wilt be gone.

Timol. No, no, 'tis paſt my Uſe now, and only fit for thine;
For Ornament then hang it on thy Breaſt,
'Twas once of a true Luſtre; unlock the Coffer there,
And bring it to his Mightineſs.

[*Here the Soldiers open the Cheſt and take out* Clindor's
[*dead Body*, Timol. *takes it in his Arms.*

Behold, Sir, here it is. Hah! what! d'ye ſtart?

Ariſt. The Boy! a new *Mæduſa*, and more horrid.

[*Starts and looks amaz'd.*

Timol. Here is my Gem; on this with covetous Eyes
I us'd to gaze, 'till I even crackt their Opticks;
My Heart was fill'd with Cares how to preſerve it;
Yet mixt with Joy too, being the bleſt Poſſeſſor
Of this, my all, thy barbarous Power has robb'd me.

Unſet

Unſet the Jewel, ſully'd its bright Luſtre,
And what was noted of ſuch hopeful Merit,
Had Time improved its Value, that great Monarchs
Greater than thou can'ſt dream of, or imagine,
Would have been proud t' have worn within their Boſoms,
Haſt thou defac'd, for which thou art this Moment
Juſt hurrying into Hell.

Ariſt. Hah! who ſhall dare
To force me to ride Poſt on ſuch a Journey?

Timol. Thoſe that retain as ſmall Regard for Tyrants
As Tyrants do for Juſtice or for Honour.

[*Gives* Clindor *to one of the Guards.*

All theſe here dare. [*Stamps with his Foot, and more Sol-*
[*diers ruſh in with Daggers drawn, and ſurround* Ariſ-
[tander.

All theſe here, at my Motion, or a Word,
Shall quicker ſend thy Soul, thou purple Monſter,
To thoſe low Dungeons than etherial Flame
Could pierce thee from above.

Ariſt. Senſeleſs Bravado,
Thy peeviſh Age grown teſty in th' extreme,
Now makes thee rave, elſe thou wouldſt trembling own
There is Divinity about a King,
Which is perpetual Guard.

Timol. About good Kings,
I grant there is a ſtrong and ſacred Virtue
That would unedge the Sword of Treachery;
But thou, firſt a Uſurper, then a Tyrant,
Set up in Blood, and in it ever reigning;
Making thy Death an Action meritorious,
Haſt nothing but the Fiends of Hell about thee,
That gape, and grin, and howl for thy Deſtruction.

Ariſt. Well, I'm a King however, let that awe thee.

Timol. Thou art not mine, *Demetrius* was my King;
A virtuous Prince, that govern'd ſtill with Juſtice;
His Coronation Oath, Cement of Royalty,
(Which when a King once breaks, the Subjects Faith
May well be brittle too) he kept inviolable.
Thy ill built Title, rais'd on th' Chance of War,
And Revolution of one fatal Battle,
Weakly would force my Homage; eſpecially
When Tyranny, like thine, is the Reſult on't.

Ariſt. Rebellion do's authorize Tyranny.

Timol. Cruelty and Injuſtice form Rebellion,
And that thou art worſt Foe to human Nature,

To

To Juſtice, and to Pity, is ſhewn here.
[*Taking and ſhewing* Clindor.
Canſt thou, thou damn'd, beyond the rage of Hell,
From all thy Pyramids of Power, give back
The roſie Breath that once perfum'd theſe Lips,
Pleaſing my Ear, and raviſhing my Heart?
Or thoſe warm Springs that made this heavenly Cheek
Bluſh like *Aurora*, which could my Heart repleniſh
With Blood that it contains—Oh thou lov'd Angel!
My Soul's beſt Joy, and quinteſcential Part,
[*Hugs and kiſſes* Clindor.
How ſhould thy Father's Spirits guſh into thee,
And with the Remnant of my Life infus'd
Raiſe thee agen? but oh! 'tis impoſſible.

Ariſt. My Soul relents, and ſcarce can bear this Object.
[*Aſide.*

Timol. Beſides, where's my *Clorona*?—Oh Devil! Devil!
[*Raiſing his Voice.*
That Miſchief, in the Heap, was half forgotten;
Why, what a Rout, what a dire Deſolation
Has this wild Boar, with his ſharp ſavage Tusks,
Made in my Bowels?——Yet ſhall I not dare
To gore him in Revenge.——Horror! Damnation!
Sheath all your Daggers in him! * Dare! † Not dare!
[**To the Soldiers.* † *Stamps ragingly.*

Ariſt. Stand off, ye Villains, hear me ſpeak, *Timoleon.*

Timol. What, wouldſt thou beg to pray?—— Perdition ſeize thee!
That were more Impudence than yet diſcover'd,
To hope the Gods will balk my juſt Revenge,
By pardoning thy black Soul; no, let Hell take it
Freſh from the bloody Shambles where it dwelt, [*Ragingly.*
Spotted as it is, not one curſt Crime abated;
Elſe my Revenge were poor. [*Soldiers prepare agen to ſtab.*

Ariſt. Hear, for thy own Soul's ſake.

Timol. Unreaſonable Fiend, but come, thy laſt then.

Ariſt. Thou art a Soldier, and well know'ſt my Title;
Be it thy Glory then, if yet thou hold'ſt
In that craz'd Urn a Spark of the old Valour,
To let it now break out upon a King;
And let not Story make ſuch hideous Blots
To ſhew how baſe born Vaſſals did thee Juſtice
Upon the King thy Maſter.——Do it thy ſelf,
Come, thus unarm'd I dare thee.

Timol.

Timol. Dare me, doſt thou?
'Tis then, becauſe thou think'ſt, being all o'er Devil,
Thou haſt not human Fleſh enough about thee
To feel my Rage.
Ariſt. If thou deny'ſt, 'tis Fear and Cowardice.
Timol. Oh ye Immortals, Cowardice!
How that curſt blaſting Word has fir'd my Heart,
Nay, and reſolv'd me now to do't my ſelf.
Retire, my Soldiers. *Nay—no Words, I'll have it ſo:
[**They ſeem unwilling, but go out, he giving them* Clindor.
And tho' thou haſt deſerv'd no Uſage honourable,
Yet ſince there's ſomething left thee, of a Soldier,
For Kingſhip's nothing—This laſt manly daring
Has arm'd thee for Defence—*There, now come on, young Wolf, [**Gives him a Sword.*
And thou ſhalt ſee how the old Man can muzzle thee;
For be aſſur'd, my Vengeance carries Thunder;
And whilſt my *Clindor*'s, and *Clorona*'s Wrongs,
Sharpen my Point, and ſinew my old Fleſh.
The Force of Tyrant Armies were too ſmall,
And I, in ſuch a Cauſe, ſhould conquer all.
[*Here they fight*, Timol. *kills* Ariſt.
[*but is mortally wounded himſelf.*
Ariſt. I have it, and I think too, ſo haſt thou;
That's yet ſome Comfort.——But oh! weak and poor
Is the vain boaſted Vigour, that my Youth
Believed invincible——I would fain think now,
But that my Spirits, with my Blood, are poſting
To their new ſome-where,—That's my greateſt Pang;
Oh! that ſome welcome Blaze of Lightning now
Would dart, and cruſt all Nature in a Moment.
But Darkneſs comes inſtead,—Black gloomy Horrour;
Whilſt ſhaking, with the cold vile Curſe of Fear,
I ſtruggle, ſink, and plunge, I know not where. [*Dies.*

Re-enter POLLIDAMUS *and Soldiers, with* CLINDOR.

Pollid. So, Tyrany is fal'n then—That's as it ſhould be;
But what, my Lord, what means this Blood appearing?
You would not weakly ſure attack a Lion;
You had in th' Toyle.
Timol. The Royal Viper ſtung me
With the word Coward, which, with Reproach of Age,
Tainting my Honour, rouz'd th' old Spirit in me,

To take Revenge my self for my poor Boy,
And my belov'd *Clorona*--Send him after me. [*To the Soldiers.*
For tho' I find the boarish Paws have scratch'd me,
Yet have I Life enough to see due Punishment
Done on his Monster *Damocles*.

Pollid. 'Tis preparing:
Nor will the Ellien Crowd be satisfied,
Till they're possest of *Aristander*'s Body,
To use it as they please.

Timol. Go, bear it to 'em,—Keep, keep House, my Soul,
A little longer, then away, and willingly.
[Exit *leaning on* Pollidamus.

SCENE II.

Enter BELIZARIA *and* GOMOND.

Gomon. Now, Madam, your propitious Stars shine clear;
The Tyrant's fal'n e'er this.

Beliz. Did my Lord send for me?

Gomon. He did, Madam, to see the Execution done on *Damocles*,
And his proud Master, of whose cursed Race
Not one have 'scap'd the eager People's Fury.
I saw his Daughters led out by two Ruffians,
Who, because Virgins, are giv'n up by the Officers;
First to be ravish'd, to evade the Law,
Then executed: Yonder, I think, they come, brought by their Plunderers,
As I suppose, expecting your Reward,
Giving you full Revenge for your Son *Clindor*.

Enter GILMUNDA, *and* AMIDEA *with Hair dishevel'd, dragg'd by* LONGIN *and* BILBOE, *their Swords drawn.*

Beliz. Have Mercy, Heaven, what dreadful Sight is this?

Gomon. Look up with Joy, Madam, and take just Revenge
Upon the hated Offspring of the Tyrant,
That wallow'd in the Blood of your dear Son.
I must to th' General. [*Exit.* Gomond.

Beliz. Dear, dear indeed!
As ever tender Mother smil'd upon,
When the Birth Pangs were o'er, but yet alas,

Tho' my poor *Clindor*'s murther'd; how are these guilty?
But then Revenge—These are o'th' Tyrants Blood,
As my sweet Boy—was mine. [*Sighs.*

Longin. Come, come, little *Lindabrides*, come along, why here's [*To* Amid.] Fortune in a Bag now; gad little did I think to have ever been a Prince of the Blood, in right of Alliance.

Amid. Oh Misery, Oh help, ye Divine Powers!

Longin. Oh yonder she is! I'm sure we shall have a swinging Reward. D'ye hear, Corporal *Bilboe*, shall I make the Speech, or you?

Bilboe. Why look'e, I must be so bold, Serjeant, for all you're my superior Officer, to tell ye you'll find your self a Fool, to trouble her about it; a Pox on Rewards, as the Case stands now; my Head's upon somewhat else, and a Plague upon Speeches too; adzooks I have such a mind to my princely Mistress here, that I'll make none for my Part; Speeches will take up time, gad I'm in haste *.

[* *Holding* Gilmund.

Gilm. Stab me, ye barbarous Slaves; oh kill me!
Kill me, but keep off your filthy Hands.

Bilboe. Hands, why what's the matter with my Hands?—Humh, 'tis true, they are not made of March-pane, as yours are; they'll serve well enough, though, for what I shall put 'em too. Come, come, adzooks you must not stand upon Punctilios now. [*Grasps her, she struggles.*

Beliz. Oh Heaven! can there be for poor Mortality,
A Misery so great to equal this?
And can compassionate Virtue look upon it
Without Abhorrence? my Heart bleeds for 'em.

Longin. Hem, hem, we have got these two Women, your Enemies, safe enough, and please your Honour; we have heard how little Master has been us'd, and like ye; and come now out of Respect forsooth, to know what Death you'd please to have 'em die; whether hanging, or stabbing, or cut-throating, or any way; we are ready, and please ye.

Bilboe. Ay, ay, we'll revenge ye, I warrant ye; say but you the Word, it shall be done, any way, and please your Honour.

Longin. And as for t'other, the ravishing part, od'slid I han't had a Princess fal'n to my Share a great while; I warrant ye, let me alone with her.

Bilb. I like mine mainly well, faith; I love a plump full fed buxom Bit, you must know: I'll revenge ye, ne'er let your Honour doubt.

Amid. Oh, if the Senſe of Pity be not loſt!
Quite loſt, in all the Foes of *Ariſtander*;
Let a poor Virgin—wretched in th' Extream,
And fal'n from higheſt State to loweſt Miſery,
Invoke thoſe Eyes that ſeem to be relenting,
To dart one Beam of Charity.

Beliz. Oh my Heart!
And thou chaſt Goddeſs, beautiful *Diana*,
How ſhall my Conſcience anſwer it to thee?
That I've fulfill'd the Sacred Laws of Virtue;
If I permit thy unpolluted Virgins
To ſuffer Shame, whilſt in my Power to ſave 'em.

Long. She ſtudies a little too long, methinks: Oh, now I believe ſhe's feeling for her Purſe.

Bilb. Feeling for a Pudding, is not ſhe? I'll tell ye, as I ſaid before, gad you'll find your ſelf a Fool, Serjeant,—I don't like theſe Delays; if we are not fobb'd at laſt, I'll be hang'd: Oons, if I might have carried it, I had been married to my Princeſs, or as good, by this time.

Gilm. Oh moſt abhor'd of Slaves! Heavens! now, methinks,
My ſtubborn Soul could condeſcend to beg,
If I could get by't a Sword or Dagger.

Long 'Dſlight, I tell thee ſhe is feeling for her Purſe; ſee, ſee there, now Corporal Codſnead, who's the Fool now?

Beliz. No, it ſhall never be declar'd in Story;
Or ſaid in times to come, that *Belizaria*
Expos'd the Temple of Virginity
To the vile Force of horrible Pollution,
Through her Default,—here Friends—I know you brought
Theſe Priſoners thus, to ſhew the readineſs
Of your Good Wills, in furthering my Revenge.
Take then my Thanks with this, and leave 'em with me.
[*Gives* Longin *a Purſe.*

Long. Humh—Why, there's the Devil on't, I was afraid of this all along, now Serjeant *Shacklehead*, how much is't Hugh? [*They ſtare at one another.*

Long. A hundred Duckets, Corporal, 'tis more than their Cloaths are worth, however.

Bilb. Cloaths, hundred Duckets,—hum—but then to loſe ſuch a, ſuch a, no gad it won't do; why look'e, Madam—we thank'e heartily for your Bountifulneſs, but we muſt obey our Officer, d'ye ſee, and then the Law, and pleaſe ye.

Beliz. Oh, as to thoſe, I'll vouch with my Authority!
Go, tell your Officers—I took 'em from ye,

Who

Who nevertheleſs will ſo diſpoſe of 'em,
The People ſhall be ſatisfied, both theirs
And my Revenges ſhall be perfected;
Go, go, for Shame; *Ha! ſure dare not mutter?
[* *They look on the Ladies and grumble.*
For honourably deſerting a vile Cuſtom,
Invented by ſome Devil, as in Diſgrace
Of all Humanity,—If you are Soldiers
You ſhould have Honour, which abhors this Action.

Longin. Yes, yes, Madam, we are Soldiers, and we have Honour—But, but——

Beliz. But what, can there be better proof of it than this?

Bilboe. But thoſe ſweet, ſweet, ſucking Bottles; Oons, I ſhall never ſee ſuch agen.

Beliz. Away, I ſay, and dare not diſpute;
I'll rouze up Honour in ye, if you're reſty.

Longin. Come, there's no help for't; here's a good Purſe, however.
But, Corporal—If I had thought 'twould have come to this—

Bilboe. Thought, Serjeant Suckegg, * a Pox upon ye, what could ye think leſs? well, never was ſuch a Prize! never was ſuch a Pair of dear ſucking Bottles loſt! a Pox upon ye.—Come away and be hang'd. [* *Pujhes him.*
[Exeunt *grumbling and curſing one another.*

Gilm. Oh, noble Action! worthy fame Eternal.
How does her ſacred Virtue diſſipate
The odious Miſts that lately clog'd my Reaſon,
And made me know my ſelf by true Reflection!
Beſt of thy Sex, permit an humble Penitent,
Converted by thy heavenly Influence, [*Kneels to* Beliz.
And loathing former Errors, to adore thee.
Oh pardon my late inſolent Behaviour!
Tutor'd by Hell, and blinded by curſt Vice;
I could not ſee that Purity of Goodneſs,
Which now Calamity's true Mirror ſhews me.
But oh! let Angel-pity blanch my Crime,
And true Repentance leſſen thy Reſentment.

Amid. Bleſt be thy Days, and doubly bleſt thy Nights,
Thou Patroneſs of Piety and Honour,
[* *Kneels on t'other ſide of* Beliz.
And may this Deed, ſo worthy of Applauſe,
Be ſtill thy Glory in ſucceeding Ages.
Thy Fame in Songs of Joy, be anniverſary,
Whilſt the whole Stock of ſpotleſs Maids renown thee.

Beliz. Ye great Avengers, that from heavenly Thrones
Pour out the Viols of your Indignation
On impious Criminals, bear Witneſs for me,
That midſt the Crowd of my own innate Sorrows,
Some Comfort gleams, that I have done this Juſtice
To Honour, and to you—Your Honour ſafe
From Violation; Death's a trivial nothing!
Pray therefore riſe,—And know I mention Death,
Leſt you ſhould cheriſh a vain Hope—My Pity
Would ſave your Lives, as it has done your Chaſtity;
But that's impoſſible, tho' I wiſh it were not;
Your Houſe's Ruin, being decreed by Fate,
And th' impetuous Crowd—all ſworn your Enemies.

Amid. We cannot, muſt not, hope it.

Gilm. No, being freed from luſtful Villainy,
By your angelick Virtue, beſt of Women,
I will meet Death, with better Reſolution
Than ever yet I did a vicious Pleaſure
In my curſt Days of Riot.

Beliz. Bravely ſaid.
Oh, be aſſur'd, had I the Power to ſave ye,
Spite of the Sweets, 'tis ſaid there are in Vengeance,
Each Hair that now is growing on your Heads
Should turn with Age to Silver, but it cannot be;
Your Race are all proſcrib'd, and you muſt die.

Amid. The Gods allot us Patience. [*Embracing her.*

Gilm. Courage, dear Siſter.
Oh let the Arms of a new Convert preſs thee
Cloſe to my Breaſt, with Amity unfeign'd,
And beg thy Pardon for all paſt Remiſſneſs!
Some Grace is yet for me; for now, methinks,
The Gods inſpire me to aſſiſt thy Weakneſs,
To ſtem this Gulph of Fate.

Beliz. Paſs it o'er nobly.
And prove how far your Souls ſurmount the Vulgar;
Remember you're the Daughters of a King,
Which, if confirm'd by your laſt Scene of Bravery,
I yet engage your Perſons ſhall be ſafe
From Violation of unhallow'd Eyes;
Nor ſhall your limbs be mangled, as intended,
But laid to reſt within your ſilent Tombs;
With all Reſpect to virgin Innocence.

Gil. Oh heavenly Breath!

Amid. Oh, the good Gods reward ye!

[*Both kneeling and embrace her.*

Beliz.

Beliz. And since the Sheers of Fate cuts off all Passions,
And with the Brave concludes Revenge and Hatred,
Look on me calmly, as a parting Friend,
That, in the Crisis of your last Extremity,
Gives ye two signal Tokens of her Love.
First this, * with pitying Tears for your hard Fortune.
[* *Kisses them.*
A present from my Love,—then this * from Honour.
[* *Gives* Gilm. *a Dagger.*
A Charm to save ye from insulting Cruelty.
Use it, ye Royal Victims, as become ye;
Then fall renown'd, and peace eternal crown ye. [*Exit.*

Gilm. She's gone, whilst thus bestow'd, her fatal Present
I grasp, with an undaunted Resolution.
Oh, what a world of Wealth had I possession!
Would I have giv'n some Minutes since for this,
Which now my Guardian Genius offers me:
For this—What's this?—A Dagger: What's its Office?
Why, 'tis to make eternal Separation
'Twixt Soul and Body, with one noble Blow;
That's all, and so to free us from Distress,
And put an end to Life's Inquietudes;
Yet see, how Nature shakes at the dire Motion.
Oh Coward! would'st thou still be miserable?
Here is the World, and here Eternity;
What a vast Freight of Hopes, and Fears, and Doubts,
Troubles and Joys float on that stormy Sea,
Which yet we're sure in th' end must swallow all?
Courage, my Soul, and Dagger hold thy Sharpness!
This Strife shall soon be finish'd; come, dear Sister,
Too late belov'd, but now, my Heart's, sole Joy,
Look up, and see my Life Blood make thee Recompense.

Amid. Oh hold! for since you're now so good to love me,
See me die first. Alas! I'm all o'er Coward,
And tremble so, that did you not assist me,
I fear I should not strike the Blow to free me.
Let me then use the Dagger in your Presence.

Gilm. The Aid thou hast from sacred Innocence
Will make thee bold, and charm thee with new Courage:
Besides, it is my Birthright, I'm the elder,
And should die first.

Amid. Oh! having more of Years,
You have the more of Courage; simple Tenderness
Will make me swoon when I behold you die;
And leave my Body senseless to be sham'd

By ſome vile Ruffian: Oh pity me, dear Siſter,
And ſhew me how to ſtrike!
Gilm. Hah! ſhe has mov'd me [*Apart from her.*
With her laſt Words—See how the poor Soul trembles,
Like a weak callow Bird, torn from its Neſt,
That knows not where to get new Habitation.
Her Fears will certainly evade the Stroke,
And leave her to Abuſes—'Tis reſolv'd then.
Well, *Amidea*, you ſhall conquer me;
Give me firſt, one dear Siſter-like Embrace,
And a kind Pardon for my paſt Offences.
And then, ſweet Soul, farewel. * Oh Tyrant Deſtiny!
[* *They embrace.*
Now take the Dagger, and one happy Blow,
Struck home like this, * ſeats thee among the Stars.
[* *Stabs* Amidea.
Amid. Ah, 'tis done, 'tis done, dear Siſter, bleſt be thy Hand:
Kiſs me, and take my laſt Thanks; Oh!—Farewel.
[*Dies.*
Gilm. The laſt of roſy Breath, came coldly to me,
[*Kiſſing her.*
A ſecond blow: And thus I give thee mine.
[*Stabs her ſelf.*
Adieu, vain Life, thou childiſh Bubble, blown
A while about the World, flaſht off, and gone. [*Dies.*

SCENE III. *Diſcovers the Heads of* ARISTANDER *and* CILON *held by Soldiers on Spears, with their Limbs torn off, and held by others; who ſtand on each ſide of* DAMOCLES; *who appears impal'd upon a Stake, on the ſide of the Stage; the Bodies of* CLORONA *and* CLINDOR *lying in State,* TIMOLEON *ſitting by it, holding* BELIZARIA'S *Hand,* POLLIDAMUS, GOMOND, HELMIGE, *Ladies and Guards ſtanding round 'em.*

Timol. 'Tis now my Peace of Mind is perfected,
And dear Revenge is full; the Fate of Tyranny
At large is prov'd; reſt then, ſweet Souls, for ever;
And thou, my better half, live long and happy:
'Twill be the greateſt of my Joys above,

To

To look down, and behold—Virtue rewarded.

Beliz. Ah, what Reward, dear Lord, whilſt you are in Danger,
And this lov'd part is gone, * can *Belizaria*
[* *Pointing to* Clindor.
Expect or hope for? Oh relentleſs Powers!
This laſt worſt Blow, has fal'n on me unguarded. [*Weeps.*

Gomond. Hope better, Madam,—The Surgeon's laſt Account made of his Lordſhip's Wound is favourable.

Timol. Where's *Demetrius*?

Pollid. The Prince, my Lord, went out in eager Haſte, having your Grant, and the great Governour's, in hopes to ſave the Princeſſes, but the People oppos'd it, through their Hate to *Ariſtander*, even to the laſt—and ſee his Highneſs comes.

Enter DEMETRIUS *with a Dagger.*

Demet. Fate has been now too ſpeedy, they're both dead,
And by themſelves, with this: * Poor *Amidea*, thy Virtue
[* *A Dagger.*
Well deſerved Pity, tho' it late was likely
To prove my Ruine.

Beliz. Oh Royal Virgins! you have nobly paid
Bright Honour's Debt.—The Dagger's mine, my Lord,
Which was but lent to do that glorious Office;
As I, for the ſame Uſe, had long reſerv'd it,
Whenever my Diſtreſs gave an occaſion;
Pleaſe to return it, that it may be hallow'd,
And kept up as a Relick to Poſterity.

Demet. Madam, I'll not diſpute your Pleaſure.
[*Gives the Dagger.*
How fares my noble Father?

Timol. Like one that holds his Soul betwixt his Lips,
Only to give ſome tender Friend a Farewel.
Royal young Man! Heaven ſhower down Bleſſings on thee.
Make ready there, all you that love *Timoleon*,
To give a Shout, and cry, Long live *Demetrius*,
Now rightful King of *Corinth*.

Pollid. Allow'd by all, with general Joy, my Lord.

Zizimo. His Spirits faulter, and his Face grows paler;
Raiſe him a little.

Timol. If there were ought remaining of a Bleſſing
Which I had not beſtow'd, thou Soul of Goodneſs,
[*To* Belizaria.

Pattern

Pattern of Heroines, and peerleſs Wife,
With my laſt Gaſp I'd give it.——But 'tis over;
The Life Love's Cordial kept ſo long, decays,
I've now no more Space, nor no more Breath to praiſe.
[*Swoons.*

Demet. He Swoons, remove him to more Air.

Beliz. Nor I a Soul, now thine has left its Body.
[Timol. *is carry'd off.*

Pollid. Keep back the Lady, her Grief will more diſturb him. [*She is going after him, they ſtop her.*

Beliz. Oh cruel Powers! are theſe then the Rewards,
The Comforts ye receive for patient Virtue,
To feel the utmoſt Pangs of Wretchedneſs!

Gomon. 'Tis but a Swooning, Madam, he'll ſoon recover.

Beliz. My Brain grows hot, diſtemper'd Reaſon faulters
At this myſterious point of Reſignation;
And when I look on thoſe heart-breaking Objects,
The Chain of Senſe is broke, diſtracting Sorrow
Turns me to Rage; * ſtand off, for he that touches me
[*Lifts up the Dagger, the Prince offers to take hold of her.*
Fixes this here.——Give then juſt Paſſion way,
Oh, my lov'd Hero! * Have then all thy Actions,
[* *Looks after* Timoleon.
Refin'd by Honour ſtill, and ſacred Virtue,
Acquir'd no Doom but this, this dangerous Tryal.
But thou, my tendereſt Nerve, * my Soul's chief Joy,
[*Takes up* Clindor.
And Life, Blood of my Heart, how has thy Innocence,
That equaliz'd the Purity of Angels,
Deſerv'd this Fate? Oh, let me bury thee [*Kiſſing him eagerly.*
Here in my Boſom! Let thy Mother's Body
Be thy laſt Tomb, in which it firſt was nouriſh'd!
What! what! ye Gods, will ye not grant me this
To reconcile me! Oh! but you'll ſay we're taught,
Our Comforts are hereafter,—'tis well thought on.
[*Lays him down again.*
To purchaſe then the Joy hereafter promiſes,
And rid my Soul from its vaſt Load of Woes;
Beſides, to meet my Husband and dear Son,
This poſts me to the Place where they are gone. [*Stabs her ſelf.*
Forgive, ye Gods, you ſhould, if now I err:
Have giv'n leſs Grief, or elſe more Strength to bear.

Helm. Oh, ſhe is loſt! [*Shrieking.*

Demet. Fatal and ſudden.

Gomon. Not fatal, I hope, Sir, the Wound, by chance, is ſlaunting.

Enter

Enter ZIZIMO *haſtily.*

Zizimo. Madam, the noble General recover'd from his Fit, wiſhes to ſee you.

Beliz. Oh Heaven, can this be poſſible? [*She is carry'd off.*

Demet. Take great Care, good *Gomond*,
To haſten Art to give her Remedy. Come, *Pollidamus*,
Let's leave this Scene of Death, and to the People,
With kind Oration, ſettle our new Royalty;
Pull down the Fabrick of ill Government,
And found one upon Juſtice, Truth, and Honour;
Whilſt all good Subjects, glorying in their Change,
Reflect on Ills, from Tyranny did grow,
And bleſs the happy Revolution now.

End of the TRAGEDY.

THE

ATHENIAN JILT:

OR, THE

INTRIGUING CULLIES.

The first Comick Story.

Done from some Hints out of the Prose of a famous Antique *French* Author into Verse, with large Additions and Improvements by *T. D'Urfey*, Gent.

LONDON:

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THE
ATHENIAN JILT.

The firſt Comick Story.

Alliardo, a rich thriving Cit,
Beneath a Planet born, to get,
At *Athens*, with his lovely Spouſe,
Not long ſince kept a frugal Houſe;
As much below the large Eſtate,
Dold to the Churl by partial Fate,
As was his Conſort's leaſt fair part
Above the Bounds of his Deſert:
'Till by cohabiting with Vice,
The Peſt of odious Avarice,
From Virtue ſhe eſtrang'd her Will,
And all things good, to all things ill.
She, e'er ſhe well knew what ſhe did,
Became the Part'ner of his Bed,
By Parents too ſevere Commands,
Whoſe ſordid Int'reſt join'd their Hands;
And forcing her to be a Wife,
Entail'd on her a Plague for Life;
Had not, for intervals of Reſt,
Kind Fortune, ſeeing her diſtreſs'd,
To eaſe in part her tedious Doom,
Ordain'd he ſhould be oft from home:

For

For Gain did ſtill his Soul inſpire
Beyond the Heat of am'rous Fire.
Beauty had many Charms in Store,
But tempting Gold, he thought, had more.
What Curſes waited on thy Birth,
Thou baleful Product of the Earth;
Dug by ſome envious Dæmon thence,
To rob us of our Innocence.
Happy in verdant Groves we lay
When Light firſt form'd the infant Day:
When fruitful Paſture unmanur'd,
The World with bounteous Glebe inſur'd;
And *Plato* yet no Seeds had ſown
Of Ore, that rank and common grown,
Has ſince made half the World his own.
Gold then, that robs Mankind of Reſt,
Sway'd wholly *Balliardo*'s Breaſt;
Nor had the Plague its Period there,
Sabina too, the Young the Fair:
The Name of her whom we muſt uſe,
And as his Wife muſt introduce,
Was tainted in the ſelf ſame kind,
And ſoiling Graces of the Mind,
Was made by dazling Profit blind.
And when the Wittal, worldly bent,
Abroad to make a Purchaſe went,
To golden *Ormus*, or *Peru*,
Her Cloſet prov'd an *Indies* too;
Where with rich Traders ſhe made bold,
To traffick Beauty for their Gold.
In different Caſes oft we find
How Vice ſubjects the Female kind;
A Woman once by Anger ſway'd,
Good Counſel ſcarcely e'er obey'd.
If Love poſſeſs her Fev'riſh Breaſt,
Vexation ſtrong diſturbs her Reſt:
If Pride inflames her ſhe's on Fire
'Till ſhe has compaſs'd her Deſire;
But if her Soul, by Avarice ſeiz'd,
With Love of Money be diſeas'd;
She'll boggle at no ſort of ill,
But ranſack Hell to have her Will.
The Family this Couple kept
Might very well be over-ſlipt,

Did

Did not their Circumſtance avail
To the Contexture of my Tale;
Their Number being in all but two,
A Bearded *Switzer*, and a *Jew*.
The firſt, to ſerve in different ways,
Cook, Groom, or what their Humours pleaſe;
Whilſt t'other, in a nicer Station,
Was train'd for Madam's dear Occaſion,
And cloſe above Stairs Occupation.
This Nymph, of whom we muſt ſpeak on,
Sprung from the Tribe of *Zebulon*:
Her Parents of that ſingle Race,
That in old Times deſerted Grace,
And learnt more ſorts of Vice from Hell
Than all the Prophets could expel:
She too ſo tractable was known
To have good Skill in every one;
But what was held her Maſter-piece,
In which ſhe far excell'd all *Greece*,
Was the renown'd and darling Art,
Ador'd by all the better Sort,
To find meet Help for handſome Gains,
Lovers to eaſe from fierceſt Pains;
And free 'em from that heinous ill
Of taking Oaths againſt their Will:
The Stature of the Tumbril Make,
From Rule did no Proportion take;
But then, to make Amends, her Eyes
Large, black, and ſparkling, did ſurprize,
And glitter'd round her Saffron Mould
Like *Phœbus* on a Marygold;
Hornwork'd, with Semicircles ſmall,
Deciphering Sin Original;
A ſtigmatizing Mark in th' Face
Of all that Unbelieving Race;
Beſides experienc'd fifty Years,
That in her wrinkled Front appears,
Eſtabliſh'd the officious Dell
To be in kind a *Non pareil*.
This Creature gifted for the Stews,
Was to *Sabina* of great Uſe;
As one that was her Cully Setter,
To give the Sign, and ſhift a Letter;
Conceive with Judgment, if the Spark
She aim'd at were a proper Mark:

What Humour govern'd, brisk or dull,
But chiefly if his Bags were full;
Which Article, if verify'd,
To do was little elſe beſide,
But Cunning, to conclude the Match,
And ſpread the fineſt Nets to catch;
The Cuckold gone abroad to Trade,
His yearly Uſe, as has been ſaid.
Now then, to let the Tale go on,
You muſt ſuppoſe him ſhipt and gone
To *Candia*, with the outward Fleet,
With provident Deſign to cheat;
Whilſt *Trulla*, by which Name we'll grace
Our lately mention'd *Jewiſh* Laſs,
Was merchandizing too, with Care,
And ſetting forth her Lady's Ware.
Daily her Walk around ſhe took,
And ſearch'd the Town in ev'ry Nook;
To know what Paſſengers came in,
And Woodcocks proper for her Gin:
Nor was her Induſtry in vain,
For now, as Fortune did ordain,
She hears of one that lately came,
Fluſht full of Gold, from *Amſterdam*.
A *Belgian* Hunks, of noted Rank,
That had the Devil and all in Bank;
Beſides of Houſes a whole Street,
And Shares in the *Eaſt India* Fleet.
This Gull, as now ſhe hop'd he was,
Spite of his Birth, or native Place;
To bring her Purpoſes about,
She makes her Buſineſs to find out;
And order'd Matters ſo to meet,
As if it were by Chance, in th' Street:
Then ſtops him in his dull Career,
And with theſe Words accoſts *Myn Heer*.
Permit me, tho' no *Sybil* old,
To ſtay your Speed, Sir, and make bold
T' affirm you one whom Fate do's bleſs,
And doom the happieſt Man in *Greece*.
Your long Ear, and the humid Brain
Moiſtning th' interior Pericrane;
With the ſet Gravenеſs of your Eye,
Colour'd like Puſs in Majeſty,

Denotes

Denotes ye, by the Stars design'd,
The darling Joy of Womankind:
That Bulk too, in your Person shewn,
With Hips, *Dutch* built, so like my own;
That Fulness, with an Air so great,
Fashion'd to fill a Chair of State;
With lucky Moles that strew your Skin,
Prove ye most fortunate of Men.
In short, for many Words are vain,
Your Face, your Figure, and your Mein,
Have captiv'd, Sir, a Lady bright
As *Cynthia* burnishing the Night:
Who tho' reserv'd beyond her Kind,
Such Charms do's in your Person find;
Such Darts were thrown too from your Eye,
As you have carelessly past by;
As ev'n put Virtue to a stand,
And make her prone to come to Hand.
And if you'd know each taking Grace
That decks her Body and her Face,
I'll do her Justice to a Tittle,
And draw her Picture, Sir, in little.
She's white as Snow from Head to Foot,
With lovely Eyes as black as Soot;
She's smooth as *Cupid*'s Iv'ry Bow,
And plump and fleshy all below;
A little Mouth, with Feet and Toes;
Her Fingers long, and short her Nose;
With graceful Jetting in her Pace,
And not quite twenty till next Grass.
Thus with a Tongue, as glib as Oil,
The *Jew* held forth, and all the while
Myn Heer, not fearing to be trap'd,
Like a Tide-waiting Oyster gap'd;
But when he heard her tell the Pow'r,
His Merit gain'd, his Mouth ran o'er;
And frothy Joy scarce gave him way
To ask where that kind Beauty lay,
'Till having clear'd his Mouth and Sense,
And rally'd *Belgick* Confidence,
He told the *Jew* 'twas such a Grace
He could not hope for, in that Place;
Then who this beauteous Charmer was
Desir'd to know, who might command
His Duty with his Heart and Hand;

For Love Intrigues were his chief Bliſs,
But ne'er had one ſo fine as this.
The *Jew* then vamps a Story new,
And whets him for an Interview:
Telling him that divine Affair
Should be the chiefeſt of her Care;
Then gives ſome Hints too, by the by,
To wake his Generoſity;
By dropping Words how this fair Dame
Was of a ſpecial Rank and Fame;
Whoſe Riches, were her Lover wiſe,
Might very ſoon be made his Prize.
This Charms *Van Dotrell* more, who now
Believes 'tis proper he ſhould ſhew
Some Token that his Soul was great,
So quips her with a Piece of Eight;
With promis'd Mountains for her Lot,
If by her Aid this Prize he got.
Our Succub Satanick now found
She touch'd his Soul in place unſound,
And that a Harlot was the Bait
Moſt fit to fiſh for his Eſtate.
The Dew laps from his chuckle Chin,
That had with gorging pamper'd been;
The Sleekneſs of his ſhining Gills,
His pendant Belly, poſtern Hills,
With long lank Elf-locks on his Poll,
Denounc'd him for a brainleſs Tool;
Who, whether 'twas to win or loſe,
Ne'er baulkt a Punk, nor 'ſcapt her Nooze.
And now, ſince Fortune was ſo free,
He thinks more forward he ſhould be;
Whilſt ſhe that knew her Game to play,
Conſents, and meets him half the way.
The Night is fix'd then, and the Hour
When he's to enter Beauty's Bower;
Which ſoon approaches, and the Spark
Led by *Dovegna* in the dark,
Advances to the ſweet Alcove
Deſign'd to be the Scene of Love.
Sabina, like gay *Iris* dreſs'd,
With a kind Smile his coming grac'd;
And reaching out her ſnowy Hand;
Seeing how he confus'd did ſtand,

With clumsie Motion dopping low,
Which he intended for a Bow,
Engages him to venture nigher,
And sit *(sans* Ceremony) by her.
The *Skellum*, that had ne'er been bred
A Courtier, nor knew ought but Trade;
With aukward Air accepts the Favour;
And now do's upsey *Dutch* endeavour
To make himself more valu'd be
By bragging of his Family.
As soon as then a Buss had pass'd,
And they had lovingly embrac'd,
He treats her with his Race and Name,
And tells her his grand Lineage came
From the *Van Owles* of *Rotterdam*.
Then of the Power and Riches prates
Of several *Owles* amongst the States;
How many Tun of Butter they
Had shipt off weekly from the Key;
Of Oil what Vessels, and with these
What Cargo's vast of *Holland* Cheese:
And what prodigious Heaps of Gold
Were got by pickled Herrings sold.
At last his own Concern he names,
Trading for Stones, and *Eastern* Gems,
His lucky Ventures, to make Sale
Of Logwood, and of Cochineal;
And what Gold Dust his Ships did bear,
Drawn from the *Ganges* every Year;
Of which he had no little Store
Packt in his Warehouse there on Shore,
Of such grand Price, he had some fear,
Tho' lock'd up close, to venture there.
The subtle Dame observ'd this Cue,
And after a brisk Glass or two
Of *Greek* Wine (which the *Jew* brought in)
Was drunk, and Prattle did begin,
She thought 'twas time to fix her Gin.
She tells him then her House was large
And strong, to keep so great a Charge;
And if her Name such Credit bears,
That he'd trust his Estate with hers,
She'd warrant then Security
From Accidents and Dangers free.

Van Owle half fluſter'd with her Look,
And with the Wine he late had took,
Thought 'twas an Oracle that ſpoke;
Believing that this Invitation
Was made to take a kind occaſion
To own the Paſſion in her Breaſt,
And make him Lord of all the reſt;
Her Houſe, her Funiture and Plate,
And Treaſure, which he knew was great.
Wrapt with the Tranſport then he feels,
To kiſs her Hand the *Dotrel* kneels;
Aſſuring her this Favour ſhewn,
For ever fixt him for her own.
And now there can no Minute paſs
Without a Kiſs or kind Embrace;
The League is made, to ſuch Degree
He calls her his; whilſt ſubtle ſhe
Still practiſes new Arts to win,
And lets him bring his Treaſure in.
Then Revelling they waſte ſome Days,
Her Smiles, her Words, that ſweetly pleaſe,
And now and then a gentle Squeeze,
Our Cully do's ſo far entice,
And draw into Fool's Paradiſe,
He ſcorches with conſtrain'd Deſire,
And grows unruly to enjoy her.
But ſhe, whoſe nice ill-natur'd Wit
Had ſeaſon'd her a true Coquet,
Who not contented with her Spoil,
And Purchaſe got, by ſubtle Guile;
Reſolv'd, ſince 'twas his hapleſs Caſe,
Her wav'ring Fancy not to pleaſe;
Right Jilting Humour to purſue,
And cheat him of Enjoyment too.
Finding her ſelf poſſeſt of all
Which he his Property could call,
She now will change her am'rous Grace,
And ſhew the Fool her t'other Face.
The *Jew* chief Counſellor is made,
And now the ſubtle Plot is laid
To find ſome Rival out or other,
And drive one Nail out with another.
This ſtudied ſoon effected was,
For e'er the Period of two Days
The Features of *Sabina*'s Face

A flutt'ring Monſieur had alarm'd,
And like another *Circe* charm'd.
As active as a modern Ape,
And full as a *Frontiniack* Grape
Of Vanity the *Frenchman* was;
The fitter therefore for her Caſe:
Whom having brought for her Deſign,
The *Belgian* Huncks to undermine,
She ſtraight proceeds.——One Morn in Tears,
As he was ſettling ſome Affairs,
And managing the Houſe Accompt,
As if he was Lord Paramount,
She meets him; and with Sighs and Sobs,
Feign'd Paſſion, and fantaſtick Throbs,
And putting a ſad Grimace on,
Tells him, in ſhort, ſhe was undone:
That her too forward Love for him
Had made her thus a Widow ſeem,
When ſhe a Husband had at *Rome*,
Who now ſhe heard was coming Home;
And to prepare her for his Uſe,
Had ſent his Nephew with the News;
A young *French* Hotſpur, fierce and wild,
One bred up with him from a Child;
Whoſe Animoſity was ſuch,
She knew againſt the frugal *Dutch*,
For being to *Britain* an Ally,
And leſſening *Gallick* Majeſty,
That ſhould he ever come to hear
One of that Nation harbour'd there,
Her Throat, as well as his ſhe put,
In hourly Danger to be cut;
And therefore begs him, as he priz'd
A pair of Lives, to be adviſ'd,
And inſtantly to diſappear;
And for th' Effects remaining there
She'd take ſuch wiſe effectual Care,
They ſafe ſhould for the preſent ſtand,
And be forth coming on Demand.
Now ſimply lookt our *Holland* Sheep,
He heard her Tale, and ſaw her weep;
He knew his Goods in Danger lay,
Yet too much Coward was to ſtay:
For tho' ſtrong Fear for them he bore,
The Cut-throat Monſieur fear'd him more.

So that not daring to be ſeen,
Hearing the Nephew was come in,
He ne'er demands a parting Kiſs,
But ſcampers off without his Fleece.
And now *Sabina* is well pleas'd
She was from *Skellum* thus releas'd,
Whoſe Wealth ſhe'll keep t' encreaſe her Store,
Reſolving ne'er to ſee him more ;
Whom here we'll leave, chous'd by the Dame,
To tell of *Monſieur* what became :
Who was as much too brisk a Fool,
As t'other Lobcock was too dull.
No ſooner had he gain'd the Grace
Of being admitted where ſhe was,
But out he pulls a Flageolet,
And ſtrikes up a *French* Minuet ;
Then dances up his Entrance to her,
And, *en François*, begins to woe her.
J'etois tres bien hereux, Madam,
Where by Fate's Doom I hither came,
To find in one rare Maſter-piece
The full Perfection of all *Greece*.
The ſparkling Luſtre of your Eyes
Adorers charm with ſuch Surprize :
It like the Sun diffuſive is,
And chears the World with Rays of Bliſs.
So far do's Excellence advance,
That even I, tho' born in *France*,
Where Ladies boaſt they ſtill receive
All Charms Omnipotence can give ;
Am forc'd to own your juſter Cauſe,
And give your Conqueſt my Applauſe :
With doubled Power you gain the Sway,
For when your Beauty I ſurvey,
From all it bears the Palm away :
And when your poinant Wit I hear,
At once diverting, and ſevere,
I'm ev'n aſham'd of our *Dacier*.
And all the Females of Renown
Who now adorn the *Gallick* Crown,
Your *bel Tailee*, and *Jauntee Mein :*
But here *Sabina* having been
Enough harangu'd, ſince Compliment
She knew but hinder'd her Event,

Cuts ſhort the Spark with Repartee,
Then forms her Project cunningly.
She tells him, tho' his Courteſy
Had influenc'd his florid Tongue
To ſpeak in her Applauſe ſo long,
He did the Dames of *France* much Wrong;
Now therefore beg'd him to delight
Her Ear with giving 'em their Right;
And that he would as fluent be
On t'other Sexes Gallantry,
From *Harlequin* to Grand *Louis*.
Le Prate, for ſo we'll *Monſieur* call,
Told her the Characters of all
The Court, as their Deſert appears,
Would hold him tack a thouſand Years;
But he'd ingrave, as late did one,
Th' Apoſtles on a Cherry Stone;
And the great *Bourbon* Lineage tell,
In ſhort, ſhould ſerve the Turn as well.
Le Roy, the *Dein donne*, as 'tis ſaid,
The Offspring of a Bedrid Dad,
Some Blemiſh with a ſpurious Blot,
And boldly publiſh him begot
One Night when the Religious Queen
Was ſhut with Prelate *Mazarine*;
Who, by his ſpiritual Perſuaſion,
Gave Life to th' Bleſſing of the Nation,
And after gave him Education;
Others made drunk with Inſolence,
With Pimping tax his Reverence;
And that his true Progenitor,
A hot young Count finiſht th' Amour,
Whilſt the ſhorn Card'nal held the Door.
Howe'er that was we paſs it by;
And crown'd with Immortality
Statues exalt, and ſing abroad
His Praiſes, honour'd like a God;
By courtly Flatt'ry ſo advance
The *Fineſſe* of our native *France*;
Whoſe Complaiſance ſo ſingular
The knowing World muſt needs prefer
Before the Mode *d'Angleterre*;
Or the dull *Dutch*, who ſcarce knows how
To move a Hat, or make a Bow;

And hold as vain fine Words that pleaſe
But ſuch as Bargains make for Cheeſe.
His Fate is ſo predominant
We ne'er that he's a Tyrant grant,
And tho' he ſtrips us to our Skins
We'd have it thought 'tis for our Sins,
And make Heav'n guilty of the thing
Rather than calumnize the King;
Nay tho' this forty Years e'er ſince
Oppreſſion did his Rule commence,
The wiſer Party all agree
We've worn perpetual Slavery:
Yet ſince the late Confed'racy
Have jointly (*Europe*'s Peace to crown)
Us'd proper Force to pull him down,
We varniſh ev'ry Action o'er,
And make our loud *Te Deum*'s roar;
When glorious *Marlb'rough*, brave and wiſe,
The Genius of the bleſt Allies,
His boldeſt Gen'rals Captives led,
And a ſtrong Army Pris'ners made.
Here then, * oh Muſe, in ſerious Vein, [* *Poeta loquitur.*
Sing on that Theme a tuneful Strain,
From *Donavert* and *Hockſtet* date
The Triumphs of our Hero's Fate;
The upper *Hungary* can tell
What matchleſs Wonders there befel,
When *Blenheim*'s Purple Field was loſt,
And vain *Tallard* taught leſs to boaſt:
Nor was't thy Conduct, valiant Prince,
That only do's my Praiſe commence,
But thy undaunted Soul to dare
To march the *Britiſh* Troops ſo far,
And hazard by Miſchance thy own
Moſt certain Fate of being undone;
Nor only had thy noted Fall
Pleas'd the voracious Crowd, but all
Thy Family and beauteous Race
Been ſoil'd with Blots of foul Diſgrace.
The charming Pleaſure of Succeſs
Admittance gives to Senates Grace;
For martial Dangers well paſt o'er
The Nation has large Thanks in ſtore;

But if Jilt Fortune ſhuts her Eyes,
And you miſtake in Enterprize
'Tis fooliſh, what would elſe be wiſe.
And 'tis a Curſe our *Britain* breeds
Not to look backward on paſt Deeds;
The preſent Action gains Applauſe,
And fair Succeſs great liking draws,
Gets Love in worldly minded Breaſts,
And loud Huzza's from City Feaſts;
But ſhould the active Chief, whoſe Fame
Succeſſive Years did long proclaim,
Return in one unfortunate,
Deterr'd and croſs'd by adverſe Fate;
Tho' his great Soul has tortur'd been,
And ſuffer'd countleſs Pangs within,
Perceiving things not ſuit his Mind,
Which he with lab'ring Care deſign'd;
The nauſeous Crowd, the Monſter Mob,
His Brow would of his Laurel rob,
And grudge a trivial Taxes Loan,
For which his Life has been ſtak'd down.
But mighty General, thy Renown
Stands too ſecure to tumble down;
Blenheim ſhall riſe with lofty Spires,
And tell hereafter who requires
His Deeds, whom now the World admires:
Nor can thy matchleſs Conduct grow
Outworn, or high Eſteem fall low
Whilſt *Danube*, or the *Nyle*, do's flow.
And now returning to his Theme,
Le Prate went on. The vaſt Eſteem
We bear our King for many Years,
Has fill'd all *Chriſtendom* with Fears;
The *German* Eagle that ſo long
Has ſoar'd aloft the Stars among,
Was ne'er confin'd by fatal Chance,
And coopt within our Clime of *France*.
Grand *Lewis* had been Emperor
Had not the Worthy nam'd before
Eclips'd him in Meridian Power;
Conſorted with the brave *Eugene*,
That ſecond Miracle of Men;
And injur'd *Savoy*, late reſtor'd,
Who ſince his Sides ſo deep has gor'd,

And in Revenge one Act had done
With bold Attempt upon *Toulon*;
Had not preventing Tempests rose
The grand Performance to oppose,
Strange Accident, with Time's Delay,
Jointly suppress'd the bold Essay;
Our Navy burnt, or sunk had lain,
And *Britain* Lorded o'er the Main;
But *Gallick* Planets bright did shine,
And he by us is stil'd Divine;
The *Phœbus* of the *Northern* Clime,
And greatest Monarch of his Time.
Not so his Offspring, Sloth and Ease
Too much the *Dauphine* did possess;
Then misbegotten *Burgundy*,
The *Æsop* of the Family.
Reply'd the Lady, who thus long
With great Impatience held her Tongue,
And finding *Monsieur* entertain
Himself with this Satyrick Vein,
By railing at his Countrymen,
Thought 'twas a thing so odd and new,
And what the *French* so rarely do;
That the Abuse he made her hear
Must be in Complaisance to her;
And being skill'd as well as he
In Themes of *Gallick* Vanity:
Then fearing too much Time to lose,
Which her Designs could better use;
And that his Tongue set in to prate
Would hold out full six Hours in Chat,
Resolv'd it should a while have done,
And give her time to breathe her own;
So thus disturbs him. Ah, *Mon Dieu!*
That Creature *Burgundy* I knew,
When I was lately at St. *Cloz*;
It chanc'd to be his Wedding-day,
I saw that Princess thrown away:
A hideous Monster he appear'd,
With Cloak *d'Espagne*, and *Paris* Beard;
With dangling Peruke to his Rump,
Invented to disguise his Hump;
Which now's an odious Mode become
For half the Fops in *Christendom*.
There *Berry* too, a Figure made,
Who in a diff'rent Humour bred,

Appear'd

Appear'd as much too brisk a F——l,
As t'other ſtinted, was too dull;
Riot and Revel, Dance and Song,
This Spark's inſipid Hours prolong;
Who fitter was to dance *prevaux*,
Than at a Siege his Conduct ſhew;
Tho', as in Fable, th' Ape of old,
Strange Wonders of her Offſpring told:
The Sire believes both *Charlemains*,
Becauſe they iſſued from his Reins.
Amongſt their Chiefs too I have heard,
Proud *Vil——y* and *Tal——d* preferr'd,
Till great *Eug——ne*, who chang'd their Stile,
The firſt took napping by a Wile;
And Princely *Marlborough* the laſt,
With Title of his Priſoner great.
Nor has *Ven——m*'s wiſe Caution miſt,
My open Ear amongſt the reſt.
Much fam'd of late for ſtudious Care,
In the preventing fatal War;
Who ſafely in Intrenchment kept,
His Army ſtill as if they ſlept;
Altho' ſo ſtrong and bulky grown,
'Tis thought they might be two to one.
But judging, if he met his Foes,
His Maſter ruin'd ſhould he loſe;
They ſubtly ſhun'd the fatal Deed,
And to his Lines abruptly fled.
And there things ſuiting to his Wiſh,
Gave Theme for Thanks to the Archbiſh——
To none of theſe can Fame bequeath,
By Right her nobleſt Lawrel Wreath,
Since one there is of princely Race,
Who do's their Merit ſo ſurpaſs;
The Lyon's Offſpring plain is found,
Sprung from his Loins on *Britiſh* Ground.
Illuſtrious *Ber——k* blam'd for nought,
If pious Duty be no Fault:
To Loyalty ſeverely juſt,
And nobly conſtant to his Truſt.
France ſmiles, whilſt they ſuch Merit uſe,
And *Albion* mourns, ſuch Worth to loſe;
Who tho' they ſee his Martial Feats,
And honour'd Wreaths he yearly gets;

His

His Valour does such Justice shew,
They think 'tis base to call him Foe;
Whom they in silent Thought commend,
And wish he was their Country's Friend.
This new Digression was scarce done,
When with the others she goes on,
Describes *De Thesse*, *Fourbin*, *Villar*,
And all the noted Men of War,
Does briefly praise or discommend,
And has 'em at her Fingers end;
So long that now victorious Night,
Having o'ercome declining Light,
And in black Robes obscur'd the Day,
She ceases, to sit down to Play:
Cards being brought in by the *Jew*,
Well knowing what she had to do,
And at what Hour to take her Cue.
She knew her Lady's Master Key,
To her close Stock of Subtlety,
Was her dear darling Game Piquet,
By which improving female Wit,
Their Gold she could from Cullies get.
And sometimes to divert the Course,
Spadilio's too, and *Matadores*
Contriv'd by cunning slight of Hand,
Obey'd at *Ombre* her Command.
These too were Graces all in her,
For *Monsieur* did her Face prefer,
And charming Briskness of her Air,
Beyond all Wealth the Sun does view,
Treasur'd in *Ormus*, or *Peru*.
Largely he stakes his Money then,
And often courtly lets her win,
When Chance his Losses would redeem;
Whilst she t'acknowledge her Esteem,
Piques, and repiques, as oft in course,
And makes Quint, Point, and her Quatorze,
Her Pimps to raise the Golden Crop,
And draw the Pleasure to her Lap.
He never heeding the Event,
But when the Rolls of fifty went;
If her white Hand by chance did stray,
And let him take a Kiss in Play,
He's pleas'd, what'er he lost before;
And ready to be chous'd of more.

And thus ran many Days and Nights,
In Gaming Sports and Love Delights;
No Bounds being to her Favours ſet,
When Gold was there, and ſhe could get;
Her Eyes were kind, her Air was free,
And none ſo welcome was, as he.
But Fate that gives a mortal Taſte
To Joy, too heavenly, ſhould it laſt,
That it may never be entire,
With the ſweet Roſe, ſtill plants the Briar;
Le Prate, too frequent gen'rous Deals
Now uſher his approaching Ills;
The Wine was now drawn to the Dregs,
And golden Medals from his Bags;
The Sinews, as our Bards declare,
Of pliant Love, as well as War.
Now then, 'twas plain as Gold decreaſt,
The current of her Favours ceaſt.
His Viſits all grow troubleſome,
She's often ſick, or not at home,
And now ſhe'll hardly let him come.
Another Lover muſt be brought,
Which our induſtrious *Jew* has got,
Nor would it any thing avail,
His nice Punctilio, there to rail;
He like the Dog, had had his Day,
Which he in Pleaſure paſt away;
Whilſt ſhe from his Diſturbance freed,
Gave Leave for t'other to ſucceed:
True Woman, in her ſubtle State,
Which he, poor Fop, had found too late.
And now, no ſooner was he gone,
To vex his codled Pate alone,
But ſhe was with a *Britain* ſped,
In famous *London* born and bred:
One, from whoſe Tongue, nice Wit did flow,
His Face and Air engaging too,
And ſhape; in ſhort, a perfect Beau.
Whoſe Preſence ſo much liking gain'd,
It almoſt put her to a Stand;
Whether her Profit ſhe ſhould Prize,
Or Love, which in her Breaſt did riſe;
For amongſt all that had appear'd,
And by her ſtrove to be endear'd;

None

None ever toucht her Heart, like this;
His Face, his Perſon, and Addreſs,
She thinks, deſerves a better Fate,
Than thoſe ſhe had abus'd of late:
And now has Thoughts of being true,
A Notion much unus'd, and new;
And therefore thus conſults the *Jew*.
The *Dutch* Fool, *Jannah*, that you brought,
In proper time I ſoon forgot;
Us'd him like one, did underſtand
The managing a Fop trepan'd,
And all ſuch Coxcombs, who are fond.
The *Monſieur* too, I've packt away,
To curſe his ill Succeſs at Play;
Since wanting all endearing Force,
That could delight, beſides his Purſe:
But this new Stranger, as if *Jove*,
Or the all conqu'ring God of Love
Had form'd him, to enchant my Brain,
Makes me from late Deſigns refrain,
And for his Love relinquiſh Gain.
At this the *Jew*, with lowring Look,
And Rage half choakt, her Anger broke,
And to the am'rous Dame thus ſpoke.
What, in the Name of all the Fiends,
Is't Madam, that your Brain intends?
Have I, odz—— *Abram*, now I ſwear,
With Cunning, taken ſo much Care,
To bring the Coxcombs to your Snare;
And will you after what is paſt,
Now make your ſelf the Chowſe at laſt;
Give up the Trophies you have won,
And take the Courſe to be undone?
The gravid Tract of virtuous Rules,
May ſuit ſome Chriſtian loving Fools:
But ſtill for Women of your Faſhion,
Who ought to love, *ſans* Inclination;
In plainer Terms, I mean for you,
'Tis fitter far, to be a *Jew*;
To bend your Mind where Int'reſt ſerves,
Not heeding what the Man deſerves.
Profit, and Love, as diff'rent are,
In both their kinds, as Peace and War;
Whilſt then we court the dazling Beau,
That gives us all the Joys below;

Money,

Money, the Cordial for all Ills,
Lord, and Subjecter of our Wills;
That ſpreads our Fame, and rids our Care.
That Arms our Eyes, and dyes our Hair,
And that for ever makes us fair.
We act ſtill in our proper Station,
And do the Work of the Creation;
But if we dwindle fooliſhly,
From our rare Gift of Subtlety;
By letting the Impoſer Man,
Turn upon us our own Trepan;
By Loving give ſuperiour Rule,
T' a Creature we were born to fool,
We merit all our Lives his Laſh,
And ſhould give out our Brains to waſh:
Remit each Heart, his Fancies fee,
And calmly truckle under Lee,
Whene'er we lay our Weapons by,
Of practiſing to weep and lye.
Leave off, feign'd Paſſion to purſue,
By entertaining what is true,
We're all bewitcht, as I think you.
Some trifling Pleaſure may come on,
But all our ſolid Joy is gone.
And here her Tongue had farther run,
On what ſhe had ſo well begun;
Had not the *Briton* cut her ſhort,
By coming in to make his Court;
Who uſher'd up his new Addreſs,
So aptly with an humble Kiſs,
Reliſht with ſprightly Air and Mein,
In other Lovers ſeldom ſeen;
That now *Sabina* liking more
His Face and Perſon than before,
So well was pleas'd with what ſhe ſaw,
She bids her Counſellor withdraw,
And get a Treat prepar'd above,
For ſhe would ſup in her Alcove;
And with a kind, tho' little Feaſt,
Give welcome to her favour'd Gueſt.
Ill pleas'd went out the grumbling *Few*,
Concluding her Diſtraction true,
Leaving her Miſtreſs to employ,
New Humour to advance her Joy;

Who meets his Courtſhip half the way,
Nor lets him for Compliance ſtay,
But freely each kind Glance returns,
And with an equal Ardour burns.
Embrace, the Prologue to Love's Sweets,
With careleſs Freedom ſhe permits;
His Preſſure ſuffers, nor retreats.
When his bright Eyes ſhe ſparkling ſees,
And finds each Action by degrees,
A bold luxuriant Plot purſue,
Of gaining the laſt Favour too;
Which was not in effecting long,
The Fort, altho' by Nature ſtrong,
By a falſe Traitor there in Arms,
Was ſoon giv'n up on eaſy Terms,
Licentious Will the Governour;
Submits to the Beſieger's Power;
And now the Victor Cannon fires,
And gives a looſe to wild Deſires.
The bright diurnal Sun each Hour
He roſe, beheld ſome new Amour;
Her Smiles anticipate the Day;
She ſhone, tho' he was out o'th' way;
And like *Aurora* newly born,
Grac'd her Adorer every Morn:
Who now uſurps *Baliardo*'s Place,
With ſo much Freedom and Succeſs;
Her Fondneſs riſes to ſuch height,
She's reſtleſs when he's out of Sight.
Rich Viands treat him every Day,
And *Greekiſh* Wines without Allay,
Yet never any thing to pay.
Nay ſuch a Stranger is her Will
To her late avaritious Ill;
That now one Day amongſt the reſt,
When Love's Regale had crown'd the Feaſt,
Which at a Cottage, in a Wood,
That neighbour to her Manſion ſtood,
She had prepar'd, as being a Place
Where envious Carpers could not gaze;
The Miſtreſs of the Fabrick too,
Juſt faſhion'd like her Inmate *Jew*;
Supinely leaning on his Breaſt,
Whilſt he her Forhead gently kiſt,
And in ſoft Words his Joy expreſt;

She, charm'd with am'rous Extaſies,
Her cloſeſt Secret thus unties.
Moſt lov'd of Men, whoſe great Deſert
Has gain'd an Int'reſt in my Heart,
Aſcending to a high Degree,
It ſeem'd impoſſible to be;
The Sex till now I never thought,
Deſerving to be priz'd for ought;
But as their Services did vary,
To bring us in things neceſſary;
Or elſe to purchaſe ſtill their Eaſe,
By Preſents, which they thought would pleaſe:
But you have taught me, to your Fame,
That all your Sex are not the ſame:
Superiour Worth will force a Claim,
And force a Heart reſolv'd as mine,
To change its Temper, and Reſign.
Since therefore 'tis your happy Fate,
Such Inclination to create,
And that your Int'reſt is ſo great,
That in my Heart there is no place,
But what intirely you poſſeſs;
'Tis fit you ſhould no Stranger be,
To all the reſt belongs to me:
But that my Value you ſhould prove,
As well in Fortune as in Love.
This ſaid, a Cloſet ſhe unlocks,
And ſhews him there the Warts of Rocks:
Rich Jems with Pearl and Gold good Store,
Veſſels of Plate and antique Ore;
Which late from each intriguing Sot,
With artful Cunning ſhe had got;
Of which her Husband nothing knew,
Nor any other but the *Jew*.
See here, ſhe cry'd, with ſmiling Eye,
Rewards for Love, and Conſtancy:
He that is to Affection true,
May boldly challenge this his Due:
If then it chance that he prove you,
Deſert ſhall always have his Fee,
And never be deferr'd by me.
Like Faulcons tow'ring in the Skies
Now ſoaring mounts the *Briton*'s Joys,

This new Adventure ſeems more rare,
His Miſtreſs too ſhews far more fair,
Since what he heard her late declare:
Such ſtrange Additions Wealth can prove
When it conſents to ſtrengthen Love;
He kneels, her Hands are often kiſt;
He ſighs, and dies upon her Breaſt;
His Vows and Oaths conclude the Day,
Ah! what will not a Lover ſay
To Beauty that ſo well can pay?
Thus revelling in all Delight
They ſpent the joyful Hours till Night,
And then went homewards to regale
In other Joys too nice to tell;
Still wearying Time in conſtant Round,
Giving to Luxury no Bound.

Great were the Joys they both receive,
The Husband's Abſence giving Leave;
Indulg'd with ſuch Security,
That now the *Briton* longs to try
A Proof of Female Conſtancy;
If unawares, or ill advis'd,
He ſhould be by the Spouſe ſurpriz'd:
He orders therefore from the Key
Where all the Ships and Veſſels lay,
A Poſt in ſeeming Fright to come
With News her Husband was come Home:
Suppoſing he ſhould find by this
What Shift ſhe'd manage in Diſtreſs,
And what her Love wou'd prompt her to
In caſe ſuch Tidings ſhould be true.
It chanc'd too at that time the Dame
Had in her Head contriv'd the ſame;
And plotted to ſurprize her Dear
The ſelf ſame way with pannick Fear,
That he had juſt contriv'd for her.
No ſooner then was one alarm'd,
But t'other with a Fright was charm'd;
Both ev'n at their Wits end to view
What they had feign'd ſhou'd fall out true,
And what they for a Jeſt deſign'd
They now a real Plague ſhould find.
Thus tortur'd for a while they mourn,
Not knowing which way they ſhould turn;

'Till

Till he, by making plain his Jeſt,
Allay'd the Fever in her Breaſt;
And ſhe diſcov'ring what ſhe feign'd,
The Truth of her late Plot explain'd.
And thus from Terror being freed
In former Methods they proceed,
Reſolv'd Fate ne'er to tempt again,
That late had put 'em to ſuch Pain;
Which ſign'd and ſeal'd with many a Kiſs,
The Prologue to new Happineſs,
In cloſe Embrace they buckled faſt,
And Fear from either's Boſom chas'd.
But Fate, that oft takes Pride t' annoy,
The dear Exceſs of mortal Joy;
By an unlookt for Chance contriv'd
To make their Pleaſure be ſhort liv'd:
For whilſt they in Embraces ſtrove
To ſhew all Signs of mutual Love;
Balliardo being indeed arriv'd,
Who had with Secrecy contriv'd
A ſhort quick Paſſage to his Houſe,
Intending to ſurprize his Spouſe;
And find how all things went at Home,
Abruptly comes into the Room;
And to the am'rous Pair was got
E'er they unty'd their true Love's Knot.
Not rural Hind who in the Shade
After long Toil to ſleep was laid,
Starts with more Fright and wild Amaze;
Who wakes and ſees upon the Place
A Toad ſit croaking ne'er his Face.
Then did our guilty Pair withdraw
When they the frowning Husband ſaw;
Who having cloſely pumpt before
The *Switzer*, whom he left on Shore;
And brib'd him when he went to tell
Whatever in his Houſe befel;
Inform'd was of our *Briton*'s State,
Found ſo familiar with his Mate;
Who Owner of a Maſs of Wealth,
He means ſhall pay for am'rous Stealth;
With Profit heal his Honour's Sore,
And gild his Cuckoldom with Ore.
Firſt then, the *Switzer* lending Aid,
Our Lover is a Priſ'ner made;

And ſtow'd up in a dirty Hole
Where Lumber lay, and heaps of Coal;
Who being unarm'd, and ſeiz'd by two,
No way left to reſiſt 'em knew.
He therefore tamely muſt ſubmit,
Depending on *Sabina*'s Wit,
And conſtant Love, which had poſſeſt,
As he ſo long had prov'd, her Breaſt,
To ſet him ſoon from Durance free,
And pay paſt Love with Liberty.
But ah, how wildly do's he rove,
That builds his Hopes on vicious Love;
In vain are ſtrongeſt Oaths they ſwear,
And baſe, and light, as common Air:
Sabina, by her Husband caught,
To make Atonement for her Fault,
Her Promiſes had ſoon forgot:
Profit again inchants her Soul,
She tells her Spouſe, that am'rous Fool,
Whom now he do's his Pris'ner make,
She had inveigl'd for his ſake;
As knowing he had Wealth good Store,
And Jewels lately brought on Shore;
Which ſhe intended for his Prize,
Had late ſecur'd by Love Decoys;
Then like a true bred Jilt inveighs
Againſt his Perſon, and his Race,
Begging, the Dunce ſtood gaping by
Swallowing the horrid Fallacy;
To ſtrip him as he would an Eel,
That he her juſt Revenge might feel,
Who had the Impudence to hope
Her Love could ſtoop to ſuch a Fop:
Then with accuſtom'd ſubtle Grace,
She girds him with a cloſe Embrace;
Hangs on his Neck, and calls him Dear,
With many Welcomes charms his Ear:
Whilſt he with Flatt'ry now appeas'd,
Seems with her late projecting pleas'd;
His Woodcock Pris'ner which her Snare
For him had caught, makes all things fair;
So much did tempting Gain controul
The ſordid Orders of his Soul.

He

He tells her then 'twas not his way
To let too rash Suspicion sway,
When there was Reason to convince,
And turn another way his Sense;
And as he found the late Caress
To that young Fop before his Face,
Was only done through wise Design
To trick him of his *British* Coin,
He for the Fact so far should be
From Heart afflicting Jealousy,
That he her Conduct should applaud,
So good at home, he being abroad:
This being verify'd by her,
With sugar'd Words of Sweet and Dear;
All Grumblings in his Spirit cease,
And he's restor'd to Joy and Peace.
Away then straight in haste he goes
To fright the *Briton* mew'd up close,
Who nought of this new Mischief knows;
And like a bloated Spider there
Infus'd the Poison to his Ear,
That nought but Store of golden Pence
Should e'er atone for his Offence,
Or palliate his late Impudence;
Which if refus'd he might Despair
Of ever breathing *British* Air
In Liberty; nor should his Fare
Be more than that which did supply
Imprison'd Felons doom'd to die;
Death being what should Rage allay,
Which he deserv'd as well as they.
This said, with terrifying Lowr,
And frowning Front, he shuts the Door;
Bidding him make Resolves with Speed
If he expected to be freed.
And now our am'rous Friend, whose Ear
Was doom'd these surly Threats to hear;
With strong tormenting Doubts was pain'd,
He now had been some Days retain'd;
But still in hopes to be releas'd
By her, who late such Love express'd;
Who everlasting Love had swore
Daily, for three Months past, and more;
Which he was bubbl'd to believe,
'Till now, his Sense to undeceive,

The ſpiteful *Jew*, to blaſt his Joys,
Next Morning, with a hideous Voice,
Came, and through th' Key-hole told him plain
Her Miſtreſs held him in Diſdain;
That each late ſeeming kind Careſs
Was ſhewn to finiſh him an Aſs;
And that when pillag'd to a Rag
He might to *Britain* ſail, and brag
He had, at Purchaſe of his Fleece,
Enjoy'd the faireſt Dame in *Greece*.
Thus with a Grin oft-times between,
Th' ill favour'd Strumpet vents her Spleen;
Then leaves him to augment his Care
With Tidings proper for Deſpair;
Who now too feelingly do's prove
The dire Effects of vicious Love,
The trivial Value of falſe Joys
Whe Souls are ſet at ſordid Price:
This deeply he reflects on here,
Whilſt each ſad Pang grows more ſevere.
Now too, to heighten Ills, he mourns,
The Husband with new Speed returns;
And with an inſolent Command,
Urges Compliance out of hand;
A Preſent of his Treaſure, Plate,
And other parts of his Eſtate,
Without Delay or Fallacy,
Elſe Durance ſhould perpetual be;
Which racks our *Briton* with new Fear
Of being ſtarv'd abroad, or here.
But Fortune, that can change her Mind,
Weary at laſt of being unkind,
And thinking now her Proſtite had
For Youth's Excurſions dearly paid,
Concludes it time to give him Aid.
She therefore lends his troubled Brain
A Plot to ſet all right again,
The Cuckold's Avarice appeaſe,
And from his Goal himſelf releaſe.
You heard before when am'rous Paſſion
Late ſway'd *Sabina*'s Inclination,
E'er Lucre that could ſtrongeſt bind
With glitt'ring Miſchief charm'd her Mind,
She entertain'd him at a Place
Where all her Treaſure hoarded was;

The Wealth that she from Cullies drew,
Of which her Husband nothing knew;
And which she in Love Fits design'd
Should Recompence her *British* Friend;
Tho' now the innate Jilt appear'd,
And Love was scorn'd, that late indear'd.
Now then it comes into his Head,
That Closet and the Store there laid,
Should he discover as his own,
Would richly for his Crime atone;
Content the Cuckold's sordid Mind,
Pay too the treach'rous Jilt in kind,
And rid him free from being confin'd.
Much joy'd when he had found this way,
He tells his Keeper where it lay;
Declares too he had nought to say,
But that his Fault appear'd so great
He ought to forfeit his Estate;
And Right, by Treasure aptly paid,
The Wrong was done the Marriage-Bed;
Which, if the Clemency he'd use
To free him, and forgive th' Abuse,
He now was ready to produce;
Without Demur, or more Delays
Would straight conduct him where it was.
Balliardo, whose curst Avarice
Long'd to be fing'ring this new Prize,
Calling the *Switzer* to his Aid,
The *Briton* from his Hole convey'd;
Who flush'd with Joy that did excel
To find his Trick had took so well;
Led on the neareſt way to th' Wood,
And in short time the Cottage shew'd;
Where they the toothless Matron seize,
And having robb'd her of her Keys,
They soon unlock the happy Door
Where Beauty lay in shape of Ore;
With Gems so brilliant and so rare,
Rich *India* Stuffs, and costly Ware;
That now the wond'ring Cuckold thought
The late Intrigue so well was bought,
He could not soon enough agree
To give his Chapman Liberty;
Who at that Instant was releas'd,
And at their parting both well pleas'd;

The *Briton* with his new Device,
The t'other for his golden Prize.
But when at Home his roaring Voice
Was ſounding his unruly Joys,
In giving his impatient Spouſe
A nice Account of th' little Houſe;
And what its inſide too did hold,
Shewing ſome Sample of her Gold:
No Painter can expreſs her Face,
Nor Poet pen the Rage that ſways;
Her Boſom flames with fell Deſpite,
She hates the Day, and bans the Light.
A ſecret Corner ſeeks to tear,
With Fury uncontroul'd, her Hair,
And gives her ſelf to wild Deſpair.
Whilſt now our young Intriguer freed,
Well pleas'd with his late lucky Deed;
Of his Diſgrace makes moral Uſe,
Which to his Senſe do's introduce
What ill a Strumpet's Miſchiefs move,
What Charms attend a virtuous Love.
Soon then from *Athens* home he ſpeeds,
And in a Tract reform'd proceeds;
With Conſcience is no more at Strife,
But takes a kind indulgent Wife,
And leads a long and happy Life.

ARIADNE;

ARIADNE:

OR, THE

TRIUMPH of *BACCHUS.*

AN

OPERA.

LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM CHETWOOD, at *Cato's* Head in *Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.* 1721.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

BACCHUS.

THESEUS, Prince of ATHENS.

PIRITHOUS, Prince of the LAPITHES, his Friend.

ABDALLA, An INDIAN King, whom BACCHUS conquer'd there, and afterwards, for Wit and good Humour, made his Favourite.

BERONTUS, A SCYTHIAN Prince, of a Saturnine Humour; an Enemy to Love, and a Diſliker of BACCHUS, but Friend to THESEUS, at laſt in Love with CELANIA.

BOMBEY. A fooliſh SATYR.

CHORUS of BACCHINALS, MÆNADES, INDIANS and SATYRS.

WOMEN.

ARIADNE, Daughter of King MINOS of CRETE.

CELLANIA, Her Favourite, very Satyrical on Mankind.

DOPPA, A briſk humorous Girl, waiting on ARIADNE.

Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Clowns, Singers, and Dancers.

The SCENE *NAXOS*, an Iſland in the ARCHIPELAGO.

THE

ARGUMENT of the *OPERA.*

THeſeus, *Prince of* Athens, *having conquer'd the* Minotaur, *and by the Means of* Ariadne, *Daughter to King* Minos, *who fell in Love with him, eſcap'd out of the Labyrinth, brings her along with him to* Naxos, *ſhe hoping he would marry her, as he had promis'd, before his coming away; tho' at that inſtant he deſign'd otherwiſe, having reſolv'd an Expedition to* OEbalia *to ſteal away* Helena, *Daughter to King* Tindarus, *whom he was in Love with; they arrive at* Naxos, *where* Bacchus *is newly come from the Conqueſt of the* Indians, *bringing with him* Abdalla, *and other* Indian *Kings, Captive; and where he alſo meets his dear Friend* Theſeus, *accompany'd by* Pirithous *and* Berontus, *a Prince of* Scythia. Bacchus *at Sight of* Ariadne *falls in Love with her, which* Theſeus *favours, gaining thereby a Pretext of leaving her ſo well to her Advantage, and furthering his own Purſuit of* Helen. *This is plotted and done at the Triumph of* Bacchus, *where* Ariadne *and her Favourite* Cellania, *coming to ſee it,* Theſeus *is miſs'd, being gone with* Pirithous, Berontus *remaining, who is newly fal'n in Love with* Cellania; Ariadne *rages, weeps, and is in great Diſtreſs for ſome time; but* Bacchus *appearing with his Glory and Courtſhip, eſpecially preſenting her a Crown, to be made a Conſtellation, and a Promiſe of deifying her, her Tears are afterwards turn'd to Joy, and the Marriage with great Solemnity being perform'd, finiſhes the* Opera.

ARI-

ARIADNE:

OR, THE

TRIUMPH of *BACCHUS.*

AN

OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

In a pleaſant champion Country, where at a little diſtance, through Vineyards and flowry Gardens, is ſeen the beautiful Palace of Bacchus; *are alſo ſeen four rich Pavilions, between which, in the Front, is erected a Trophy of the ſlain,* Minotaur *Guards all along on both ſides attending.*

THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, BERONTUS *appear.*

Theſ. BRight Fame and Beauty ſhould Reward the Warrior
Who bravely to obtain 'em baffles Danger,
A Thought ſo raviſhing inſpires my Fancy.

Changing

Changing to an Air.

Soul of the World, whoſe charming Grace
Illuſtrates more than *Titan*'s Race:
Oh Glory! thou ſtill charm'ſt the Mind,
And mak'ſt the happy Hero find
A Rapture in the World below,
Which ſcarce cæleſtial Seraphs know.
Soul of the World, &c.

Pirith. The dreadful *Minotaur* is nobly conquer'd,
And all th' *Athenian* victim Youths reliev'd.
Thef. But ah! the beauteous *Hellen* lives a Virgin,
Sad in her Prime, and drooping in *OEbalia*;
Whoſe rare uncommon Beauty has inflam'd me
To fierce Deſire, and higheſt Blaze of Paſſion.

Oh Beauty all inſpiring!
Thou kill'ſt me with admiring;
And yet whilſt ſo I'm dying
Methinks I'm Heaven enjoying.
If as the lucky Warrior's Fee,
Thou ever gratefully wer't paid,
Extend thy Bounty now to me
In that angelick charming Maid.
Oh Beauty, &c.

Beron. Fame of your Actions from my Country drew me,
But ſtill my Heart with native Ice is freezing,
Which ſtill controuls the ſcorching Blaze you mention.
Pirith. Oh moſt renown'd of lovely Women!
How muſt ſhe glory in her Fortune,
Whom mighty *Theſeus* deſigns to honour?
But oh the Fate of *Ariadne!*
Thef. Is happy as the Gods could order;
For tho' ſhe follows me to *Naxos*,
And gave me proof of ardent Paſſion,
By kindly guiding thro' the Labyrinth,
My Feet unus'd to ſuch *Mæanders*;
Yet leaving her to ſacred *Bacchus*,
Whoſe Love intends to deifie her,
My Infidelity turns Favour,
And juſtifies my Flight to *Hellen*.

Beron. Oh how my Gall o'erflows! *I now am burſting [* *Aſide.*
The Spleen and crowding Vapours will conſume me.
Pirith. Ye Powers that ſway the Mind, what nice Occaſion
Can on the ſudden raiſe ſuch ſtrange Diſorder!
Beron. Excuſe, oh Princes! *Scythians* all to *Bacchus*
Bear a long dated and ſevere Averſion;
Nor are we thought to do it without Reaſon.
Air. Happy's the Nation by a Prince,
Who with ſound Reaſon ſways, and Senſe;
But moſt forlorn, by one that rules,
And makes 'em Madmen all, and Fools.
Happy's the, &c.
Theſ. From *India* lately he return'd with Conqueſt,
And for that fam'd and glorious Expedition,
Is here at *Naxos* with a Triumph honour'd.
Pirith. Strong Paſſion every Hour inflames him,
Which *Ariadne* more advances,
Whilſt you by Art of fine Diſſembling
Feed her with Smiles the Hour you leave her.
They were created to deceive,
Like Meaſure then they ought to have;
Women are wav'ring as the Wind,
And therefore ſhould be paid in kind;
Like Meaſure always let 'em have,
They were created to deceive.
They were created, &c.

Drums and Trumpets are heard, and ſhouts of Joy within.

Beron. The God appears wanton and roſie,
And I, and my Diſlike, muſt ſhun him. [Exit. Beron.

Enter BACCHUS *and* ABDALLA, *with a Train of* INDIANS *and* BACCHINALS.

Bac. How gay is infant Bloom of young Deſire,
When Morning comes, to ſweeten the Debauches
With which *Saturnia* and the Grape has bleſt us.
Theſ. Love fills the Scenes with cæleſtial Gladneſs.
Pirith. Hope too has always ſomething new and pleaſing.
Abdal. And ſprightly Wine to both, gives large Additions.
Air. Whenever I'm ſad my three Bottles I drink,
For the more I am Toping the leſs ſtill I Think.

Vexation and Cares
About worldly Affairs,
Some national Strife,
A new Plot, or a Wife,
Oft puzzle the Poll,
And teaze a Man's Soul;
But Wine ſtill relieves, and a good hearty Doſe
Gives a welcome Repoſe,
And makes him be merry, would elſe be moroſe.

Pirith. How free from Melancholly are the Natives
In *India*, where hot *Phœbus* ſhews his Power;
This happy Prince is ſtill to Care a Stranger.

Theſ. His conquer'd Country gives no ſad Reflection,
The Joy he finds in following *Lineus*
Controuls all ill Effects of wav'ring Fortune.

Bacch. His Mirth affords my Hours perpetual Solace!
But oh, my Friend! how trifling is ſuch Pleaſure
Compar'd to the ſweet Smiles of *Ariadne*?
Haſt thou reſolv'd, thou moſt Divine of Humanes,
To keep thy Word, and with unequal Kindneſs
Dole me a Joy by leaving her behind thee.
Excelling what I ſhare in being Immortal?

Theſ. Down in a Citron Grove, where gentle Breezes
From *Indian* Jeſſamine, *Aſſyrian* Roſes,
Improv'd by *Eglantine*, and luſcious Orange
Increaſe the Od'rous Breath of fragrant *Zephire*;
The charming Maid now lonely lies expecting
My Morning Viſit, there I'll ſtraight accoſt her
With Tidings of the Triumph's gay Performance,
And your cæleſtial Faculties, e'er *Veſper*
Adorns the Evening's Gloom.——She's yours.

Bacch. Embrace me,
And ſhare my Boſom from this happy Moment;
Cleave to my Heart—thence to my Bower of Pleaſure.

Pirith. Where in full Bowls, perfum'd with mingling Amber,
We'll make Oblation to bright *Paphian Venus*,
And there implore her Aid.

Abdall. Attending *Cupids*
To toaſt their Mother, will be hovering round ye.

Bacchus and *Theſeus.* } Of all Joys were e'er poſſeſt,

Air. Love and Wine are ſtill the beſt.
Sweetly they by turns controul,
Wine the Heart, and Love the Soul;

Wealth

Wealth and Power ſtrive in vain
Equal Happineſs to gain;
Wine ſuperior Joy do's prove,
And in ſober Seaſons—Love.
Of all Joys, &c. [Exeunt *embracing*.

SCENE II.

Enter ARIADNE *and* CELLANIA, DOPPA *waiting*.

Ariad. Again, ſweet *Philomel*, that warbling Cadence
Think not on *Tereus* now, loſt be the Story;
The baleful Crimes of Rape and odious Falſhood,
With which Mankind by ours are daily branded,
No more be mentioned for the ſake of *Theſeus*.
Cell. Fondly you may believe, but oh! be certain,
The Brave are not confirm'd to be moſt conſtant.
Air. Winter's Ice producing Roſes,
Balmy Reſt from poyſon'd Doſes;
Without Lightning to hear the Thunder,
Conſtant Man is more a Wonder.
Winters Ice, &c.
Ariad. Some ſtrong Diſguſt, *Cellania* has inflam'd the;
Fell Diſappointment rouzing Female Anger,
Or ſlighted Paſſion, gives thee cauſe of Railing,
But happy I have Quiet in my Boſom.
Air. Like a heavenly Seraph bleſt, is that cæleſtial Maid,
Who by Parents ne'er was croſt, nor by her Love betray'd;
Who ſecur'd by Innocence againſt Misfortunes Spight,
Wears the Day unpain'd by Care, and ſweetly too the Night.
Fortify'd by Providence, can with ill Stars contend,
And tho' Time be her greateſt Foe, is us'd ſtill like a Friend.
Like a heavenly, &c.

Enter THESEUS, *with* BOMBEY *and* TRACIS.

Theſ. Flora, the Queen of vernal Grace,
All the delightful Plants and Flowers,
From *Ariadne* take their Odours.
Ariad. Theſeus with his *Mercurian* Genius,
Each Female fair can make a Goddeſs.
Cell. He can like all his Kind diſſemble,
And if we will be Fools we may be.

Theſ. Sweet *Seraph* ceaſe, for vain you make me,
And now to lead bright *Ariadne*,
From this her Bower of Contemplation;
I come to wait her to the Palace,
Where ſhe'll in Triumph ſee great *Bacchus*,
Joy of all Hearts, Theam of all Voices,
The Soul of all that's brave and noble,
Appear in Pomp.
Ariad. All Pomp is Folly;
Theſeus is all my Eyes do covet,
And all that gives my Thoughts Employment.
Theſ. Too highly, charming fair, you treat me,
Now to ſhew Man in his wild Nature, [*Aſide.*
I'll veil reſolv'd Inconſtancy
With ſeeming Paſſion, nothing elſe can blind her.
Ariad. Theſeus —— [*Paſſionately.*]
Theſ. What would my Soul?
Ariad. Inchanting *Theſeus.*
Theſ. Heavenly *Ariadne.* [*Both joyning Hands.*
Celan. Like two fine Inſtruments that form a Conſort,
They're now well tun'd, but will it laſt, I wonder?
[*Apart.*
Ariad. With what auſpicious Beams ſhone radiant *Phœbus*,
When I beheld thee firſt?
Theſ. That happy Night too,
When *Cinthia* ſilver'd with uncommon Brightneſs,
Adorn'd my faireſt in the Labyrinth.
Ariad. Venus — approv'd the dear Deſign.
Theſ. And Love's kind Deity,
Made ſharp his Golden Darts, I was firſt wounded!
Ariad. Ah no.
Theſ. Yes, yes.
Ariad. No, no.
Theſ. Yes, yes.
Ariad. Oh *Theſeus!*
I, I, was wounded firſt, and deepeſt!
My Heart leapt up to meet the Stroke.
Theſ. Elizium—Breaths in thy Words.
Ariad. For ſo much Worth too little
Tranſcendent Merit has ingag'd my Heart,
Thou'rt all in all, and all in every Part.
Theſ. Thou'rt all in all, *&c.*
Valour join'd with Wit inſpiring,
Womens Hearts are always firing;
Fools that oft' are Undertakers,
Wanting Merit, bart'ring Acres; For

For Convenience gain Admiſſion,
But have never true Poſſeſſion:
They're each other ſtill defeating,
'Tis on both ſides only cheating.
Valour join'd, &c.

Theſ. How charming from the Fair are Praiſes?
Inſpire me, Love, to make an Anſwer!
I'm yours whilſt Time has Date,——Oh *Mercury!*
Favour this Lye I'm bleſt. [*Aſide.*

Cellan. Here's Words ſufficient.

Theſ. Come away ſweet Charmer.

Cellan. But oh! the Heart, the Heart, Words are but Vapours.

Theſ. Come to the Triumph.

Ariad. I am all Obedience.

AIR *by* BACCHUS *and* ARIADNE.

Dazling Pomp, and awful State,
Suit the Hero brave and great,
Love in brilliant Beauty ſet,
Making it ſtill more tranſcending.
Glory charms the Warriour's Mind,
If the Fair one too prove kind,
No Contentment's left behind,
Worth enjoying or commending.

[Exeunt *he leading her.*

BOMBEY *and* DOPPA *ſtay; he having long been making Grimaces behind, comes forward and Sings.*

Bomb. E'er ſince our *Phœbus* fond of Reſt,
Laſt Night, made more than wonted haſte,
To bath with *Thetis* in the *Weſt*,
I've had ſtrange Qualms within my Breaſt.
Doppa with fine black rowling Eyes,
Has made poor *Bombey*'s Heart her Prize;
Be kind then deareſt of all Dears,
For I'm in Love up to the Ears.

Doppa. If *Bombey* loves, he muſt prepare,
To clip his Horns, and ſhave his Hair;
Inſtead of cauſing Love, they ſcare.
The Hoofs too hid within his Shoes,
In Bed a tender Maid will bruiſe.
They muſt be par'd.

Bomb. With all my Heart;
Nor will I cry Oh, at the Smart.
Doppa. Why then, becauſe you Woodland Satyrs,
Are not well skill'd in Courtly Matters;
Beſides, to prove I'm tender hearted,
I'll ſhew ye how to dreſs and pleaſe me.
Bomb. Oh, how my Heart jumps within me!
But what can change this Hair ſo matted?
Doppa. A flaxen Peruke finely powder'd.
Bomb. But then my Face, ſo red and tawny.
Doppa. It muſt be ſcrub'd with boiling Water.
Bomb. Odlooks 'twill ſcald.
Doppa. Oh—That's no Matter.
You without Prickles can't have Roſes,
Nor be a Beau without ſome Trouble.
Air. Our Sex are all refin'd, and now
There's nothing like a Modern Beau,
To liſp, and play well with a Fan,
Be more a Monkey than a Man;
A quart of Jelly drink with Ice,
And eat what's only dear and nice;
Forget to think, and hate to read
This, this is he,—that will ſucceed.
Our Sex are all, &c.
Bomb. For love of thee I'll be this Creature,
But in what Habit muſt I caſe me,
That this unſeemly Hump may cover.
Doppa. A fine lac'd Coat beſt Suits a Lover,
A Hat cockt up with Golden Button,
Form'd like a Mince'd Pie with three Corners;
'Tis all the Mode.
Bomb. Hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh!
Are theſe the Charms ſo faſt can fetter?
Why as I am, I'm ſure—much better.
Aire. My Back is broad, I'm hot and young,
And ſhaggy Hair's a ſign I'm ſtrong;
Then I can climb the lofty Pine,
And Rape the tow'ring Eagle's Neſt;
Or oft with curious Fly and Line,
Beguile the Trout, to make a Feaſt.
Then hunt the Stag, and ſnare the Fawns,
And like a Roe skip o'er the Lawns.
My Back is broad, &c.
Doppa. This won't do, this cannot take me;
And ſo farewel.

Bomb.

Bomb. Oh,—don't forſake me!
Doppa. Obey, and dreſs then if you love me,
For nothing but a Beau can move.

Second MOVEMENT.

Bomb. Then take me, and model me juſt to thy Mind,
Since Beauty much ſtronger than Reaſon can bind,
I'll once be a Coxcomb!
Doppa. Why then I'll be kind.
Bomb. Whatever Diſtinction in Breeding may be,
When a Female's i'th' Caſe,
Every Male is an Aſs;
And the Man and the Satyr agree.
Both. Whatever Diſtinction, &c. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

In which appears the Triumph of BACCHUS, *he himself sitting in a Triumphal Chariot drawn by* LYNXES, *surrounded by* THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, ARIADNE, *&c.* ARIADNE *seated in State as Spectator,* CELLANIA *by her,* INDIAN PRINCES, *and other Slaves chain'd; Attendants on all Sides, with* BOMBEY *and* DOPPA: *A Dance also perform'd, Singing and Musick.*

BACCHUS *descends from the Chariot, and* ARIADNE *from her Place, he meets her in the Front of the Stage, and sings.*

Bach. NOT awful *Jove*, from *Phlegras* War returning,
Where the Gigantick Sons of Earth lay bleeding,
When, tho' Cælestial Beauty's crown'd with Glory,
All met the Conqueror in bright Procession:
Gave half the Splendor *Ariadne* brings me,
Divinest Fair. [*Taking her Hand.*
Ariad. Hail to the great Immortal,
[*Offers to kneel, he hinders her.*
The Cheerer of all Hearts, blest Source of Pleasure.
Thes. Patron of Joy, and Life's continual Comfort,
Long dold to Humanes, with a Grace transporting.
Pirith. Great *Bacchus* whom the World with Joy confesses
Bounteous as our *Olimpicus* Almighty.
Abdal. When all with Zeal and perfect Adoration,
Extol the Raiser of their high Contentment.

Ariad. Once more great Victor hail——
Bacch. Oh Sovereign Beauty!
How Joyful, and how charming are thy Praiſes.
Celan. This ſeems a Riddle, in each moving Accent;
Appears methinks the Language of a Lover, [*Aſide.*
The Gods I ſee too can like Mortals flatter.
Bacch. And now let us retire from Ceremony,
To Feaſting, and the Sports that are preparing,
Where tho' the Soul of Muſick ſtrive to treat us,
Compar'd to Sounds you breath 'twill all be Diſcord.
Air. How ſweetly the Rapture does move,
When the fair one declares ſhe can love,
The Harmony comes from the Spheres,
'Tis told us can raviſh our Ears;
The Muſes employ'd in their Quire,
With Pleaſure the Senſes can fire:
But ah, what a Trifle is this?
When compar'd to the extaſied Bliſs?
That Beauty when pleas'd, can inſpire.
How ſweetly the Rapture, *&c.*
[BACCHUS *leads her off, and* ABDALLA
[CELANIA, *the Scene ſhuts.*

Manent THESEUS *and* PIRITHOUS.

Theſ. Oh Heaven! how fine a thing is Woman?
When Love and kind Deſire unite us.
And favour the belov'd Enjoying;
But Oh, how pal'd is fickly Fancy!
When fondly undeſir'd they teize us,
And we've a Paſſion for another;
She's gone, *Pirithous*, the poor Turtle
Muſt change her Mate, and coo without me.
Pirith. Then let her go, 'tis decent Juſtice,
That ſometimes Womankind ſhould puniſh;
They ſhould be plagu'd when we're inconſtant,
For their Original deceiving.
Theſ. But is *Berontus* our wild *Scythian*,
That bore 'gainſt Love and Wine ſuch Hatred,
So ſtrangely caught, as late 'tis rumour'd,
To languiſh and adore *Cellania.*
Pirith. He ſighs like any Village Virgin,
That firſt looks pale for her *Philander*,
Then leaves her Food,—behold him coming!
He'll ſtay behind, and will be uſeful,

When

When we to other Shores are wafted,
To send us News of *Ariadne*. [*Enter* Berontus.

Ber. What Devil is brooding here these forty Winters?
Braving the Tempests of the stormy *Boreas*,
And all the Plagues that ruffle human Quiet;
I've had the *Halcyons* Nest within my Bosom:
But since I saw this Woman I'm infected,
I burn, I freeze, a Mutiny's within me.

Thes. We'll take no notice of his wild Disorder.

Pirith. Now Prince of *Scythia*, you have shun'd the Triumph,
Some other matters have been more diverting.

Ber. Diversion ceases now, to crown the Banquet,
Theseus is wanting, and, as Spies inform'd me,
The lovely Princess, broke from her *Regalia*
Through all the Sports, to charge the fair *Cellania*,
To seek her Lord, and know his cause of Absence;
She's coming this way.

Thes. But must fail to find us,
For our embarking this must be the Moment.

Pirith. You, Prince, have Business here to stay behind us,
You will be fit to break this anxious Matter;
A small Elopement, 'tis but nine Days Wonder.

Air. To rowling, rowling Seas we go,
Where Mountain Billows foam and flow;
Safe o'er the watry World we'll glide,
Defying Tempests and the Tide.
Laugh at the tumbling Porpus there,
And sing be Welkin fowl or fair;
Rockt in a Storm, securely sleep,
And dream of Wonders in the Deep.
To rowling, &c.

Thes. When Love's the Pilot, happy is the Sailing,
Green bearded *Palemon*, will form a Consort,
And loud with quavering Sounds on shelly Hautboys,
Tritons shall sing and pipe to entertain us.
To the Gods of the Ocean I pray,
To waft us soon over the Sea;
Oh Love lend a Sigh to our Sail!
If *Zephire* deny us a Gale,
To land us upon the kind Shoar,
Made blest by the Nymph I adore;
Where Beauty with Pleasure prepar'd,
May Toils of a Lover reward.

Theseus and *Pirithous.* } To the Gods of the Ocean, &c.

[*Exeunt.* Thes. *and* Pirith.

Manet

Manet BERONTUS.

Ber. My Sickneſs of the Mind they both diſcover;
Let it be ſo, I'm chain'd and muſt endure it;
This Royal Fugitive may aid my Paſſion,
Whilſt I inform *Cellania* I am conſtant,
Tho' others are ſo falſe—and ſee ſhe's coming,
Fluſhing, and fierce like Woman when ſhe's angry.

Enter CELLANIA *haſtily.*

Cellan. If Fame to this Moment always was counted a Liar,
The noiſy Tongue Member ever too plagu'd with a Bliſter,
Now be it authentick.
Cell. Can *Theſeus* leave *Ariadne*?
Be *Phœbus* extinguiſht, fall ev'ry Star from the Zodiack,
Impriſon the Lightning, yet 'twill be far leſs a Wonder.
Ber. I'll ſhew ye a greater!
Cell. That muſt be worthy admiring.
Ber. I love fair *Cellania.*
Cell. Gods! is this Seaſon for Fooling.
What ſay ye of *Theſeus*?—*Jove*, and ye Powers avenging?
Where now is the Thunder?
Ber. Theſeus o'th' *Eaſt* is known a Native;
We, where the Snow falls are more ſteady,
Have Conſtancy cooler.
Cell. Why tell you me of your Temper, [*Raging.*
Burn fierce as *Avernus*, freeze more than Icy *Cocytus*,
So *Theſeus* returning, cheer the forlorn *Ariadne*,
I ſtill ſhall be eaſy.
Ber. See yonder is the Veſſel Sailing:
[*Points to a Window.*
Sweet Charmer, have Patience!
Cell. Patience! ——Oh *Mulciber*! raging
Bring Fire conſuming, or thou more ruinous *Æther.*
Flaſh, burn and deſtroy 'em. [*Stamping in rage.*
Kind *Boreas*, down with the Mainmaſt;
And buried in Tempeſt, toſs up their Keel to the Heavens.
Ber. Tho' Paſſion's juſt, all are not Traytors,
Berontus ſtill is firm and conſtant,
Averſe to Love, till awful Beauty,
Controul'd the Aſcendant, now I languiſh,
A Feaver reigns— I'm ſick.
Cell. Oh, would I were ſure on't!

Ber.

Ber. Beſt Proof is in Action, try me, and weigh the Performance,
His Crimes are ſo odious, they blaſt the Title of *Hero*,
And warn'd by your Favours, I dare in Perſon avouch it.
The *Minotaurs* Conqueſt joyn'd with *Procraſtus* and *Sciron*,
To me had been Trifles, Beauty like yours commanding,
Oh favour my Wiſhes, and be for ever my *Pallas:*
I love thee to Madneſs, die for the happy Poſſeſſion,
My Slumbers are broken, no Food can ever ſuſtain me,
Without my *Cellania.*

Cell 'Tis well: Oh how I rejoice in't!
But are you in Earneſt?

Ber. Fervent!

Cell. You'll wooe me like *Theſeus*,

Ber. I hate him and *Bacchus.*

Cell. That, that's the Secret I long'd for;
Oh Men! Oh ye Monſters! Oh horrid Race of Deceivers!
But ſince you do love me, hear how I mean to return it.

Air. Like *Daphne*, coy, I'll fly when you purſue,
And all my injur'd Sex revenge on you;
Whate'er you ſay, I'll turn to Ridicule,
Whate'er you do, I'll uſe ye like a Fool;
Whene'er you ſigh, I'll ſhew Diſdain and Spite,
And if you ſhed a Tear, I'll laugh outright.
Like *Daphne*, &c. [*Exit.* Cellania.

Ber. Perdition ſeize the Kind—may never Woman
Be henceforth Fair, may fowl Diſeaſes plaguing,
Blaſt all their Beauties—Age creep on o'th' ſuddain,
May Loathſome Jaundice curb their Pride inherent
Till they cry out for Men, and Men thus uſe 'em;
What's to be done? I love and yet I hate her;
Oh that we were alone on Mount *Citharon!*
Lofty *Olympus*, or the towring *OEta!*
I'd not thus whine and play the Fool by *Venus.*
A gen'rous Rape's allow'd in other Creatures,
And ſhould be natural to Men no doubt on't.

Air. In Love to uſe a little Force,
Coy *Silvia* likes ye ne'er the worſe,
Females as ſoon as they can go,
Firſt learn the Words of ay and no.
The no moſt uſeful ſtill we find,
To the Perverſeneſs of the Kind;
But as the Nurſe compels the Child,
That would do nought with uſage mild.

Rough

Rough *Damon* oft commands his Joy,
And makes the froward Fair ſay ay.
In Love to uſe, &c. [Exit Beron.

Enter BACCHUS *and* ABDALLA.

Bacch. Wild as the Winds, as raging and impetuous,
She ranges thro' th' Apartment.——Oh *Abdalla!*
How can a Lover look upon ſuch Sorrow
Without a ſhare in't.
Abd. You may take a ſhare in't,
But then make haſte and do't on a ſudden;
For Women veer their Humours like the Weather,
And now they rain, and ſtraight they will be ſhining.
Air. Their Grief is all Art, they have Tears ſo at will,
Depend on't no Sorrow a Woman can kill.
A jolly young Widow there liv'd at *Bengall*,
Had twenty four Husbands, and bury'd 'em all;
And when every wittal was ſent to his Grave,
Oh! how ſhe would whimper, oh! how ſhe would rave;
But when a Succeſſor did ſprucely appear,
Oh! how ſhe would teehee, and ſimper, and ſneer;
The time was ſo ſwift 'twixt they come and they go,
I'th' Morning ſhe'd ha, ha, i'th' Evening cry —oh!
Their Grief is all Art, &c.
Bacch. I'll change her Sorrow to delightful Pleaſure,
Work on her Mind with gentle moving Praiſe
And Greatneſs, which all Womankind are fond of;
Air. Applaud the Fair, and let her Sway,
Then you'll find her pleas'd, and gay;
Gold may charm her Underſtanding,
Sometimes to incline her Love,
But the pleaſure of Commanding
Still will never failing prove:
Thus with ſubtle ſhew of Duty
You may quench ye if ye burn,
And when you enjoy their Beauty
Know you govern in your Turn.
Applaud the Fair, &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

ARIADNE *appears sitting on a Couch, weeping, and in a Rage.* CELLANIA *struggling gets a Dagger from her, she starts up and sings.*

Ariad. Will ye, oh! will ye then bereave me
Of what can only end my Sorrow,
If not the Dagger, give me Poyson,
Let Cordial *Aconite* bring Solace.
Oh! where's thy Asp, great *Cleopatra*,
Or thy hot Coals, resolving *Portia*;
One, one of these will ye not render,
And pity so forlorn a Creature.
Cell. That precious Life has yet in Vengeance
Great things to do.
Ariad. And I'll perform 'em.
Air. * I now have God *Neptune*'s whole Power,
[* *Distractedly raving.*
My Waves all Mankind shall devour;
My Surges no more shall be bounded
'Till Nature be wholly confounded,
And if to the Sky
The Perjur'd can fly,
I'll mount on my Billows and drown it.
Cell. Oh! calm your Rage, recal your Senses,
Men will be thus, 'tis second Nature.
Ariad. My Brain's on Fire, * and now I'm burning;
[* *Raving still.*
My Breath's as hot as flaming *Ætna!*
Oh! could I blast this Male Deceiver,
What Joy were like it?
[*She throws her self agen on the Couch, and weeps.*
Cell. Cool your Passion.
Aire. Sorrow ne'er can mend the Matter,
There's no changing human Nature;
Men must deceive,
We must believe;
Then we give Rules,
And they turn Fools;
'Tis Custom found, and Fate goes round.
Sorrow ne'er, &c.

Enter

Enter BACCHUS, ABDALLA, *with a Train of* INDIANS *and* BACCHINALS.

Bacch. Immortal Charmer, for whom Heaven
Gave him large Supplies to Goddeſs Nature,
To Grace with more than common Beauty,
Behold in me a perfect Lover,
Pure without Droſs of frail Deceiving;
Drop then no more that pearly Treaſure,
But let gay Pleaſure rare and brilliant
Adorn my Fair.
Cel. A Grief ſo weighty,
Oppreſſes: oh! give time to alter.
Bacch. The poſting Hours ſhall wait her Leiſure,
The God of Time and I attending;
Mean while prepare your Sports to cheer her,
And turn to Pleaſure hateful Mourning.
Air. In chryſtal Domes by Forms Divine poſſeſt,
Fair *Ariadne* ſhall with me be bleſt;
On Azure Plains we'll revel all the Day,
Regal'd with Muſick, and cæleſtial Play;
And whilſt, like Gods, we Drink, and Sing, and Love,
Forget the Cares below with Joys above.
In chryſtal Domes, &c.

Here follows a pleaſant Entertainment of Dancing.

Abdall. As *Ariadne*'s Friend adviſe her,
[Abdalla *apart to* Cellania.
Such Lovers are not always coming;
Beſides, what's paſt there's no recalling,
Let her not be too coy. [Bacchus *this while ſitting on the* [*Couch ſeems courting* Ariadne.
Cell. I'm thinking,
Yet if a God ſhould take a Fancy,
And ſhould forſwear himſelf as you do,
'Twere worth conſidering.
Abdall. I'm as conſtant
As *Sol* in *India* to his riſing,
Air. I never pretended to hang in my Garters,
But once I did love a whole Hour and three Quarters.
As black as a Crow,
Round fac'd like a Sloe;

With

With Teeth white as Snow
Was *Zara* the Shrew;
Who once held me fast,
But I bilkt her at last.
I never pretended, &c.

Cell. The Vice is rife in all Complexions,
Black, Fair, or Brown, no Truth's in Colour.

Ariad. Can Gods too condescend to flatter,
[Ariadne *rises from the Couch.*
And mention Joy to one so wretched?
And one they made so. Oh! take Pity. [*Weeps.*

Air. Where Sadness reigns, and Joy can never be,
There let me hide my fatal Woes and me;
In some lone Wood where Bears and Wolves we find,
Remote from worser Brutes of Human Kind;
Where dismal Ews keep out the cheerful Day,
And baleful Screech Owls dream the Night away.
Where Sadness reigns, &c. [Exit Ariadne.

Bacch. Oh! how will sprightly Mirth advance her Beauty,
That in this Dress of Sorrow is so charming.
Hear me, *Cellania*, hear to thy good Fortune,
Follow that Fair one, use thy Skill to gain her;
That once perform'd, as due Reward from *Bacchus*,
Ask what thou wilt it shall be thine that Moment.

Cell. Ye Pow'rs Cælestial, is my hearing perfect?
If so, this Gift commands me swiftest Duty;
Have what I please! Did *Jove* e'er give a greater?
I'll straight about it, fear not, mighty *Bacchus*,
Skill'd in both Arts, persuading and beguiling,
The Turtle's Tears shall quickly turn to smiling.
[Exit Cellania.

Bacch. Next the extreme of Love's divine Possession,
Hope is the greatest Joy attends a Lover.

Abdall. The happy Prospect ravishing the Senses,
Half equals the Delight of true Enjoyment.

Bacch. Come then, my Friend, and whilst inspir'd *Cellania*
Is busy in a Plot for Propagation,
Within the hallow'd Cell of old *Silenus*,
With Roses crown'd, we'll empty golden Goblets,
A glorious Sanction to the genial Hour.

Bacch. and *Abdall.* } Haste, haste old Time away.

And call the Hours to form the Nuptial Day;

Let

Let *Juno* come in State,
Let kind *Lucina* wait;
But bring not *Venus* there,
She envies ſtill the Fair;
Nor yet the thund'ring *Jove*,
For fear he falls in Love.
Haſte, haſte, old Time, &c. [Exeunt *embracing*.

Enter DOPPA *haſtily.*

Dopp. Where is my Fool, I muſt not loſe him;
For in this time of Melancholly
He's good againſt the Spleen and Vapours.
Oh! here he comes.

Enter BOMBEY *aukwardly Dreſs'd.*

Bom. My Pinkaninny.
Am I not brave? Odzooks this Habit!
Dopp. Methinks, he looks ſo like the perjur'd *Theſeus*,
That tho' I order'd ye to wear it,
I wiſh that now 'twere torn in Tatters;
For oh! I'm jealous that you, like him,
Will be inconſtant.
Bom. I inconſtant!
What do's ſhe mean? What's that, I wonder?
To have the Itch?
Dopp. Oh! no, an Ague,
That ſhakes young Courtiers 'till they chatter.
Bom. Oh! I'll be plagu'd with no ſuch Matter;
Air. I'll live ſtill free, and frolick,
And never get, if you'll be kind,
A quaking Ague of the Mind,
Nor give my Heart the Cholick;
Each coming Night I'll kiſs thee twice,
The ſame on Mornings when I riſe;
And if thou likeſt ſuch wholſom Cheer,
I'll ſtrive to hold out all the Year.
I'll live ſtill free, &c.
Dopp. This pleaſes, I confeſs.
Bom. I hope ſo:
If Brother Courtiers take Example,
'Twill be a merry World.
Dopp. But *Bombey*.
Bom. What?

Dopp. Dear *Bombey!*

Bom. Strawberry, more luſcious than white Figs, what want'ſt thou?

Dopp. One, one thing more, that Dreſs muſt alter,
Methinks you now look like a Fool in't.

Bom. 'Twill break me, I can't pay my Taylor.

Dopp. He'll truſt, at leaſt will give Forbearance;
Nay, never ſtart, I'll have my Humour,
Or elſe Adieu.

Bom. This is the Devil! [*Scratching and looking ſimply.*

Air. A Beau did once my Fancy move,
But now a rural Swain I Love;
It ſeems moſt German to my Heart,
When you're uncas'd
I ſhall be pleas'd,
And then perhaps will act my Part;
You'll be, young *Damon*, kind and dear,
And I'll be *Phillida* the Fair.
A Beau did once, &c.

Bom. Ah! ſweet as Codlings Cream and Sugar,
It ſhall be ſo.——Say now what Colour?

Dopp. An Iron Gray.

Bom. and *Dopp.* } Country all over.

In Love when we join,
And ſweetly combine,
No Dreſs or gay Folly is needing;
We deſpiſe at that Hour
Gay Riches or Power,
We have more in the Pleaſure ſucceeding.

CHORUS *of both.*

In Love when, &c. [Exeunt.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A moſt pleaſant and beautiful Bower belonging to the Apartment of BACCHUS, *adorn'd with glorious Images of all the Deities, Loves and Graces, and illuſtrated with* Dorick *Pillars, encompaſs'd round with Vine Branches, Roſes, Jeſſamin, Eglantine, and Foliages of other Flowers.*

Enter ARIADNE *and* CELLANIA.

Cell. SAlute the Morn, fair *Ariadne*,
With Joy, and thank me for my Tidings;
Glory and perfect Love attending,
Deſcend, and Homage pay to Beauty;
Let thoſe bright Eyes, whoſe dazling Luſtre
Can captivate a Heart Immortal,
Convert their liquid Pearl to Rubies,
Sparkling with Hopes of Bliſs approaching,
Bacchus adores.

Ariad. Leave, leave, *Cellania*,
And let me think——

Cell. Of awful *Bacchus*,
All other Thoughts are of no Moment.

Ariad. Did I not give up Fame and Fortune?
Nay, give him Life? Oh baſe Ingrate!
Or what's a worſer Name, vile *Theſeus!*

Cell. Plunge, oh ye watry Powers, the perjur'd!
But ſacred *Bacchus* loves ye.

Ariad. Loves me!
Why is there ſuch a thing in Nature?

Cell. Some Signs of ſuch a thing.

Ariad. And faithful!
Cell. 'Mongſt Gods, but Men grown wiſer ſlight it,
The Lover chang'd, now change the Humour,
Our Tears like Mens Amours ſhould vary,
Air. Grief abates when Joy grows ſtronger,
Vain 'tis to diſſemble longer,
Whining, puling, ſighing, crying,
Beauty ſpoiling, ſelf denying,
Sobbing, blowing, groaning, ſqueaking,
Lying frequently as ſpeaking.
Grief abates, &c.

Enter ABDALLA *attended by an* INDIAN KING, *bearing a Crown of Stars upon a* CUSHION.

Abdal. To *Ariadne*, moſt ador'd of Mortals,
From the Cæleſtial and renown'd *Bimater*,
I bring this ſtarry Crown, a Sacred Symbol,
Prov'd to the height of his moſt glorious Paſſion;
Oh take it! with that Joy becomes your Fortune,
And grateful Duty to the mighty Sender.
Cell. In Lethargie, what *Remora* benumbs ye?
Can ye not ſee the Gift——Had Blindneſs ſeiz'd ye?
Gold ſure could clear your Eyes.
Ariad. The wondrous Graces
Thrown hourly on me by immortal *Bacchus*,
Outdo returns of Gratitude.
Abdal. The Temple,
Adorning yonder Hill to Clouds aſpiring,
With holy Prieſts that ſuch Affairs are skill'd in,
Will teach that Virtue; there the God expects ye,
Happy in hope to make ye yet ſtill greater:
A glorious Wife.
Cell. A Wife, and ſuch a Preſent!
Can you be muſing ſtill, ſtill cold?—Oh Heavens!
Had I ſuch Graces!——What are my Stars a doing?
Ariad. A Crown's a glorious thing.
Cel. She ſmiles, that's ſomething:
A Golden Circle muſt cure all ill Humours:
Beſides, a Wife too; that's no idle Matter.
Ariad. Bright Immortality,—A Conſtellation.
Cell. So now ſhe thinks apace.
Ariad. Oh happy Station!
Cell. Beyond ambitions Thought.
Abdall. Look here, ſweet Charmer. [*Shews the Crown.*

Air. Is it not fine?
Do's it not ſhine.
How will it grace too, when 'tis thine?
'Tis for a Crown the Warriour fights, the Politician plots,
The firſt profuſely ſheds his Blood, the laſt is plagu'd with Thoughts.
'Tis this that fires the jarring World, to Man the greateſt Joy,
And this and a kind Husband too, what Woman can deny!
Is it not fine, &c?

Ariad. My labouring Thoughts I find are all in hurry,
I am not dreaming ſure, this muſt be real;
Yonder's the Temple!

Cell. Haſte, haſte, quickly thither,
And ſwift as Time,—fly to the great Inviter.

Ariad. It muſt be ſo, the Attraction's ſo prevailing,
From that inchanting Crown there's no defending;
Sorrow adieu, thou gloomy Inmate. [*Takes the Crown.*

Abdal. Viva.

Ariad. And welcome Comfort, with angelick Semblance.
Fate's Decree muſt be fulfill'd,
Every Woman's born to yield;
If with Gold they charm the Eye,
Can we, can we, then deny?
If they give us darling Sway,
Will we, will we, then delay.
Oh, no, no,—Fie, no, no!
Wiſer is our Sex than ſo.
Fate's Decree, &c.
[*Gives her Hand to* Abdalla, *he leads her out,* Cellania *follows.*

SCENE II.

An Iſle of a Magnificent Temple.

Enter BERONTUS *and another* INDIAN KING.

Ber. Thanks, kind Reliever.

Ind. K. Are ye fluſter'd?
You told me late your Grief of loving,
And of *Cellania*'s Pride and Rigour,
Then askt a Cure for am'rous Folly:
I told ye a good Doſe was certain

Of Wine, and if ye have don't to purpoſe,
Your Sighs will turn to Hiccups.
Ber. Bumpers.
Six in a Hand two Hours together,
I've briskly top'd about, by *Bacchus*,
I now will love him too.
Ind. K. 'Tis Reaſon.
Ber. Then I have Courage got to rally,
Can ſtand a Frown, and if ſhe thunder,
Can bounce too in my turn.
Ind. K. You're perfect!
The Medicine has done well.
Ber. 'Thas fir'd me,
My Brain too rowls, but that's no matter.
Ind. K. Yonder ſhe comes, ſhe's wondrous lovely.
Ber. Not in my Eye, in this rare Humour,
So far from fair, I think ſhe's dowdy,
I've a young Filly ten times finer.
Ind. K. I wiſh ye Luck. [Exit Indian *King*.
Ber. By *Jove* I'll at her,
And well fare *Bacchus*, I'm thy Convert. [*Stands apart*.

Enter CELLANIA.

Cel. 'Tis done, 'tis done, the Prieſt of *Hymen*,
Has join'd 'em,—Now then for my Fortune,
Have what I'll ask, what ſhall I think on?
Ber. On me, if you like it. [*Coming to her*.
Cell. On you! [*Scornfully turning to him*.
Ber. And loſe all your Labour. [*Haughtily too*.
I, like a true *Scythian*, ſcarcely ſhould value the Favour.
Cell. Yet ſtill you will teize me, you and your tawny Complection.
Ber. Oh pardon my Freedom! yours is not wholly Vermillion.
Cell. You ſwore you admir'd it.
Ber. That might be, when I was frantick. [*Aſide*.
Cell. His Bluntneſs offends me, *ſure 'tis a Trick of Diſſembling, [** The Recitative changes*.
Then am I not charming.
Ber. Not half ſo much as a Fairy.
Cell. No Beauty nor Humour.
Ber. Better I've found in a Dairy.
Cel. He vexes in earneſt; come, Prince, ſuppoſe I could love ye;

What,

What, what would you do for't?
Ber. Not give one ſnap of my Finger.
I've got a new Nature, and am ſo far from a Lover,
I'm now grown a Toper, *Bacchus* is *Jupiter Ammon*;
I once was your Idiot, and how you us'd me remember,
Made horrid your Fantom, your *Ignis fatuus* Beauty;
You, you and your *Cupid*, whom now I puſh from my Boſom,
And deep in a Bumper, drown him with Ruby *Phalernian*.
Air. If *Celia*'s Coyneſs grieve ye:
One Bottle take, two Bottles take, three Bottles take,
'Twill certainly relieve ye,
See, ſee, that glorious Brimmer,
The Son himſelf looks dimmer,
Ah! does it not divine ſhew?
Can *Celia*'s Eyes e'er ſhine ſo?
'Twill baulk, 'twill baulk, Love's purblind *Dæmon*,
And make a Slave a Freeman.
If *Celia*'s Coyneſs, &c.

The inner Part of the Temple opens and diſcovers BACCHUS *and* ARIADNE, *Hand in Hand, both crown'd with Garlands*; ABDALLA *with Prieſts and Prieſteſſes, they having juſt perform'd the Marriage*, Indian Kings *and Attendants*. Bacchinalian *Men and Women*. *Prieſt of* HIMEN, *and Prieſteſſes of* BACCHUS *hold the Crown of Stars between 'em*; *come forward and ſing*.

Prieſt. Pleaſure's neareſt to Divine,
Mortals gain by Love and Wine.
Prieſteſs. Praiſe we then this glorious Pair,
I'll the Victor, ſhe the Fair.
Prieſt. May no Chance their Paſſion ſever,
Prieſteſs. Let 'em live and love for ever.
Both. May no Chance, &c.
[*Here ſhe goes up and crowns* Ariadne.

A Symphony of joyful Muſick ſounds, then an Antick Ceremonial Dance of the MÆNADES, *after which* BACCHUS *ſings*.

Bacch. Bear Witneſs, *Jove*, and all ye awful Gods,
That ſmiling ſit in your ſublime Aboads,
And view me with a Joy divinely rare,
Do Grace Cæleſtial to this mortal Fair.
How well I am repaid,—We're then, my Love,
That precious Crown deſign'd thee from above

And be from henceforth in the lofty Skie,
To Sons of Art, that nightly Wonders ſpy,
A dazling Conſtellation, ſhining there
Brighter than *Hebe*'s Path, or *Caſiopæa*'s Chair.
Ariad. Where have I been till now? what painful Dream
Of flaſhy Vanity? or Cares extreme,
Have lull'd my Senſe? Oh thou that giv'ſt me Joy!
Abate it, leſt the vaſt Exceſs deſtroy me.
Abdal. The Deities at *Ariadne*'s Birth,
Deſign'd her the moſt glorious Queen on Earth,
But that's a Trifle to what now ſhe owns,
In the Immortal Grandeur dol'd by *Bacchus.*
Bacch. Oh conquer'd *Venus!* veil thy baffled Eyes,
And vie not here, for Shame. [*Embracing* Ariadne.
Ariad. Yours is the Prize;
Bacchus excels all Inmates of the Skies,
In charming Hue, and more inchanting Feature.
Cell. Fine Art of Love, both Hearts are ſure at eaſe,
That are ſo full of one another's Praiſes.
Ber. My Heart, I thank my Stars, is eaſy too,
As being light with Wine, and rid of you.
Abdal. Our noted Joy gives each *Plebean* ſome,
They wait for your Admiſſion.
Bacch. Let 'em come.

Air. Both Heaven and Earth to day,
Shall frolick be and gay,
The Sun,
The Moon,
All Kinds
Of Winds
Delight alone ſhall ſhew:
The Mutes,
The Brutes,
The Bowers,
The Flowers
Shall revel here below.
Both Heaven, &c.

[*Here follows the firſt Entertainment of Clowns*, &c.

Then

Then whilſt BACCHUS *and* ARIADNE, *with* ABDALLA, CELLANIA *and* BERONTUS *are ſeated, with* Indians, *Satyrs, and* Bacchinalians *attending*; DOPPA *comes in, having ſeen* BOMBEY *in his Clown's Dreſs, who ſeeming aſham'd to appear, ſhe pulls him in and ſings.*

Dopp. Can you flye me, charming *Damon*?
Have I then out liv'd my Beauty,
Phillida that us'd to pleaſe ye,
Is her Kindneſs grown a Trouble?
Bomb. Oh fie! nay *Doppa*——
Dopp. What's the Matter?
Be not aſham'd of your Perfections.
Bomb. Zooks, yonder's *Bacchus.*
Dopp. Here's a Lover,
And muſt commend your Transformation;
For now you look like what I'd have ye,
A harmleſs Shepherd plain and ſimple.
Bomb. Simple indeed, I'll ſtay no longer,
Thoſe gay Folks laugh at me.
Dopp. Admire ye;
And e'er you go they ſhall have Reaſon:
Come, have you learnt to ſing the Ballad,
I like ſo well? I've my Part ready;
We'll have it here, the Godheads yonder,
Shall hear what we can do.
Bomb. Why, *Doppa*,
You're mad ſure! Piſh, you know I'm hoarſer
Than a crackt Pipe.
Dopp. You ſing with Humour,
That makes Amends,—Come, come, let's do it
Quickly, I'm gone elſe,—But chant boldly;
I'll ſhew ye afterwards my Cloſet.
Ah, *Bombey*——
Bomb. You're a little Devil.

Here the Ballad is ſung by both in Parts, which ended, BOMBEY *going to ſeize her, ſhe runs through the Guards towards* BACCHUS; *they laugh; then enter* BACCHINALS, *each with a Bottle in his Hand, and entice him off; then comes on a ſecond comick Entertainment of Dancing; which ended,* BACCHUS *and the reſt come forward and ſing.*

Ariad. Stay, ſtay a while, ye fleet, ſoft footed Hours,
Fly not away ſo faſt, let Joy have leiſure; The

The pleasing Inmate newly fills my Bosom,
And Time must bless me with a Space to own it.
Excess now cloys, oh how shall I be grateful!
Give me a Bowl of Wine. Pardon, ye Virgins,
Of nicer Rule, * and *Mænades* uphold me,
[* *An Attendant gives her Wine.*
'Tis on a Cause uncommon.——Health to *Bacchus*,
Sound o'er the Globe the Word is.
[Bacchus *and all take Goblets.*

Bacch. Ariadne!
Ariad. Cælestial *Bacchus!* [*Drinks.*
Bacch. Charming *Ariadne!*
Sound Trumpets, 'till the Air reverberating
Replete with joyful Echo's, shake *Olympus.*
Omnes. Cælestial *Bacchus*, charming *Ariadne!*
[*They drink, here the Trumpets and all the*
[*Instruments flourishing.*
Ariad. Oh Ecstasy! be mild, or else you kill me.
Air. Woman will no more require,
I have all I can desire;
What the skilful Wife approves,
What the trembling Virgin Loves,
What the Politician courts,
What the grave Divine exhorts,
What the Lepid old would ease,
What the young would always please.
Woman will no more, &c.
Bacch. Fill round agen, and bring the Goblets fuller,
The Repetition's sacred sound too louder.
[*Sound the Trumpets, with Kettle Drums and more Instruments.*
Omnes. To sacred *Bacchus*, charming *Ariadne.*
Beron. Oh glorious Sight! Beauty and Wine uniting,
Jove try the Art of Painting.
Abdall. 'Twere a Mast'ry,
A Deed fit for a Deity to practice.
Air. When *Flora* in *Fresco* a Brimmer is holding,
Goddess Nature, methinks, a new Model is moulding;
The Rays of her Eyes shine a thousand times stronger,
And her plump rosie Cheeks are still fresher and younger:
Her Lips, like two Cherries, in Paradise growing,
Seem to blush with Delight when the *Burgundy*'s flowing.
When *Flora*, &c.
Bacch. Now, that the Pow'rs above may ne'er be tainted
With Breach of Promise, ask thy Boon, *Cellania.*
Is it *Berontus*?

Cell.

Cell. No was ne'er ſaid better
Than on this Subject.
Ber. There we're both agreeing.
Cell. Woman cannot, Woman cannot
With a Churl be e'er at Eaſe,
Who will ſullen grow, and dull,
And is of himſelf ſo full;
He his Wife can never pleaſe.
Ber. Man's a Cully, Man's a Cully,
Who himſelf to Woman pins;
Whilſt her Humours vainly croſs,
Still the Game go's to his Loſs;
More he plays, the leſs he wins.
Bacch. More private Conference muſt end this Matter,
They're ſullen both, but Love has ſtill Vagaries.

Re-enter BOMBEY *very drunk, and reeling* *.
[* *Led in by a Satyr and Bacchinal.*

Bom. And ſo has Wine, of that be Witneſs *Bombey*,
Gods and Kings (* egh) I don't know who, [* *Kecks.*
I'm as great (egh) as one of you;
Nay, (egh) if Wine can ſolve the matter,
One Degree (egh) I think I'm better:
For now I'm a much greater (egh) Prince,
Becauſe I am not (egh) plagu'd with Senſe;
For thoſe that are not drunk (egh) are mad,
And (egh) this 'tis makes (egh) the Times ſo bad.
Gods and Kings, &c. [*They carry him off.*
Bacch. The Night approaches, thought of nuptial Bleſſings
Regale my Heart, and fill my Breaſt with Tranſport.
Come, ſweeteſt of thy Kind, and give *Lenæus*
Proof, a Divinity there is that's Female,
Excelling quite the Male.
Omnes. All Joy to *Bacchus*.
Bacch. and *Ariad.* } Oh! oh! the Rapture's ſweet
When panting Hearts do meet,
Air. When eager Paſſions joining,
Each other entertain,
And Nature, Joy deſigning,
Charms every Pulſe and Vein;
The Soul away is flying,
Extreme of Life's in dying.
Oh! oh! the Rapture, &c.
Abdall. Attend the glorious Pair.——Joy to *Lenæus*.

Grand

Grand CHORUS.

Oh! behold a Ray Divine
In yon' gay Horizon ſhine;
Planets there for Brightneſs all contending.
'Tis fair *Ariadne*'s Crown,
Bacchus for her is come down,
And ſhe, the lovely ſhe, will now be ſoon aſcending.

End of the OPERA.

THE

THE

PLAGUE of IMPERTINENCE:

OR, A

BARBER a FURY.

The third Comical STORY.

LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM CHETWOOD, at *Cato's* Head in *Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.* 1721.

THE PLAGUE of IMPERTINENCE: OR, A BARBER a FURY, &c.

THE warm Meridian that came on,
High as the *South* had plac'd the Sun;
Who, by his bright propitious Ray,
Told Men 'twas now the Noon of Day.
When to a Turkey and a Chine,
Invited by a Friend to dine,
I came to taſte the jolly Fare,
And found ſome other People there.
The Maſter, generous of his Meat,
Came thither in ſhort time to treat;
And brought with him another Gueſt,
To be Partaker of his Feaſt.
A Gentleman of noble Fame,
And noted Worth, but very lame;
Which happen'd by a Sprain, 'twas thought,
Which he by ill Adventure got.
The Hoſt his friendly Love expreſt,
And pray'd him to ſit down to reſt:
Which doing, he Convenience found,
And time had now to look around.

The Company that there he ſees
Was fill'd with Perſons of Degrees;
The Hoſt himſelf (a noted Wit)
That had grown Rich by being a Cit,
And now the bleſt Convenience had
To take his Eaſe, and leave his Trade:
Had cull'd ſome Gentlemen of Sorts
That had Eſtates, and manag'd Sports;
And others of the Trading Crew
Were worth ten thouſand Pounds he knew;
To take his honeſt Welcome there,
And come to taſte of his good Cheer.
Amongſt theſe there a Barber was,
Whoſe Father long had prun'd his Face;
Indulg'd him too with tender Care,
Powder'd his Wigg, and crop'd his Hair;
And he himſelf had oft preſum'd
To lather, and his Phiz perfum'd.
A Fellow of a comick Nature,
And, Shaver like, a teizing Prater;
Who now ſome fifty Miles had gone
To ſee a Patron, ſo well known.
He too, for old Acquaintance ſake,
The courteous Hoſt a Gueſt did make;
And to uſe well had kind Intent,
But for an aukward Accident.
The ſprainleg'd-Gentleman, whom late
I told ye down amongſt 'em ſate,
And us'd with great Reſpect had been,
O'th' ſudden had the Barber ſeen:
But if a Monſter, whom the Wiſe
In Serpents call a Cockatrice,
Whoſe deadly Atoms pointed right,
Can kill each Human at a Sight,
Had made him all its Poyſon meet,
It could not give him a worſe Fit.
Diſcouler'd, pale, as baſtard Pearl,
Or Oyſter, or Chalk eating Girl,
That Oatmeal with it chew'd in parts,
Up from an Elbow-Chair he ſtarts,
And from the ſhaving Phantom there
Was hobling out to take the Air.
This made his wond'ring Hoſt amaz'd,
Who ſtopt him ſtraight, and having gaz'd

To see his Fright, and tir'd had been
With struggling hard to keep him in,
Begg'd him to let him understand
What 'twas his Temper did command;
And what there in the Barber was
That could make him in such a Case.
The rest o'th' Guests too made their Suit,
That patiently before were mute,
To know what Comb-Wigg there had done,
For still his Eyes on him were thrown?
Who sate still with his Face hung down,
As if he had some Mischief known.
Pray let me go from whence I came,
Reply'd the Gentleman was lame;
Nor stop me, if you e'er pretend
To treat me with the Name of Friend;
Whilst Opticks here to note are able
That Barber most abominable;
Who tho' he's in this Country born
With Natives white, is so forlorn,
He has a Soul as black as Soot,
That Slaves from smoaking Chimnies shoot,
And can more horrid Plagues inspire
Than Pugs that live and roar in Fire.
This Raving the whole Crew surpriz'd,
The Master therefore more advis'd,
Not willing to thrust Barber out,
For Faults that only were in Doubt,
Desir'd his gen'rous Friend to be
So kind to that good Company,
To tell the Ills that made him rave;
And if true Character he gave
The Barber should receive his Doom,
And straight be hooted from the Room.
This being said, now 'bating Wrath,
Altho' the Gentleman was loth,
Himself he in a Corner plac'd,
And to the Guests his Tale uncas'd.

The Lame Gentleman's Tale of his own Love.

'Tis strange, kind Sirs, I'm sure to me,
This curs'd Barber here to see;
Who liv'd, with his Impertinence,
At *Bagdad*, fifty Miles from hence;

For whoſe damn'd ſake I left the Place,
Undone to ſtay where-e'er he was;
Who has more Ills done, and deſign'd
To me than all vile human Kind:
Such Miſchief, ſuch outrageous Wrong
Springs from the Murder of his Tongue;
But what upon another part
Was done to plague my Soul and Heart,
Muſt always unexampled go,
And thus the Purport you ſhall know.
My Father noble Titles had,
Through all Degrees of Honour bred;
In *Bagdad*, where was late his Seat,
He was by all accounted great,
And valu'd for a brave Eſtate.
To which, when dead, he left me Heir,
And I that Merit might compare,
Fed Hundreds daily at my Door,
Oblig'd the Rich, Reliev'd the Poor;
And daily gave my ſelf a Name
Contingent with my Father's Fame:
But yet I never made a Noiſe
With Love, the ſweeteſt of all Joys.
Corrinna never did controul,
Nor ſweet-look'd *Celia*, charm my Soul;
For Women had in me no Station,
As if no part of God's Creation.
Nay once when walking thro' the Street,
For fear I ſhould a *Bevy* meet,
That had been dreſs'd with curious Arts,
A ready ſpread to ſtorm all Hearts,
I turn'd into an odd by Lane
To ſave my ſelf from being ſlain.
But Love, that powerful Deity,
Abhorring this my ſtrange Decree,
Reſolv'd juſt in that very Hour
To make me feel his charming Power:
For as by Accident I ſate
Soon after at a Garden Gate,
That fronted an illuſtrious Dome
Which Quality had made their Home;
A Saſh, on which by chance I gaz'd,
By ſuch a ſnowy Hand was rais'd,
The *Cyprian* Queen excell'd had bin,
Shewing a Sample of her Skin:

To

To this ſweet Hand a Face pertain'd,
In which tranſporting Graces reign'd;
Angelick Hair,——a charming Breaſt,
Inſpiring Eyes, and ſo well dreſs'd,
That every Beauty could controul,
And win the Viewer's Heart and Soul.
The Hand firſt fated to behold
Held then an Ewer of awful Gold,
From which ſhe water'd, as it grows
In a fine Pot, a *Tuba* Roſe;
And, like *Aurora*, did infuſe
On that ſweet Flower ſeraphick Dews;
Whilſt upon me a Smile there ſhone,
More roſie than the Morning Dawn.
That Angel's Look now plaid its part,
It turn'd to a new kind my Heart;
The Saſh ſhut down deſtroy'd me quite,
It kept my Goddeſs from my Sight;
And left the Inmate of my Breaſt
With Paſſion and ſtrange Pangs poſſeſt;
Whilſt fatal Torments nearer drew,
Sharp Pangs more fierce, becauſe more new:
Diſeaſes I had often bore,
But Beauty ne'er oppreſt before
Long time I look'd like one forlorn,
In hopes that Bleſſing would return,
And with another Smile rejoice
My Heart that throb'd; but no fair Eyes
Came thither to ſurpaſs the Sun,
Who now was haſtning to go down;
Whilſt Night aſſum'd her dark Degree
To hurry home my Woes and me.
And here the Gentleman delay'd
His Tale, and to the Hearers ſaid,
Forgive, kind Sirs, and patient take
This long Digreſſion that I make;
Since many things were done and heard
Before this horrid Wretch appear'd;
But in what brevity I can
You may depend——And ſo went on.
The Sweets of Love, delightful, gay,
As wanton *Amoretto*'s ſay;
With Rapture do's the Soul ſurprize,
And far ſurmount all other Joys;

'Tis possible in some degree,
But this they'll be assur'd by me,
The Griefs too that proceed from thence
Scarce any Joy can recompense.
Home I return'd disturb'd, half dead,
With Hopes to rest upon my Bed;
My Supper was prepar'd to eat,
But nothing so averse as Meat;
Nor did my *Champaign* relish more,
My Heart was all inflam'd before;
Strong Passion did such revel keep
It routed quite Meat, Drink and Sleep.
I saw the Fair each passing Hour,
As late when sprinkling of the Flower;
Her Charms did all my Thoughts prefer,
Ah! what could I think on but her!
My Eyes her Rays to sight assign'd,
And when, not seeing her, were blind.
No time was spent and given by Fate,
Like that when I pass'd by her Gate;
As Morn and Even I us'd, and was
By Love transform'd to such a Case:
Twelve Hours of time I once staid there,
To watch the Flower, and see the Fair;
But envious fatal Destiny
That perfect Lovers scorn'd like me;
Resolv'd no Sprinklings all that Day,
Made *Tuba*'s Fragrancy decay,
And sent me in Despair away.
Now too more Mischief did aspire,
I plagu'd was with another Fire;
For straight a burning Fever seiz'd,
Body and Soul were now diseas'd
With such an unresisting Power,
That pale and languishing each Hour,
I weakned grew, my Spirits gone,
And baleful Sickness now came on:
My Friends around Assistance paid,
And sage Physicians too I had;
That por'd in Books my Ills to find,
But this was Sickness of the Mind;
And Love his Secret would maintain,
Nor let me tell my cause of Pain.
Yet 'mongst Relations that would still
Make Visits in my Hours of Ill,

And pray'd the Doctors to reveal
What 'twas they had such Doubt to heal.
A kind old Matron standing by,
Casting on me a wishful Eye,
One in Love Politicks well known,
And judg'd mine by past times her own,
Resolv'd no longer to defer;
Their Absence beg'd, then said, Kind Sir,
Tho' Doctors with their Skill are pos'd,
Your Malady to me's disclos'd,
'Tis Love your Body plagues, and Mind,
Nor can they any Philtre find
Like that fair She, whom if I knew
Your Health should presently ensue;
Discover then, for it is so,
Nor make Excuse, or answer no.
The Bluntness of this ancient Dame,
At th' instant set me more in Flame;
The Rashness of her Speech I knew
'Twas pertly said, but ah! 'twas true,
And made my lab'ring Woes more great,
And my full Heart much stronger beat.
However I deny'd,—but she
Convinc'd with Answer would not be:
She said she my Distress could spy,
Was once as much in Love as I;
Her Heart did pant, her Breath did fail,
Her Cheeks, like mine, look'd deadly pale:
That a tall Beau, with *Roman* Snout
Had turn'd her Brains the wrong side out.
In short, she took such subtle Pain,
And exercis'd my Case so plain,
That I was fain, do what I might,
At last to tell her, she was right.
My darling Goddess then she got,
The wat'ring of the Garden Pot,
And the first Causes of my Woe
I now was forc'd to let her know;
Desiring her propos'd Relief,
To win the Fair, and ease my Grief.
Soon as the Dame this Truth descry'd,
To me maturely she reply'd;
You have been still'd, thro' your past Days,
A Hater still of Womens Race;

Words therefore may ſucceſſleſs prove,
To ſay you now are ſick for Love;
But yet I'll venture on your ſide,
This Lady you have ſtellify'd,
Is my Acquaintance, a rare Piece,
The Daughter of the firſt *Cadiz*;
A Man of Wealth, and Learning great,
And ſhe in Excellence compleat;
Has all Perfections you can find,
Adorning beauteous Womankind,
But ſtill ſedate; her Father lives,
And Lovers with Regard receives;
Looks narrowly to their Eſtates,
And all Acquirements calculates;
And ſhe has Pride too, that diſdains
Wooers oft-times her Beauty gains,
And with Reſerv'dneſs, mix'd with State,
Makes Mankind ſometimes curſe their Fate.
Thus ſhe purſued her long Diſcourſe,
But when ſhe ſaw that I look'd worſe,
She gave her Story ſtreight a turn,
And bid me kindly ceaſe to mourn;
For Women all had Humours ſtrange,
And oft from bad to good would change.
The Words ſpoke laſt ſome Comfort gave,
I told her I was Beauty's Slave;
So fiercely ſhot, and now ſo ill,
My Saint muſt either cure or kill;
And if ſhe ſuch Acquaintance had,
With that divine, angelick Maid;
My Life was then in her Regard,
Which ſav'd, ſhe ſhould not want Reward.
My Caſe did more than words implore,
She bad me hope, then got to th' Door;
And ſtreight purſuing her Intent,
To th' Houſe of the great *Cadiz* went,
And Meſſage to his Daughter ſent.
Finding a Freedom that was us'd,
Which was to be ſoon introduc'd;
And now, as they alone did walk,
And enter'd into Lady's Talk;
Of Beaus and Belles, and Faſhions known,
Turning the whole World upſide down;
The briſk old Dame found this to be
A proper time to bring in me;

They

They talk'd of Darlings Young and Fair,
Her Neighbours all, ſome that liv'd near.
Ah, Madam, crys my conſtant Friend,
Whilſt all theſe Beauties you commend,
Their Luſtre and attractive Powers,
Will you not let me bring in yours;
Whoſe killing Charms to ſuch a height
Can uſher in controuling Fate?
That a young Gentleman, my Friend,
Whoſe Wit and Perſon to commend,
Is but a common Place, is loſt,
And for you giving up the Ghoſt.
At this *Amanda* chang'd her Frame,
(For that was, you muſt know, her Name,)
And looking with a kind of laugh,
She ask'd what I was talking of;
What Name to th' Perſon did belong,
For whom ſhe now made this Harangue;
She nam'd me then, but with ſome Fright,
Which made the fair one laugh outright,
Who knew my Woman-hating Guilt,
Yet heard by her, what now I felt;
But when her ſmiling Fit was o'er,
She mildly bid her Jeſt no more;
Since words of that ſort, dip'd in Love,
Were what ſhe never could approve.
My Matron though, having begun
To clear her grand Miſtakes, went on,
And with a ſober Look, and Air,
My Heart's ſtrong Paſſion did declare;
Told her her own Perfections too,
That how ſhe kill'd ſhe little knew;
Told her my Merits nearly loſt,
And if my ardent Flame ſhe croſt,
Perdition in the heavenly State,
She might expect would be her Fate;
Then dear *Amanda* angry ſaid,
Leave off, or I ſhall think you're mad;
Is not this he,——whom you adorn,
That us'd to laugh our Sex to Scorn?
Had we an Air, had we a Mode,
That he did not at times explode?
Did a Splayfoot e'er aukward make,
Or were we hump upon the Back;

Did frowzy Freckles, that took Places,
Spoil, like a *Turkey* Egg, our Faces?
Or were our Skins like Olive Tawney,
Did not he rail at Matrimony,
And all his dire Effects purſue?
My Matron cry'd, my Dear, 'tis true,
But he is ſince convinc'd by you:
Your Beauty did ſuch Charms expoſe,
When watering your ſweet Tubaroſe;
Your Rays his Senſe of Knowledge warms,
No Faults are now in Female Charms;
Your Influence his Senſe inſpires,
Informs his Brain, gives new Deſires:
Your Graces have new Methods taught,
His Heart is ſacrific'd in Thought,
His Body ſo much feels his Fault;
That without ſeeing you, to win
A Pardon for his heinous Sin;
Without one Look from your ſweet Eye,
His Soul will leave him, he muſt die.
Phyſicians all have given him o'er,
The only Med'cine's in your Power;
Ah, Madam, eaſe this fatal Strife,
Diſplay your Charm of giving Life:
The Sinner, Goddeſs like, reſtore,
For if you frown, he'll be no more.
Here ſtopping, the ſweet Lady ſpoke,
But ſhe, her Cauſe not to revoke;
When t'other ceaſed,—begun agen,
Advanc'd freſh Reaſons, kind and plain;
Told her my poſting Life did crave it,
And nought (but ſeeing her) would ſave it.
In ſhort, my Caſe ſo well ſhe drew,
Amanda being a Chriſtian too;
That ſhe to ſave Deſtruction bent,
To ſee me once—gave her Conſent:
No more th' imploring Dame provok'd
Whom the dire Spleen had almoſt choak'd;
But now did ſo much Mildneſs ſway,
That ſweet *Amanda* nam'd the Day.
There was in former ancient Times,
When ſinful *Britains* purg'd their Crimes,
Who tho' they all had valiant bin,
Their Souls were ſpotted as their Skin;

Two Holydays of Sacred Might,
That *Woden*, they, and *Friga*, hight;
Encourag'd by their Grave and Wife,
And ſince ſo known in Families,
That now the Prieſts our Zeal compel,
And when the Sexton rings the Bell,
Wedneſdays and *Fridays*, Sinners meet,
The Rich ſay Prayers, go home and eat,
The poorer ſort trade on and cheat.
'Twas *Friday* then ſhe ſet the Day,
Becauſe the *Cadiz* went to pray,
And 'twas moſt proper I ſhould come,
Aſſur'd he would not be at home,
To exerciſe my Love Eſſays,
And merit her Soul-ſaving Grace.
My dear ſucceſsful Dame at this,
Could hardly ſhrowd her Happineſs,
She made fine Court'ſies——with low Stoop,
And drop'd upon the Floor her Hoop;
From Coat, that cover'd her fat Side,
That was at leaſt ſome ten Foot wide;
When getting through the Door, at laſt
With eager Joy to me do's haſt,
And finds me full of Pain and Doubt,
And ſcarcely able to hold out;
Till ſhe with words like *Hermon* Dew,
My Vigour did once more renew.
Not poor Delinquent, whoſe Offence,
Cram'd in a Multitude of Sins,
Condemn'd is by Judicial Might,
Gallows at Hand, and Death in Sight,
At his Reprieve receives the Joy
With half ſo much Concern as I;
Her Cordial Sickneſs did command,
I ſeiz'd my Dame, I kiſs'd her Hand.
Her Tale my Soul did ſo ſurprize,
My Fever ceas'd, I fain would riſe;
And when ſhe *Friday* nam'd, the Time
I was to meet the Joy ſublime;
I thought from *Tueſday* to that Hour
Would be an Age, at leaſt, or more.
My Thanks innumerable were,
But thoſe did not conclude th' Affair;
A Purſe I gave, with grateful Will,
Which, as a hundred Broads, did fill;

My old well acting Friend ſoon thought
I did not uſe her Skill for nought.
With ſome wry Mouths, and ſimp'ring Eyes,
Refuſing Hands, and Court'ſies nice;
She long deny'd the moving Purſe,
Said, Sir, you are too generous;
My Love and my Reſpects were greater
Than to take Preſents of this Nature;
But when her Hand I kindly preſs'd,
Her Fingers open'd all at laſt.
She told me when the long'd for Day
Appear'd, the *Cadiz* gone to pray,
I muſt be there, 'twixt twelve and one.
Stand where I ſaw her laſt alone;
And if ſuch Cure were in her Eye,
I ſhould not want a full Supply,
To let me in, ſhe'd come below,
Which yet her Father muſt not know;
For he Mens Paſſions counted not,
Nor valu'd Lovers Deaths a Groat.
When ſhe was gone, my Time I paſt
With eating Soop,—that pleas'd my Taſte;
Love's Medicine made me quick Amends,
I roſe next Day to meet my Friends;
Who freely their Rejoycings pour'd,
I was ſo well from Death reſtor'd.
Friday at laſt came, tho' not ſoon,
When Heaven I was to ſee at Noon;
I choſe my beſt Apparel out,
And would have bath'd, but was in Doubt.
A Cold that I might get by that,
Might baulk my juſt recover'd State;
To ſhave then might that Trouble ſave,
Which to perform I Orders gave.
My Servant then a Barber ſought,
And this confounded Creature brought.
And here the Gentleman once more,
The Hearers Patience did implore,
That it might o'er their Senſe prevail,
And thus went forward,——with his Tale.

The Tale of the horrible impertinet BARBER.

No ſooner had this Wretch appear'd,
And peep'd upon my Face and Beard;

But

But could my Ills by Paleneſs tell,
I fear, crys he, Sir, you're not well.
I told him, (true) a Fever had,
(Juſt lately paſt) Diſorder made;
May Heav'n, continued he, whoſe Beams
Dilate, with Graces in Extremes;
Be with you, and oblige you ſtill.
Thanks, Sir, ſaid I, ——I hope they will:
Now, Sir, ſays he, pray let me know,
What Service you would have me do;
With *Razors*, *Lancets*, I am ſped,
Will you be ſhav'd, or elſe be bled?
Not bled, return'd I, in this State,
My Sickneſs has diſcourag'd that:
But if you'll ſhave me, and make haſt,
And not loſe time in pratling faſt,
Becauſe the Hours do ſwiftly haſt,
You'll give me Cauſe,—e'er one, to try,
A ſpritely Scene of laſting Joy.
Oh, Sir, I'm quick, then anſwer'd he,
As quick as mortal Man can be!
He then his open'd Caſe did ſhew,
And ſets his *Razors* in a Row;
His Baſon too was glittering ſeen,
But e'er he put the Water in,
Hold, Sir, cry'd he—,You're ſo ſublime,
In managing the Points of Time,
That what the Sun ſays I muſt ſee,
When 'twill be one, in his Degree.
With this, he from his Pocket takes,
An *Aſtrolabe*, and out he walks,
As grave as *Aſtronomick* Wight,
When he would tell the *Meteor*'s Might:
An *Aſtrolabe* to them that miſs,
The skill of knowing what it is;
I muſt declare 'tis found by ſome,
Who skilful Star-gazers become,
An Inſtrument *, made to deſcry,
All Planets heights, that move on high.
Can tell what heights the Sun, with Tryal,
And Hours, much better than a Dial,
Of Motions, and of Diſtances,
Of Lengths and Breadths in all Degrees;

* *Aſtrolabe.*

By

By which the Barber made it known
It wanted two long Hours to one.
Sir, says the Beast, when he came in,
Disposing now to shave agen;
This Day a noted *Friday* is,
The Month is *Safar* *, as you guess;
Which from the Annal fifty three,
Our Prophet's great Retreatment, we
From *Mecha* to *Medina* see,
And in the Numbers given of Years
When the *Epocha* plain appears;
Of great † *Iskinder* with two Horns,
Whose sacred Name the Art adorns.
We find that *Mars* and *Mercury*
Conjunctive joyn'd, do signify
That you can't choose a better Day
For taking of your Beard away;
But on the other hand, pray mind,
The same Conjunction thus design'd
Is a bad Presage too, that thence
May bring you Inconvenience;
Which if imprudent you receive,
It may attend you whilst you live.
To shun it then, Sir, be so wise,
And thank me for my good Advice;
This Counsel Knowledge now prepares,
And my good Judgment in the Stars.
Now, Gentlemen, I hope you guess,
That have already heard my Case,
How I could like, and how dispense
With this begun Impertinence.
My Heart that on the Lady's Score
Was wasting then the Minutes o'er,
But very little pleas'd cou'd be
With this vile Fool's Astronomy;
I told him, therefore, in some Heat,
I car'd not what he did repeat;
Nor did my Head that Moment prize,
His grand Predictions, or Advice;

* *This Year 653, is one of the* Hegira, *the common* Epocha *of the* Mahometans.

† Alexander *the Great, who is sometimes call'd by the* Arabians Iskinder, *with the two Horns.*

Or any way concern'd could be
With his acute Chronology.
You now came hither, Sir, to ſhave,
Pray do ſo, and your Tenets ſave;
No Speeches farther, pray, Sir, ſhave,
Or I'll another Barber have.
The Caitiff then, beyond all Grace,
With a ſtanch Dulneſs in his Face,
Another Barber, Sir, ſays he,
You can no other have like me:
You late did for a Barber call,
A Barber 'twas, and that was all:
A common Barber, but in me
You have one of extreme Degree;
The beſt in *Bagdad* you have found,
It may be in the Nation round;
Beſides, that Title is too low,
For I am a Phyſician too.
Chymiſtry know profoundly well,
An Aſtrologue infallible,
Grammarian finiſh'd, Orator,
Logician, ſubtle as *Du Flour*.
In Mathematicks all agree
I'm vers'd; as firſt, Geometry,
Arithmetick, Aſtronomy;
And all Diviſions, without flaw
Of *Ptolemy* in *Algebra*:
Hiſtorians never could diſperſe
More Kingdoms of the Univerſe:
Beſides, moſt learned Sir, I know
Whence all Philoſophy do's flow;
My Skill their falſe Tradition mends,
I have all at my Fingers ends.
I've Poetry, Architecture got;
I am, alas! what am I not?
There's nothing in grave Nature lies
That can be hidden from my Eyes:
Your Father late, to whoſe ſad Death
In Memory of Tears bequeath,
My radiant Merits did convince,
Who ſpoke of me 'mongſt Men of Senſe;
As if I th' nobleſt Artiſt were
That ever ſhav'd, or clipt a Hair;
And now, to give his Friendſhip due,
I'm willing to take up with you;

Protection chooſe then, make amends,
You'll find the Stars are all my Friends.
This Stuff, good Sirs, he chatter'd off,
Which I confeſs had made me laugh,
But that the Bell for Prayers begun,
And I was mad to have him done;
Crys I, ye Pratler, hold your Peace,
Will you yet ſhave me, will you ceaſe?
Sir, anſwers he, you can't accompt
For giving me this vile Affront;
You call me Pratler, but the known
Of thoſe who are in Judgment grown,
The worthy Name of Silent give
When they would my Diſcourſe receive.
'Tis true, I had ſix Brethren once,
Whom Pratlers you might well pronounce,
And to diſtinguiſh right their Fames,
I think it fit you know their Names;
The firſt was *Backbone*, ſhort and black,
The ſecond *Backbra*, third *Backbac*;
Barbrack the fourth, fifth *Almaſted*;
The ſixth was *Schacabak* the red.
Theſe were Impertinent with Noiſe,
But for my part, as younger Choice,
I ſtill was found mute and conciſe,
My learn'd Diſcourſes grave and wiſe.
Oh! Gentlemen, you're now aſſur'd
Th' Aſſaſſination I endur'd;
Give him, ſays I to th' Houſekeeper,
Who, waiting my Commands, was there,
A Piece, and ſend the Devil away,
For I will not be ſhav'd to day.
How, Sir, ſaid he, with ſtarting then!
Not ſhav'd to day, what is't you mean?
Did you not ſend for me to come,
And take me from my Houſe at home?
Made me neglect my Buſineſs there,
As I'm a *Muſſulman* I ſwear
By the grand Faith I owe to that,
You muſt and ſhall be ſhav'd, that's flat;
Your Face ſhall feel my artful Force,
Or I'll not ſtir out of your Doors;
If you my Virtues value not,
That is not, ſhall not, be my Fault.

Your noble Father Juſtice did
Whene'er he ſent for me to bleed:
Sit down, ſays he, in Elbow Chair,
And ſome fine Matters let me hear;
I kept him in continual Strain,
I talk'd, I raviſh'd him again;
And when I finiſh'd my Diſcourſe,
Oh God! cry'd he, what rapid Source!
What inexhauſtible Degrees
This Barber has of Sciences?
No Bard his depth of Knowledge bears,
And each one muſt admire that hears.
My moſt dear Sir, ſaid I again,
I can't deſerve this Honour done;
If any fine thing I purſue
'Tis always to your Favour due,
Your liberal Worth inſpires my time,
And makes me render things ſublime;
You prune my Thoughts with artful Eaſe,
And give me Happineſs to pleaſe.
One Day when I regal'd his Brain
With a moſt admirable Strain,
Give him, ſays he, for this Diſcourſe
An hundred Pieces in a Purſe,
Fetch him a rich Robe never worn,
We muſt this wond'rous Wit adorn;
The Servant his Commands purſu'd,
And not to taint my Gratitude,
His Horoſcope I ſtraight outdrew,
And found it happy, as 'twas true;
And to declare my grateful Mood,
With Cupping Glaſſes let him Blood.
This long Harangne, near half an Hour,
Patch'd full of Lies, his Tongue did ſhower,
And tho' a fretful Rage did ſway,
Yet then I knew not what to ſay;
'Till I at laſt, with cautious Heed,
Thought Mildneſs better would ſucceed;
For Heavens ſake, ſaid I, then (cool)
Since fine Diſcourſes make me dull,
Diſpatch me preſently, I pray,
For I have an Affair to day
That to the laſt Importance tends,
Shave me, and be my beſt of Friends.

At theſe Words ſpoke, ſo mild and fair,
The Hound with his *Laconick* Air,
That more Impertinence gave place,
Laugh'd out to ſee my modeſt Grace.
It would, ſaid he, moſt gravely then,
Be a rare Topick amongſt Men,
If we our Paſſions could refrain,
Or that our Minds were of one Strain ;
That ſo we might grave Temper prize,
And always be accounted wiſe.
Your Humour late, that I agree,
Shew'd ſeeming Anger turn'd at me,
Is your Diſtemper, which do's cauſe
A Change, and not what Reaſon draws :
For Reaſon ſays, you ſhould receive
Some wiſe Inſtructions I can give,
And take for your Example there
Your Father and your Grandfather ;
Who when Reſults would not agree,
Came wiſely and conſulted me ;
Who, without Vainneſs, eas'd their Minds,
They prov'd my Counſel in all kinds ;
And would you do as they have done,
You without Hazard might go on.
Obſerve me, Sir, and take good heed,
In Enterprize Men don't ſucceed,
Unleſs they properly adviſe
With ſome quick-ſighted Friends, and wiſe ;
Which, as the Proverb aptly tells,
Is one that is like me,— not elſe.
Here, here I am, Sir, fix'd and bound
To any Service you'll propound ;
To act, or counſel, ſpeak, or write,
And ſet you in a fairer Light.
Confound your damn'd Impertinence,
Cry'd I, and your Hobgoblin Senſe,
That do's in no Regard proceed,
But only means to ſplit my Head,
And keep me from a Place of Bliſs
Where I ſhould reap all Happineſs.
Shave me, I ſay,—let it be done,
Begin this Moment, or be gone.
Then in a Huff I ſtorm'd and ſwore,
And ſtamp'd my Foot againſt the Floor ;

My Rage ſuch Acts of Paſſion had,
He well might think I was half mad,
When this egregious Devil had ſeen
The horrid Anger I was in,
No more, ſaid he, I will begin.
Then lather'd me with Ball well ſiz'd,
And his bright metal'd Razor poiz'd;
But four Sweeps he had ſcarcely given
My Face, but ſtopping, cry'd, By Heaven,
Your Haſtineſs ſuch Tranſports rais'd,
I muſt needs tell you I'm amaz'd;
'Tis, Sir, the Devil that do's controul,
And ſway the Motions of your Soul;
This makes my Merits of light Strain,
My great Conſiderations vain:
This makes my ſhining Virtues dull,
My Knowledge weak, and I a Fool;
Retards all Judgment from your Eyes,
That God-like ſhould your Heart ſurprize;
But I reſolve, maturely grave,——
Damme, ſays I, reſolve to ſhave;
Shave, ſhave me, ye eternal Fop,
The Suds that ye half left me, ſtop
My Tongue from Railing. *Sir, I've done,*
Reply'd the Raſcal, and went on
So far, that now the Rogue was got
From my Chin part down to my Throat.
Stop, ſtop your Mouth, cry'd he, good Sir,
For fear I hurt your Jugular;
Whoſe *extra* riſing may betray
Your Life at every Word you ſay;
Let Moderation gently ſoar,
Then pratled half an Hour, or more.
The Clock, ſaid I, juſt Twelve has gone,
Speak, ſpeak no more, go on, go on.
Paſt Twelve, he cry'd, it cannot be,
But to reſolve ye I'll go ſee.
His Aſtrolabe then ſtraight he felt,
And clapping Razor in his Belt,
Into the Yard he quick do's run
To take the Noon-tide by the Sun;
Then coming back, 'tis not that Hour,
Says he, by Aſtronomick Power;
My Aſtrolabe each Minute knows,
No matter how the Dial goes.

Think, Sirs, how much I was in Wrath,
My Beard half ſhav'd, the reſt in Froth;
My Eyes with Rage did wildly ſtare,
Was half a Beau, and half a Bear;
I would have ſpoke a raving Oath.
But half the Suds ran in my Mouth,
'Till ſwallowing ſome, wiping the reſt,
I thus began.——Ye curſed Beaſt,
Fiend, that my Soul has fill'd with Hurry,
You are no Barber, you're a Fury;
Shaver of Miſchief, Son of Bitch,
I know not how to frame my Speech;
Nor what 'tis ſtops me with ſud Face
From Strangling of a Whelp ſo baſe,
Ye Cur, ye motley Brach.——*Hold, Sir,*
Of deviliſh Paſſion pray take care,
The Scoundrel cry'd, and with grave Look
From off his Belt the Razor took,
And when I three Sweeps more had got
His Weapon then had paſs'd my Throat;
But yet his Tongue could not forbear
To ask what Buſineſs urg'd this Care,
And what 'twas I was going about,
That made my Paſſion ſo break out?
Well, well, ſaid I, if that's the Caſe,
And that will make ye end my Face,
I'm going now ſome Friends to meet,
That in a merry Hour think fit
To dine, and drink a Glaſs by th' by,
Upon my Health's Recovery.
This, tho' a Lye, I thought muſt do,
Provided he could think it true.

When this was ſaid, the Villain then,
As if he was the beſt of Men,
Put a dull Air upon his Face,
Heaven proſper, Sir, ſays he, your Days;
May that Diſeaſe you late have born
Approach no more, nor Heat return
To hurry your Soul's brighter part,
From Judgment of my ſage Deſert:
The Story of your merry Treat
Amongſt your Friends, with mine do's meet;
Who have invited five or ſix
To dine, and with good Humour mix,

And turn the paſſive Hours of Day
To Mirth that ſhall be briſk and gay.
'Twas now I thought I had the Fate
To make the Fellow ceaſe to prate:
I told him then, tho' Friends had Power
To bring me out, yet I had ſtore
Of good Proviſions left t' appear,
And if he would diſpatch me here
I'd give it all; to make Amends,
Treat and be merry with his Friends;
Bottles too, fine he ſhould agree 'em.
Bleſs you, ſays he, pray let me ſee 'em?
With that, to pleaſe him, one was there
I ſent to bring in the good Fare;
A Lamb, four Capons, and ſome Fiſh,
Twelve Ortolans to make a Diſh,
As many Pitchers of good Wine.
'Tis well, cry'd he, 'tis very fine;
And with ſome Sweeps more after this
He made a ſhift to end my Phiz,
Pleas'd with this liberal Happineſs.
When he had done he made a Bow,
Was almoſt to the Ground as low;
And cry'd, your Father, Sir, I find
In each part of your gen'rous Mind;
I thank ye for your noble Care,
My Friends too ſhall your Bounty ſhare,
And now I'll tell ye who they are.
No, no, ſays I, that Pains don't take,
And pray, Sir, let me ſee your Back.
My Back, crys he, e'er I make known
My Friends to bleſs this Bounty ſhewn,
'Fore gad it muſt not be.——The firſt
In proper Station born and nurs'd,
Is one that th' good Employment hath
Of rubbing People at the *Bath*
To clear their Skins, his Name *Zaitout*;
The ſecond *Sali*, goes about
The ample Streets of *Bagdad* round,
And crys boil'd Peaſe, three *Sols* a Pound,
In husks, or out, as he thinks fit;
A Man that great Renown do's get
'Mongſt Female Kind who ſtarch and knit.

The third *Sallout*, who barters Beans;
The fourth *Askerſcha*, that ſells Greens,
Carrots, and Turnips, fit for Queens.
Aboumkerez, who lays the Duſt,
And *Caſem*, hardy, ſtout, and Juſt,
At Halbert good for Blow or Thruſt;
Who famous ever was prepar'd
The *Caliph*'s beſt of his Life-guard.
Amongſt theſe Perſons there's not one
That's quarrelſome or peeviſh grown,
They'll have more Pleaſure at their Sport
Than th' *Caliph* has with his gay Court:
None of all theſe but Wit propounds,
Confound 'em all, crys I, Odz—ds,
Shall I not yet be quiet made
Tho' you are feaſted, and you're paid,
Will you not look like one that goes,
That I may now put on my Cloaths?
You ſhall do't inſtantly, crys he,
But one thing you muſt hear from me;
'Tis of *Zantout*, the firſt of theſe,
The Wit I told you, that ſells Peaſe;
A Song he ſings call'd *Bagdad*'s Choice,
For you muſt know he has a Voice,
And chants, like *Engliſh D'Urfey* Whims,
Of Humour upon all Extremes;
'Tis of *Tom Stich*, and do's belong
To one o'th Opera's there ſung;
When *Caponides* trills and ſqueaks,
And Nonſenſe with the Audience takes.
I ſhake juſt like him, lend your Ear,
And Trillo ſhall with Art appear:
The Paper's here, to make this good,
Which he'd preſent do what I cou'd.

The BARBER's *comical Song*, *Recitative and Air*, *abuſing the* OPERA's.

RECITATIVE.

From Shipboard rais'd on high in croſs-leg'd Poſture,
From toping two full Pots to raiſe new Vigour,
I from my Wedlock am like Inſect roving,
To ſeek from yon' gay *Tuba* Roſe freſh Odour.

AIR.

That *Tuba* Roſe, my Friends, when ſaid,
Touch'd me ſo cloſe, it made me mad.
But now for the Air.

AIR.

Ah me, poor love-ſick humble Bee,
That fly o'er Trees ſo tall and proper,
To meet my Tuneful Cowlady;
And hear her ſing an Air at Supper.
Ah, deareſt Cow,——
Ah, deareſt Cow,——
Ah, deareſt deareſt Cowlady,
Since I by Fate am thine;
Say then, ſweet Hum,——
Sweet Buz and Hum;——
Sweet Hum and Buz, or Buz and Hum,
Thou ever wilt be mine.

This Song, Sirs, with an aukward Face,
And your *Italian* ſingers Grace,
He breath'd me out, tho' not in Tune,
Then danc'd me *Caſem*'s Rigadoon;
Whilſt I bewail'd my Deſtiny,
Ready to laugh, ready to cry;
Unfit to ſay or do a thing
That could him to Concluſion bring,
'Till he at laſt addreſſing on
I'm now, Sir, going to be gone;
But I've a generous Thought that ſays
You may, Sir, do me ſpecial Grace;
Which is, that you will be ſo free
To leave your trivial Company,
And be ſo good to dine with me.
Your Friends, perhaps, for want of Senſes,
May teize you with Impertinences,
And bring again your Malady,
From which you have juſt now got free;
But this you know, you're ſure of me:
Who ſtill ſhall pleaſe ye with the force
Of my Incomp'rable Diſcourſe.
Now notwithſtanding all my Rage,
And the vaſt Love that did engage,
This Rogue's confounded Impudence,
And Volume of Impertinence,

Made me a Smile half acted ſhew,
Yet I to anſwer him cry'd no;
I could not to his Friends be ſhewn,
But muſt make ready for my own.
Nothing was yet to help me found,
My Mildneſs gain'd of him no Ground;
But after what I ſaid, crys he,
Sir, you've improv'd my Modeſty,
And I'm aſham'd I did not own
The Folly I have lately done,
To let you meet your Friends alone.
You have moſt freely given a Treat
To mine, of precious Wine and Meat;
And in return what Beaſt am I
Not t' offer ye my Company;
Let 'em regale, be merry too,
Be pleas'd to take me, Sir, with you.
My Merits, and my comick Strain,
Humour, and Learning too, not vain,
Your beſt of Friends ſhall entertain.
I'll carry ſtraight your Preſent home,
And inſtantly to you I'll come:
If you have there engag'd a Feaſt
I ſhall be found the *primiere* Jeſt;
You'll pleaſe 'em all with bringing me,
I'm ſuch engaging Company.
Heavens, cry'd I then, will nothing do,
Conſider, Friend, what you purſue?
The People I ſhall meet with there
Are of a different Character,
Not prone to any other thing
But what Diverſion we ſhall bring.
No Jeſt, crys he, they e'er will ſpeak
But I ſhall ſtill Diverſion make:
Your Modeſty is much too nice
In thus refuſing one ſo wiſe;
But I'll controul your Humour now,
And to oblige ye make a Vow
To go with ye, and ſhew my Skill,
Do what you can, ſay what you will.
I rav'd again, but 'twas all one,
The Slave went on as he begun,
And I had no way pertinent
At laſt, but giving my Conſent;

I ſhall,

I ſhall, thinks I, then get him out,
And to avoid him make no doubt.
Well, well, ſaid I, you've gain'd your Ends,
You ſhall, Sir, go and ſee my Friends;
Your over-acted Courteſy
Has manag'd this Conſent from me.
Go then and carry home your Feaſt,
And take my Servants to aſſiſt;
Whence ſoon return, as you think beſt,
And you will find me ready dreſt.
This curſed Beard-clipper, that ſtood
And ſaw me act a Humour good,
Much better than he had deſerv'd,
And with my Preſent being well ſerv'd,
Went out that Moment, telling me
He'd be returning inſtantly.
This pleas'd me beyond all Affairs,
For now the Saints Bell rang to Prayers,
And I, in ſpite of his vile Crime,
Had with my Miſtreſs kept the time;
The fav'rite Moment coming on,
As being juſt 'twixt Twelve and One;
But this damn'd Fellow born to be
In every kind a Plague to me,
Went home, and chancing then to find
His Friends not come, as they deſign'd,
Return'd with Speed, as he thought fit,
And ſaw me coming thro' the Street;
That I had baulk'd him ſtraight he knew,
But yet that he might Miſchief do,
Me at the Door he ſoon had ſeen
Where the great *Cadiz* liv'd let in;
Saw my fair Saint, whoſe Eyes ſtroke deep,
Divinely from her Window peep;
And finding me ſuch Favour ſhare,
Muſt think 'twas Love that brought me there;
A kind old Woman ſtraight made way
And brought me up where Beauty lay;
Where my fond Heart receiv'd a Feaſt
Of Pleaſure not to be expreſs'd.
Cut-beard ſtood watching all this time,
And I, my Joy was ſo ſublime,
Had tir'd the Hours that hurry'd on,
And ſtay'd ſo long 'till Prayers were done:

But ſcarce did I with Love purſue,
Th' Effects of this dear Interview,
But at the Door a Noiſe we heard;
For which my Angel, not prepar'd,
Found that it was her Father come
Before he was expected home.
She knew his rigid Humour well,
And how t' excuſe me could not tell;
Yet hop'd, altho' ſhe me had met,
He'd not to her Apartment get;
But that ſhe ſhould, with little ſtay,
Get me from thence convey'd away.
But now, whilſt ſhe my Soul did chear,
You ſhall another Story hear;
And how this Shaver, doubly curſt,
Still plagu'd me, as he did at firſt.
The Reverend *Cadiz* taking Care
Of managing his Houſe Affair,
Had, for ſome grand Performance ſlipt,
Order'd a Slave to be well whipt;
Who feeling the Effects, his Voice
Extended with outrageous Noiſe,
And made ſuch Clamour within Doors
As if a Hangman ſhew'd his Force;
Which made this Devil, who ſtood cloſe
Where I firſt ſaw the *Tuba* Roſe,
Hearing the Blows repeated be,
And the Cry laſt, believe 'twas me;
And that the *Cadiz*, known ſevere,
Had laſh'd me for my coming there.
Mad with a Crime of Wrong ſuppoſe,
With furious haſte away he goes;
Calls all my Servants inſtantly,
And every Neighbour that was by;
Tells all the Story known of late,
And how that odious Magiſtrate
Finding I to his Daughter ſlipt,
Had, like a School-boy, vilely whipt.
The gather'd Mob the *Cadiz* hated,
And hearing now this Tale related;
That they'd pull down the Houſe, they cry'd,
Were I not freed, and ſatisfy'd.
Their Rage the Barber ſtrove t' augment,
And to his ſland'rous Tongue gave vent;

And hearing the old Father ſwear
That never any Man came there,
Runs up to him with Oaths and Yells,
And this prodigious Story tells.
Ye curſed *Cadiz*, how ſhould you
Know all things in your Houſe they do?
Your Daughter hides her am'rous League,
And you know nought of her Intrigue;
'Till you the vent'rous Youngſter got,
And ſlaſht him for his loving Fault;
But I muſt tell your mudled Brain
She knows how ſhe ſhould entertain;
She gave him tender Entrance when
Your Honour pray'd and cry'd *Amen.*
Appear'd with Charms kind Lovers draw,
And this that I declare—I ſaw.
Oh horrid Monſter! fit for Jayl,
Oh poys'nous Tongue! beyond avail,
Did ever Fiend tell ſuch a Tale?
The *Cadiz*, as I told you here,
Was grave, and wiſe, and moſt ſevere;
To Honour ty'd, and Dignity,
So regular to his Family,
That if his Daughter wild had bin,
And wantonly had let me in;
She managing no more Eſſays,
Had loſt his Grace her reſt of Days.
The Lady too was quite undone,
At this vile Speech was carry'd on;
Who knowing what was done of late
Was to retrieve my Soul from Fate,
Was almoſt to Diſtraction brought
To find her Charity—her Fault;
But I confounded more had been,
I trembled, and durſt not be ſeen;
But got up to ſome Room above
To hide me from that burſtling Drove.
Mean time pray mind the Father's Caſe,
Who glad to give the People Eaſe,
Declar'd he nothing knew of me;
That they ſhould ſearch, that they ſhould ſee;
That he well knew his Daughter's Care,
Had ne'er eſpous'd that ſtrange Affair;
Which hearing they got quickly looſe,
And all went in to ſearch the Houſe.

Whilſt they were gone with Mobbiſh Hurry,
To ſave me from the Father's Fury,
I look'd about my new got Place
To ſeek what Hole to hide me was;
And accidentally a Cheſt
I found, where Lumber had been preſs'd;
Old Shirts and Stockings, Coats and Hats,
With Med'cines ſtow'd in Gallipots.
In ſhort more Scents it did incloſe
Than ever damnify'd a Noſe;
But theſe were Eſſences to me
If I could hide in't, and be free.
A catching Lock there was that would
Have clos'd me well, but e'er I could
Enſconce comes up this Devil agen.
Faith, Sir, you're right, ſays he, get in;
Beſt way to be unknown you take,
I'll bear ye off upon my Back;
The Neighbours here are ready too
To help ye without more ado.
With that he took the Cheſt away,
Not hearing what I had to ſay;
But call'd his Neighbours, one by one,
To help him with his Burthen down.
I was ſo ſtunn'd at this ſtrange Ill
I let him do't, and ſo lay ſtill;
Believing if I fell in Rage
His act I could not diſengage.
But now behold the Curſe I got
By this damn'd buſy Fellow's Plot;
They made ſuch haſte with their Affairs,
And went ſo jumbling down the Stairs,
This curſed Barber ſlipt at laſt,
And down ten Steps the Cheſt was caſt.
My Leg ſo vile a Sprain it gave
No Remedy I'm like to have:
Yet tho' this fatal Miſchief came,
And I'm to be for ever lame;
Tho' thus my Body plagu'd muſt be
By this vile Scoundrel's Villany,
Yet what fell afterwards gave more
Of Wrong than I had known before.
The *Cadiz*, that had noted all,
Stood juſt below, and ſaw me fall;

Found that the Barber right had been,
And that his Daughter let me in;
The Shame of which, in its Degree,
So nauſeous to his Gravity,
He made a Speech the Mob to quell,
And ſhuts *Amanda* in a Cell.
Own'd there ſome wanton Truth muſt be,
And would have known the Truth from me;
But I, with Pain by my ſtrange Sore,
Made ſhift to get me out of Door;
And hobling then, tho' not apace,
Not far from thence I found a Place
Where liv'd a Friend that baulk'd the Rout,
Lock'd me ſoon in, and kept them out;
The Barber and his motley Crew,
That he had rais'd, my Love t' undo.
Now, Sirs, you find me quite undone,
My Love betray'd, my Miſtreſs gone;
The *Cadiz* raging to degree
Againſt his Daughter there, and me;
Reſolving all the Truth to know
Whatever Scandal it might ſhew;
Whilſt I, that did the Miſchief find,
That now I ne'er ſhould make her kind,
And that her Father's Anger might
Purſue me with uncommon Height;
Straight left the Town diſturb'd and griev'd
Where he and this curs'd Barber liv'd;
Hoping, tho' lame, to find ſome Eaſe
Where he ſhould ne'er my Senſe diſpleaſe.
Now to *Batfora* being retir'd,
And here a friendly Surgeon hir'd,
He ſcarce one Week has help'd my Evil,
But here agen I've met this Devil.
And thus you'll find my Tale will cloſe,
For now I've met my worſt of Foes,
And better ſhould a Treat eſteem
With Satan, than to dine with him.
And now the noted Tale was done
The Gentleman would fain be gone,
Finding, to raiſe the Comedy,
Barber was going to reply;
Who made wry Mouths, with Hums and Haws,
As if he would controul the Cauſe;

But they that heard were ſo well pleas'd
With what the Gentleman expreſs'd,
They would not let the Shaver ſpeak,
But took him rudely by the Neck,
And all together pray'd the Hoſt
He might not ſhare the Boil'd nor Roaſt;
Who, willing to pleaſe all were there,
Thruſt Barber out to dine elſewhere;
Reſolv'd no farther to commence
The Plague of ſuch Impertinence.

Socrates and *Timandra:*

OR,

Love the beſt Philosopher.

The firſt Moral Story in Two Canto's.

Done from ſome Hints in Proſe out of the *French* by Monſieur *Bel Forreſt*, into *Engliſh* Verſe.

With large Additions and Embelliſhments by *T. D'URFEY.*

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Socrates and *Timandra*:

OR,

LOVE the beſt PHILOSOPHER.

The firſt Moral STORY.

1.

WHEN *Europe* gloried in her Learn'd and Brave,
And *Greece* from many Empires bore the Prize;
When Wealth to Arts and Arms Precedence gave,
And Men eſteem'd it Grandeur to be Wiſe:

2.

When ſounding Title was a Trifle thought,
And Virtue prov'd an Ornament of State;
Then *Socrates*, that Rules in *Athens* taught,
Was known for Judgment to be truly great.

3.

His Soul adorn'd with glorious Sciences,
And Prudence, which did all his Actions guide,
Made large Atonement for the taking Grace,
Which Nature, to his Perſon, had deny'd.

4.

Neglectful Nature, Fav'rite but to few,
Had ſent this Jem unpoliſht to the Light;
Rough in the Quarry of ingrateful Hue,
And only in its native Virtue bright.

5.

But Fame, to make Amends, his Worth had rais'd,
Far as extended Wings the Maſs could bear;
And with loud Eccho's of repeated Praiſe,
Renown'd his Reputation far and near.

6.

The large Eſteem he gain'd, of Good and Wiſe,
Had o'er the Continent ſuch ſtrong Effect,
The Natives, and oft-times whole Families
Implor'd his Aid to councel and protect.

7.

Amongſt the Reſt, a Senator, who dy'd,
And to the Sage did perfect Friendſhip bear!
Confiding in the Virtue he had try'd,
Bequeath'd his darling Daughter to his Care.

8.

Divine *Timandra*, beautiful as Day,
When firſt the ſacred Fiat Nature bleſt;
All that was Fair did in her Face diſplay,
Whilſt all was good adorn'd her lovely Breaſt.

9.

A poinant Fancy, mix'd with ſolid Senſe,
Grew blooming onward from her Infant time;
Whoſe Seeds bleſt Reaſon's Rules did influence,
And mellow'd for the rare Meridian prime.

10.

The grateful Soil to make maturely fit
For fam'd Philoſophy to cultivate,
She readily prepar'd to form her Wit
And Knowledge, daily by a learn'd Debate.

11.

For *Socrates* reſolving to refine
The charming Mould, by bounteous Nature given,
With willing Labour taught her Arts divine,
To add to the peculiar Gift of Heaven.

12.

And often would wear out the tedious Day
To hear her Reaſons, and Diſputes admire;
Dull ſpite of Knowledge, like an Inſect play
Around her Eyes, not thinking they were Fire.

13.

Why * do you think (moſt lovely of your kind,
Oft would he ſay) the Gods made you ſo fair?
Why have they with a Dreſs adorn'd your Mind
Uncommon and particularly rare?

14.

They choſe you not thro' Anger or Diſtate,
To others which wiſe Nature did produce;
As if not being with ſuch Beauty bleſt
They were not thought ſo proper for their Uſe:

15.

But to proclaim the Soul's triumphant Grace,
Adorn'd with Reaſon, that cæleſtial Charm,
And ſhew how far its Luſtre do's ſurpaſs
The outward Ornament of fading Form.

16.

For were the ſweet Attractions of your Eyes
Leſs prevalent to vanquiſh and engage,
Your Conqueſt o'er the proud Aſſaults of Vice,
Would be but weak Example to the Age.

17.

But when in the moſt celebrated Piece,
That Nature pleas'd with her rare Work has done,
The brighteſt Planet, Paragon of *Greece*,
Who gilds the Plains like the Meridian Sun:

18.

There ſhall be found a Soul ſo nobly ſtrong,
So firmly 'gainſt all Paſſions fortified;
Which no vain Tranſports here below can wrong,
Nor from cæleſtial Principles divide.

19.

How will your glorious Story charm the Minds
Of crowding Nations, and great Princes Courts?
How will raſh Libertines, whom Error blinds,
With Shame reflect upon their vain Efforts?

20.

Timandra's Fame ſhall charm th' admiring Throng,
Her Beauty greatly prais'd, her Virtue more:
Timandra Tunes the Poets nobleſt Song
With Matter to his Muſe unknown before.

* *The firſt Leſſon of* Socrates *to* Timandra.

21.

Subſtantial Matter, born of lofty Thought,
By Wit inſpir'd, and dreſs'd in artful Phraſe;
More pure than e'er our former Sages taught,
Or can be equall'd in ſucceeding Days.

22.

Then when your Bayes, that muſt be always green,
Yearly your Temples with a Wreath ſupplies;
I too, aloft, ſhall glory to be ſeen,
Born on the Plume with which your Eagle flies.

23.

And whilſt your Fabrick of Philoſophy
Propt on the Pillars which my Art did raiſe,
Exalts its Front more eminently high,
The more ſhall I by future Bards be prais'd.

24.

Thus with a Pleaſure, fanciful and great,
The learn'd *Athenian* often ſpent his time;
Teaching new Precepts early ſtill and late,
To form *Timandra*'s Knowledge more ſublime.

25.

He taught her how wild Paſſions ſhould be curb'd,
A Love divine be priz'd, a Looſe ſuppreſt;
But oft was in this rare Deſign diſturb'd
By an Occaſion fatal to his Reſt.

26.

For prudent, as the noted Sage was known,
And learn'd, as e'er the Schools of *Athens* bred,
There yet was Failure in his Judgment ſhewn,
By a too ſpeedy raſh Conſent to wed.

27.

To tye that fatal Knot too with a Dame,
Vexatious, proud, and terrible as Death;
Who ſeem'd, as by eternal Doom ſhe came,
Only to keep his Virtue ſtill in Breath.

28.

For tho' from Parents honeſt, rich and wiſe,
In *Greece*, of good Regard, * *Zantippe* ſprung;
Her Character more grateful did not riſe,
But leſſen'd by the Tempeſt of her Tongue.

* *Wife of* Socrates.

29.

For * loud as *Northern* Blasts that swell the Deep,
Adding fear'd Ruin to the Merchant's Care;
Perpetual Jargon did her Organs keep
In constant Discord, and unbated War.

30.

A pale lean Visage, fraught with envious Air,
Discolour'd Lips, and upward turning Nose;
Brows destitute of well-becoming Hair,
Depicts too plainly one of Wedlock's Foes.

31.

Yet these were Signs of but too frequent Note,
In her who *Socrates* had made his Spouse;
Whose Eyes still met him with an angry Gloate,
Which daily caus'd Distractions in his House.

32.

For 'mongst the Furies, fond of such Retreat,
The Passions lodg'd in her unruly Breast;
Who daily with that clam'rous *Dæmon* met
With which a scolding Woman is possest.

33.

Dire Jealousy had gain'd superior Sway,
The worst Ingredient of the Female Curse;
Who wanting Patience Reason to obey,
Subjects her Will to its unthinking Force.

34.

Timandra's Beauty fann'd the fatal Fire,
Th' Indulgence too of *Socrates* was blam'd;
Wise Rules, with which he did her Breast inspire,
Enrag'd *Zantippe*, slighted, and defam'd.

35.

Who proud of a Reserv'dness, nick-nam'd Chaste,
Of which her foul Deformity was Cause;
Was with such noisy Insolence possest,
It great Distate, instead of Liking, draws.

36.

Her Virtue still was constant Argument,
Which he profes's'd did all her Actions guide;
Virtue that gives ill Nature President,
And strong Advantages to Womens Pride.

* *Her Character.*

37.

Virtue of Grace divine participates,
And in its self has still a rich Reward;
But when its Worth it proudly over-rates,
Becomes a Vice, and is of small Regard.

38.

Why have the Gods (she cry'd) possest my Heart
With such a Largess of connubial Flame,
That from vow'd Constancy I never start,
Or with loose wand'ring Thoughts my self defame?

39.

If tempting Change be such a luscious Fruit
That you must Taste, why, *Socrates*, not I?
For there's the Theme that causes our Dispute,
'Spite of the Gloss of grave Philosophy.

40.

Timandra is a Pupil of nice Kind,
Perhaps her Person fairer too than mine;
Which now to prove Variety you find
Great Pleasure with your Learning to refine.

41.

If *Alcibiades*, that charming *Greek*,
To hear me read too in my Room were lock'd,
Had *Socrates* no Reason then to speak,
Or be with Pangs of Jealousy provok'd?

42.

Yet must my Patience bear this very Day,
Whilst Dove-like Humour must reform my Will;
Tho' I have heard one of your Scholars say
Inflated with the Tenets you instil?

43.

That studious Art for different Sexes had
No Philosophick Point but one, to state,
That Male and Female, only two were made,
And sent into the World to propagate.

44.

If so, 'tis fitter for your Gravity,
Whose Precepts all Love Vanities controul,
To shun *Timandra*, lest there chance to be
Something to charm your Sense besides her Soul.

45.

Had you the Art of mixing Colours known,
Or curious Painting, she no doubt should sit:
Now noted for a Sage of great Renown,
You take Delight to cultivate her Wit.

46.

But thoſe who modeſtly, for Virtue's ſake,
Teach reverend Morals with inſtructive Care,
Without ſome ill Intentions ſeldom take
Their Pupils of that kind ſo young and fair.

47.

And here the String now to the utmoſt ſtrain'd,
And higheſt Pitch, had more diſcordant bin,
If *Alcibiades* to ſee his Friend,
The haraſs'd *Socrates* had not come in.

48.

'Mongſt all the Heroes then renown'd in *Greece*,
Whoſe Names the Trump of Fame reſounded far;
None ſo exalted were to vie with this
For noble Birth, or brave Exploits in War.

49.

A Son of *Mars*, victorious in the Field,
When Honour rais'd aloft its verdant Palm;
Tho' conqu'ring *Venus* often made him yield,
Who heal'd his Wounds with Beauty's ſovereign Balm.

50.

His * Perſon tall, his Love-inſpiring Face
Bore Female Sweetneſs, mix'd with manly Air;
A lovely Aſpect, and commanding Grace,
To awe the Foe as well as charm the Fair.

51.

Whoſe ſweet, tho' fatal Kind, lov'd to Exceſs;
His Conſtitution ſanguine, hot and dry;
In Times revolving made his Credit leſs,
And flag'd the Glory that once ſoar'd ſo high.

52.

For wild with lewd Deſire he ſtop'd no Tide,
But let unbounded Inclination ſway;
Neglecting Reaſon, that ſhould be his Guide,
To give himſelf to ravenous Luſt a Prey.

53.

Temples, as ſome believe, he durſt prophane,
Nor would the Domes, or ſacred Shrines excuſe,
If tempting Beauty there was hopes to gain,
Nor Cell divine was ſafe from his Abuſe.

* *Character of* Alcibiades.

54.

A Mixture ſo admir'd, of Good and Bad,
Such Fruits of Nobleneſs, ſuch Seeds of Ill,
In any Age ne'er Compoſition made,
Nor any Breaſt but his were known to fill.

55.

Who tho' with *Socrates* moſt intimate,
And oft reſtrain'd by his prudential Care;
Who knew his Vices in ſo rank a State
Timandra's Name had yet ne'er reach'd his Ear.

56.

Cloſe in its Casket long this Jem had been,
Which now *Zantippe* ſwell'd with Female Spite.
To inſtigate this lordly Libertine,
Unlocks, to make it glitter in the Light.

57.

And with malicious Pleaſure loudly told,
Maugre her Husband's Signs to make her ceaſe,
The ſecret Treaſure, far more priz'd than Gold,
Which daily his Philoſophy did dreſs.

58.

Praiſing the Beauty which ſhe ne'er had ſeen,
'Till ſhe the hot Voluptuary fir'd;
Then wanting farther Miſchief to begin,
She only to recruit her Breath retir'd.

59.

Whilſt he, as Creatures us'd in th' Hunting Game,
Are charm'd with Sounds from the delightful Horn;
Rouz'd with this ſweet Account of Beauty's Fame,
To hear it farther, longs for her Return.

60.

Mean while he thus attacks his learned Friend:
* Is it then ſo your Morals you impoſe,
That whilſt to us their Laws you recommend,
The ſacred Myſtery your ſelf you loſe?

61.

And tho' Contempt of Paſſions be your Theme,
And ſlight Regard of fleeting Joys of Life;
You nouriſh the ſame time a Love extreme,
As it appears now by your angry Wife.

* Alcibiades *harrangues* Socrates *about* Timandra.

62.

Who having late discover'd by her Wit,
(For what cannot a jealous Woman find)
Results when you this rare *Timandra* meet,
Believes ye more than morally inclin'd.

63.

Her Beauty, 'tis declar'd, is wonderful;
Besides, when blest Occasion too invites,
I'll never think Philosophy so dull
To baffle what so sweet a Charm incites.

64.

You'll say, perhaps, the daily Rules you teach,
Like Bulwarks can your Heart from Passions fence;
Which sits aloft beyond Temptation's Reach,
Or vain Delights that would corrupt the Sense.

65.

I thought so too when late your Lessons school'd,
My roving Fancy, and sublim'd my Thought;
Yet was at last by fair * *Nemea* fool'd,
Who routed all Philosophy had taught.

66.

How often reasoning with my self I'd say,
Can I submit to burn in such vile Flames,
Who could be favour'd, would I once essay,
By any of the chief *Athenian* Dames?

67.

Shall I, whom once a Queen did not disdain,
T' acknowledge worthy of her Royal Grace,
Veil my Ambition to a Courtezan,
And Scandal fix on my illustrious Race?

68.

No, tho' her Beauty fires my youthful Veins,
A due Regard still to my self I'll have;
For Pleasure's sake alone take am'rous Pains;
Be still her fav'rite Friend, but not her Slave.

69.

But little do's that resolute wise Man
Who boasts his Safety, know what Love can do;
Nemea all my swift Designs out-ran,
Not only captiv'd, but deceiv'd me too.

* *Mistress of* Alcibiades *before his first Exile.*

70.

The pleasing Charm of each bewitching Smile,
The Wit that from her Lips did sweetly flow,
Made me believe the Palms of Glory vile,
And afterwards what follow'd this you know.

71.

I know, * reply'd the Sage, your looſe Amours,
Did you to Dangers and Disgrace resign;
Ills which no Passion in my Breast can force,
For there's vast Diff'rence 'twixt your Soul and mine.

72.

Your Riches still solicit your Delights,
Your Pleasures sought are suiting your Degree;
My Fortune's mean, secure my Days and Nights,
Nor can wild Luxury have Power on me.

73.

I value Beauty as a rare Effect
Of Nature, and to know its Cause and Powers
My Virtue thus to Exercise direct,
By the same Matter which Debauches yours.

74.

Nor should a peevish Woman's Sentiments,
The fleeting Visions of a jealous Brain;
From which she hourly forms her Discontents,
Make you a weak Belief of me retain.

75.

This Lady Chance committed to my Care,
Was my Friend's Daughter, and in *Phrygia* born;
Whose Soul, in which I noted something rare,
I own I have delighted to adorn.

76.

And Fair altho' she be as Morning Light,
Yet what Communication can you guess,
Can be 'twixt Woman's Beauty in its Height,
And the unalter'd Soul of *Socrates*?

77.

Not but the Virgin we have lately nam'd
Is worthy what Affection best can prove,
Apt to give others Cause to be inflam'd,
Altho' my Soul's incapable of Love.

* Socrates *answers* Alcibiades *in Defence of himself and* Timandra.

78.

The Seeds that form'd it of uncommon kind,
Have in the Mixture giv'n to great Allay,
Joys of more ſacred Reliſh fix my Mind,
And only Reaſon there permit to ſway.

79.

Thus Moraliſing long the Sage went on,
'Till th' illuſtrious *Greek*, whoſe Head was full
Of briſker Matters, thought fit to be gone,
Now thinking ſuch Expoſtulations dull.

80.

Timandra's Character had charm'd his Soul,
The Image of rare Beauty fill'd his Senſe,
And all Affairs of leſſer Weight controul,
To give his new born Love-Deſign Pretence.

81.

He longs to ſee this Rarity ſo priz'd,
But how t' affect it finds is ſomewhat hard;
At laſt reſolves that he muſt do't diſguis'd,
And take nice Methods to deceive her Guard.

82.

A *Phrygian* in Reſemblance likelieſt was,
He thinks, to gain Admiſſion to her Sight;
Who of her native Country could expreſs
Something like News that ſhould her Ears delight.

83.

This plotted cloſely, the next thing muſt be
To dog his Friend, the Bower of Love to find;
Which too was done, yet all this Subtlety
Controul'd by Cunning of another kind.

84.

For *Socrates*, who well the Value knew
Of the bright Gem intruſted to his Care,
Reſolv'd he would admit no Interview
That might endanger or moleſt the Fair.

85.

And therefore to grave * *Aglaonice*,
A Female Sage, whom at his Houſe he kept,
He gave ſtrict Charge none ſhould *Timandra* ſee,
And that all Letters ſhe ſhould intercept.

A fantaſtical Aſtrologeſs.

86. This

86.

This Matron fill'd with frothy Vanity
That oft intoxicates a Female Brain,
Believ'd the Science of Aſtrology
To be a Prize that ſhe with Eaſe could gain.

87.

Some ſmattering ſhe had got of Terms of Art,
With oblique Scrawling too could Schemes erect;
Conceiving ſtill the Planets would impart
Their choiceſt Secrets, and her Will effect.

88.

Timandra's Name to own too ſhe was taught
By that Deceit all Comers to amuſe;
A Plot by *Socrates* with Cunning wrought,
'Gainſt Ills that wanton Folly might produce.

89.

Which as it many had deceiv'd of late,
So now our Hero in his *Phrygian* Dreſs,
Inquiring for *Timandra* at her Gate,
Was introduc'd to the Aſtrologeſs.

90.

But never did a harmleſs Village Maid
With greater Terror, or Surprize, ſtart back;
Who gathering Cowſlips in a flow'ry Glade,
Perceiv'd beneath the verdant Leaves a Snake.

91.

Then *Alcibiades*, when hollow Cheeks
And low ſunk Eyes he in that Viſage ſaw,
His Senſes are benumb'd, he nothing ſpeaks,
But to the Door was going to withdraw.

92.

When *Aglaonice*, whoſe am'rous Heart
In th' contrary with him was ſtrangely charm'd,
Unwilling from that gracious Form to part
That had the Orders of her Soul alarm'd.

93.

Gently demands what might that Viſit mean
That to her Art ſuch Honour thus had done;
And whether there were Dangers unforeſeen,
Which to avoid might by the Stars be ſhewn.

94.

Adding, whatever Planet ſeem'd to lowr,
So brave a Perſon he appear'd to be,
They all ſhould veil to her judicial Power,
And he from future Dangers ſhould be free.

95.

When he, who with the noble Sciences
Thro' his paſt Life was ne'er diſpleas'd before,
Thought he had reaſon now to prize 'em leſs,
Believing they muſt cauſe his teizing more.

96.

For now ſhe tells him that on ſecond Thought,
She knows th' Occaſion why he thither came;
Was from the Rumour lately ſpread about,
And loudly ſounded of *Timandra*'s Fame.

97.

And that his curious Senſe might underſtand
What Beauty the great *Socrates* admir'd:
Give me (ſaid ſhe familiarly) your Hand,
Which done they to an inner Room retir'd.

98.

A Lab'ratory deckt, and furniſht round
With Globes and Schemes, and Inſtruments of Art;
'Tis here, ſhe cry'd, where conſtantly is found
The ſacred Knowledge that the Stars impart.

99.

Here you ſee what more deſerves your Praiſe
Than all the Beauty Nature frail can ſhew;
The Fate of Empires in our later Days,
And all the memorable things below.

100.

Here likewiſe daily I the Fears ſecure
Ingendred in the Breaſt of *Socrates*
Of ſome Inſults, caus'd by the Soul impure
Of the young Rover *Alcibiades*.

101.

Whoſe Figure, tho' it never met my Eyes,
The Stars minutely in my Fancy draw;
Whoſe every Action alſo open lies,
As if each Moment I ſtood by and ſaw.

102.

No ſooner the falſe *Phrygian* heard his Name,
But a Vermilion Bluſh his Face o'er ſpread;
Whence if the Matron had perceiv'd the ſame,
The Cheat might plainer then from Stars be read.

103.

But ſhe whoſe Thoughts were otherwiſe employ'd,
Soon gave him time that Danger to eſcape;
Whilſt tickling Pleaſure every Vein enjoy'd
To hear her Follies in his borrow'd Shape.

104.

He now desires her, since the Hero nam'd
Was his peculiar Friend, and dearly lov'd,
As she design'd to have her Knowledge fam'd,
And rare Appointment of the Stars approv'd;

105.

To let him know (since easy 'twas to her)
How *Alcibiades* was then employ'd;
Which if perform'd he would her Art prefer,
And scorn the Ignorant who durst deride.

106.

At hearing which she straight unscrews her Face,
And smiling Grimace turns into a Lowr,
Pores on her Book, do's all the Planets trace,
And Signs, for near the space of half an Hour.

107.

Which being wasted she her Face restores,
And with an Air that she design'd should please,
Tells him th' illustrious Rover in Amours,
And courtly Arts still past his Hours of Ease.

108.

And was that very Moment making Love
To a most charming and illustrious Dame;
Who his Addresses kindly did approve,
And met his Passion with an equal Flame.

109.

Scarce flew these Words from forth her skinny Jaws,
When our young Lover, with Desire to laugh,
Now almost black in th' Face, gave short Applause,
And with a slender Complement got off.

110.

Leaving the feign'd *Timandra* to pursue
The new Resolves she now had cause to take,
To prove her Judgment in the Planets true,
By their effectual Power to bring him back.

111.

Who scarcely had an hundred Paces gone
From the close Place where this last Scene was play'd,
But *Socrates* returning Home alone,
For all his strange Disguise, Discovery made.

112.

To whom the Lover, who beheld a Frown
Arming the angry Visage of his Friend,
Made free Confession of what late was done,
And what Attempt that Habit did intend.

113.

In rallying Words the Web unravell'd quite
Wove at his Houſe, and every Paſſage there;
But in Concluſion told him that he might
For ever after rid himſelf of Care:

114.

For if the Lady, Governeſs of Stars
And Schemes, was his *Timandra* ſo renown'd,
He had much rather in the Field of *Mars*,
And Front of Battle, than with her be found.

115.

Her ghaſtly Beauty for Infernals fit,
Should ne'er again deceive his curious Senſe;
Nor the robuſt Irruptions of her Wit
Provoke the Fire of his Incontinence.

116.

And thus with his Satyrick Vein well pleas'd,
The great *Athenian* for ſome time went on;
Whilſt *Socrates*, who now was much more eas'd
Than at the *Criſis* when the Speech began;

117.

Believing his Contrivance had ſecur'd
The true *Timandra*, and the falſe expos'd;
Longing to find his Cunning more inſur'd
Made haſte away to hear the Truth diſclos'd.

118.

Which done, and *Aglaonice* had heard
How *Alcibiades* in *Phrygian* Dreſs
Was he with whom ſhe lately had confer'd,
And ſought the Stars to prove his Love's Succeſs:

119.

The Paſſion ſhe had newly entertain'd
At this Diſcovery utter'd Rages higher,
And ſcarce from breaking out could be reſtrain'd
Such inward Strugglings bred her am'rous Fire.

120.

A Whim poſſeſs'd her Aſtrologick Pate,
Her Planet had with his ſome time agreed,
And in each Houſe, as pre-ordain'd by Fate,
By Signs ſome cloſe Conjunction muſt proceed.

121.

With this Opinion pleas'd, Joy decks her Face,
In which grave *Socrates* believ'd he ſhar'd;
And ſhe her Hearts Contentment did expreſs,
That ſhe ſo well had been *Timandra*'s Guard.

122.

He therefore once again repeats his Charge
To keep the Secret, and ſtill uſe the Name;
Recounting the paſt Dangers o'er at large,
Of which, fore-warn'd, they could not fear the ſame.

123.

But envious Fortune that ſtill takes Delight
By Croſſes Life's Tranquillity to change,
Gave Product to a Counter-plot of Spite
By Accident, both unforeſeen and ſtrange.

124.

The true *Timandra* from her cloſe Receſs,
Where daily paſs'd her ſolitary Hours,
Was for Refreſhment wander'd to a Place
Near which her Guardian held their late Diſcourſe:

125.

Where plainly was deliver'd to her Ear
The dire Reſolve of her Confinement cloſe;
The Plot of *Alcibiades* for her,
And how their Cunning did his Art oppoſe.

126.

But hearing the deform'd Aſtrologeſs
Had wrong'd her Beauty, and uſurp'd her Name,
A glowing Bluſh o'erſpreads her lovely Face,
And Anger from her Breaſt breaks out in Flame.

127.

Affront a Woman for her Dearth of Wit,
Or want of Virtue, which makes Honour live;
It yet may chance ſhe may the firſt forget,
And poſſibly the laſt ſhe may forgive.

128.

Slander of Family ſhe may excuſe,
And patiently ſuch Injury controul;
Subdue her Heart to bear the ſharp Abuſe,
But blaſt her Beauty, and you pierce her Soul.

129.

It gives a Wound in the moſt feeling part,
It tortures, and the Pang ſhe cannot bear;
The Vein is cut that Branches through the Heart,
The Life Blood bubbles, and 'tis mortal there.

130.

All which was prov'd in this unſteady Maid,
Who, tho' the Plot was form'd for Virtue's ſake,
She muſt the rigid *Socrates* upbraid,
Nor could ſuch Reſolutions kindly take.

131.
When at her Toilet ſhe beheld her Face,
Sweet as the roſie Glories of the Morn;
The charming Bloomings, and attractive Grace,
That her delightful Perſon did adorn:

132.
And then beheld foul *Aglaonice*,
With furrow'd Brow, ſunk Eyes, and barky Skin;
She rages at the vile Indignity,
And ſtrong Vexation tortures her within,

133.
So ſtrong, that ſhe reſolves her ſelf to right,
And that uncommon Injury redreſs;
Set out her Beauty in its proper Light,
Altho' ſhe makes her Virgin Credit leſs.

134.
Th' Abuſe impos'd, on that illuſtrious Youth,
Who came to ſee her, thither led by Fame;
She now reſolv'd to contradict by Truth,
And free her Beauty from the preſent Shame.

135.
Which purpos'd, each ſevere and modeſt Rule
That *Socrates* had taught ſhe paſſes by;
Neglects the awful Precepts of the School,
Whilſt now Revenge alone diverts her Eye.

136.
Full of the Paſſion Women deareſt prize,
For Wrongs ſuppos'd, a Letter ſhe deſigns,
And to the noble *Greek*, late in Diſguiſe,
With raſh Reſolve indites the following Lines.

TIMANDRA's *Letter to* ALCIBIADES.

137.
IN vain your Curioſity propos'd
A Satisfaction from the Face you ſaw;
The true Timandra *is not yet diſclos'd*
From whence you may your own Concluſions draw.

138.
This known, let generous Principle purſue
Belief of Truth, now flowing from my Breaſt;
That whilſt I to my Fame ſome Juſtice do,
My modeſt Guilt is bluſhing for the reſt.

139.

This folded up she by a Servant sent,
Upon whose faithful Trust she could depend;
Who, tho' he with a speedy Duty went,
Yet could not bring his Purpose to right end.

140.

For tho' the Billet to the Hero's Hand
He closely gave, expecting good Reward;
He soon perceiv'd a Frown in Furrows stand
Upon his Brow, which Bounty did retard.

141.

Th' Occasion thus: Craz'd *Aglaonice*,
Who still had Hopes, each Planet kindly meant;
Insur'd of their predicting Verity,
Had just before an am'rous Letter sent.

142.

Which being answer'd in neglectful Terms,
That rather Scorn than Kindness had express'd;
This second Missive gave him new Alarms,
Believing 'twas from her who wrote the last.

143.

And therefore without reading the Contents,
He bade the trusty Boy convey it back;
And since he was instructed in its Sense,
This verbal Answer to *Timandra* take.

144.

That Rules of Friendship which he did profess,
He must above all other Things prefer;
And that Engagements with great Socrates
Were such, as would admit of none from her.

145.

Then likewise adds, his sensual Appetite
No Taste of her divine Acquirements had;
Proceeding on thus with invective Wit,
That now the very Groom believes him mad.

146.

Who well remembring that the Letter came
From one who could all Hearts with Love inspire,
And kindle in each Breast a lasting Flame,
Do's at this strange Repulse the more admire.

147.

But when to fair *Timandra* he declar'd
The rude Return th' *Athenian* Chief had sent;
She hardly would believe the Words she heard
Could come from him, or could to her be sent.

148.

As when the Lilly mingles with the Rose,
Each vary'd Sweet delights the Eye by turns;
Now pale, now red, her Colour comes and goes,
Whilst in her Breast acute Vexation burns.

149.

Anger and Shame her inward Peace molest,
Her Look confus'd do's charming Feature spoil:
But here 'tis fit the Muse a while should rest,
Lest it should weary grow of studious Toil.

End of the first CANTO.

CANTO II.

150.

AS Heat and Cold imprison'd in the Sky
Within a Cloud, unruly Strugglings make,
And dart Ætherial Flashes from on high,
Dispersing Terror when the Crust do's break:

151.

So in the Void of fair *Timandra*'s Breast
Storms too are pent, which tho' of milder Kind,
Are fierce enough to rob her Soul of Rest,
And break the Bounds in which they were confin'd.

152.

Her Heart must purchase Ease by Force of Words,
Whose angry Sounds reverberate in Air;
Whilst Passion vented kind Relief affords
To Pangs which else frail Nature could not bear.

153.

When she reflects upon the Character
The Hero bore, of Amorous and Brave,
She wonders more; since his base Slight of her,
Had late confirm'd him for a Soul-less Slave.

154.

Her Billet thus return'd, in bits she tears,
And whilst her Glass reflects her just Disdain;
She's blushing pleas'd that Beauty rare like hers
Was now past Pow'r of that dull Sex to gain.

155.

For now a dire Reſolve her Mind poſſeſt,
Since he ſhe firſt had grac'd had prov'd ſo blind,
A ſecond never ſhould diſturb her Breaſt,
But from that Moment ſhe would ſcorn the Kind.

156.

Not ſo reſolv'd was our Aſtrologeſs,
Who took her late Repulſe in other Senſe,
As merely Humour in the Stars, to bleſs,
Or vex, as vary'd was their Influence:

157.

She thinks her ſelf too well confirm'd in Art
And skilful Senſe of what muſt come to paſs;
The Joys of happy Fortune to deſert,
Of which in Aſpect ſuch Appearance was.

158.

For tho' his Anſwers all were ſhort and cold
As freezing Guſts, when Winter Gales do blow,
The am'rous Scrolls ſhe wrote were warm and bold;
And Bundles weekly now his Tables ſtrew,

159.

To ſuch degree, that Patience being tir'd,
He writes at laſt (to prove Diſlike and Scorn,
And ſends by a new Meſſenger he hir'd)
A Piece that could admit of no Return.

160.

The Bearer formerly his Nurſe had been,
At *Lacedemon* born, of Humour free;
Skill'd in Intrigue too, and th' Effects had ſeen,
And ſtill moſt pleas'd, when Lovers did agree.

161.

This Pandreſs, that Miſcarriage might no more
Be fear'd, he charges to *Timandra*'s Hand
To give the Scroll, not knowing what it bore;
Who ſtraight purſues with Cunning his Command.

162.

A Merchant of ſtrange Wares ſhe feigns to be,
Buys foreign Plants, and Flowers petrify'd;
Odd Fiſh, and Inſects rare, of Earth and Sea,
With Animals of monſtrous Nature, dry'd:

163.

And furniſh'd with ſuch Rarities as theſe
She to the Bow'r where Beauty dwelt made haſte,
Where both *Timandras* (as it chanc'd) ſhe ſees;
Who great Delight to ſee her Things expreſs'd,

164.

Eſpecially learn'd *Aglaonice*;
Who in the Sage's Abſence was ſo kind
To grant her beauteous Charge the Liberty
To view the Wonders brought from *Orm* and *Ind.*

165.

But whilſt to pore a clearer Light ſhe ſought,
And at an open Window made a Stand;
The ſubtle Nurſe the Billet that ſhe brought
Would have convey'd into the Fair one's Hand,

166.

Believing by her Face it muſt be her
To whom th' illuſtrious *Grecian* had addreſt:
Then told her ſoftly, whiſpering in her Ear,
That Rarity of all was much the beſt.

167.

That there a precious Secret was inclos'd
That would her greater Admiration frame,
And more ſurprizing, was to be ſuppos'd,
Since from great *Alcibiades* it came:

168.

Which Words no ſooner reach'd the injur'd Fair
But freſh Confuſion penetrates her Senſe;
Amaz'd, that the firſt Rudeneſs offer'd her
Should now produce this ſecond Inſolence;

169.

But with a Look where Anger lovely ſhone,
And darting Rays her Eyes with Luſtre grace,
She bade *Amelia* inſtantly be gone,
(The Name of our new form'd Embaſſadreſs;)

170.

And to her Patron back return with this,
That ſhe would have him bate his Self-eſteem;
Since her Engagements to learn'd Socrates
Were ſuch as would admit of none from him.

171.

And thus concluding, to an inner Room
With haughty Air and Motion ſhe retires,
Leaving the Nurſe, who had receiv'd her Doom,
Like one who by the Law for Crimes expires.

172.

Her Trinkets ſtraight ſhe huddles up in haſte,
And now is glad ſhe has eſcap'd ſo well;
And that *Timandra* was ſo kind at laſt
The Plot ſhe did not to the Matron tell.

173.

But to her wanton Lord when home return'd,
She gave Retort in Words ſo well he knew;
With drooping Phiz her ill Succeſs ſhe mourn'd,
Whilſt Mirth in him the Repetition drew:

174.

His Laughter ſtill encreas'd at the Conceit,
Which to *Amelia* ſeems a Wonder rare;
Believing rather that a Loſs ſo great
Would ſooner have provok'd him to Deſpair.

175.

But when ſhe heard him rally on her Face,
As pleas'd he from ſuch Uglineſs was free,
Her frightful Figure, and affected Dreſs,
That form'd the Maſs of foul Deformity,

176.

She ſtops him in the Heat of his Career
At ſuch Deſcription, being more amaz'd,
And tells him the ſtrange Words he made her hear
Were ſuch as half confirm'd her he was craz'd:

177.

Then paints, as if inſpir'd by curious Art,
Her Forehead, roſie Cheeks, bright Eyes, and Hair;
The ſweet Compoſure of each other Part,
Divinely faſhion'd, and compleatly rare:

178.

But that there was another who ſtood by,
A Matron with thin Jaws, and aukward Mien;
Who with her ſwarthy Skin, and hollow Eye,
Seem'd as created to increaſe the Spleen.

179.

Whoſe wither'd Face, and vile ungraceful Form
Might well a Bedlam in his Fancy make,
Whilſt t'other Angel was all over Charm:
Which now confirms him in his ſtrange Miſtake.

180.

As in a Foreſt when the tim'rous Deer
O'er riſing Shrubs, and verdant Buſhes bounds,
Uncurb'd and free, do's on a ſudden hear
The fatal Noiſe of ſome approaching Hounds,

181.

At firſt do's ſtart, attentive then ſtands ſtill,
Whilſt now the more he hears makes leſs his Eaſe;
Juſt ſo ſurpriz'd with dreadful Sounds that kill,
Was our half murder'd *Alcibiades:*

182. His

182.

His Eyes are open, and his Senſe is clear,
The Letter plain too by *Timandra* ſent;
Which with his arrogant retort to her
Is what his Soul do's above all torment.

183.

Now likewiſe plain appear'd the Project laid
When lately he the falſe *Timandra* met;
By which the Charmer well may him upbraid
For groſs Injuſtice, and for want of Wit.

184.

Stupid beyond the common Droſs, he cry'd,
How could a Charm from that ſweet Angel's Pen
Find a regardleſs Soul ſo ſtupified,
Unleſs poſſeſt by the moſt vile of Men?

185.

Had Goddeſs Nature been thy Patroneſs,
Or prompting Reaſon rarify'd thy Mind,
Each Vein and pulſe about thee muſt confeſs
The Influence that was ſo near, ſo kind:

186.

But on the contrary loſt and forgot,
The Senſe deſpoil'd of each diſcerning Grace;
A moſt unnatural and ſordid Blot
Has ſtain'd my 'Scutheon, and defam'd my Race.

187.

Thus curſing his unlucky Stars a while,
Our now repentant Lover fretting ſtood,
Giving himſelf all Terms that could revile,
Or make Addition to his angry Mood.

188.

When wiſe *Amelia*, whoſe uncommon Wit
Was not with common Baulk to be ſuppreſt,
Do's in her quick and fertile Brain beget
A Plot, might make Amends for what had paſt.

189.

She counſels *Alcibiades* to feign
Reluctant Love to the Aſtrologeſs,
And hint by Letter his late ſlighting Vein
Was only caus'd by martial Stubbornneſs:

190.

That now her great Aſcendant had prevail'd,
And powerful Planets warring on her ſide,
His Heart's repugnant Fortreſs had aſſail'd,
And to a meek Surrender brought his Pride:

191.

Telling him, this no doubt would reinſtate
His Love with *Aglaonice* at leaſt;
And open him a Paſſage ſoon or late,
By which *Timandra*'s Wrongs might be redreſt.

192.

To this Advice he timely lends an Ear,
And as 'twas good puts it in Practice ſtraight;
Rewarding the Inventreſs for her Care,
Whoſe Project laid, may good Succeſs create.

193.

For now an am'rous Billet he indites,
Full of endearing Words and gloſſing Terms;
Mingled with fanciful poetick Flights,
That ſoon the Matron's hoping Heart alarms;

194.

Small Argument her Reaſon could convince
That Influence of the Stars had caus'd this Change,
That her Aſcendant had controul'd his Senſe,
And giv'n him now no longer Power to range:

195.

At which rejoicing, ſhe an Anſwer ſent
Expreſſing Thoughts reciprocally kind;
Then to *Amelia* do's a Ring preſent,
Her future Service faithfully to bind:

196.

Who pleas'd with good Succeſs ſtraight ſpeeds away
To tell her bounteous Maſter Tidings rare,
How his new Miſtreſs made a kind Reply,
And ſhould be more than bleſs'd to ſee him there.

197.

Thus far the new invented Plot went well,
To *Aglaonice* in Haſte he goes,
Who met him thenceforth daily in her Cell,
Whilſt abſent *Socrates* yet nothing knows.

198.

And now the Project being ripe for Fact,
And every ſubtle Motion order'd right;
He thinks it proper time to put in act
A Turn to bring him to *Timandra*'s Sight.

199.

This th' Aſtrologeſs, being ſtill at Home,
He found a Matter hard to compaſs was,
Unleſs invited ſhe Abroad would come,
Which in few Days he likewiſe brings to paſs.

200.

Not far from *Athens* ſtands a pleaſant Grove,
By Nature furniſh'd with all freſh Delight;
A Seat renown'd for Learning, and for Love,
Where Youths purſue Amours, and Sages write.

201.

Of Academies 'twas the native Seat,
A *Grecian* Bard in *Athens* loudly fam'd,
For Tracts of Learning, and Eſſays of Wit,
And from him the Academy was nam'd.

202.

Here Conferences Philoſophical
By *Socrates*, and *Plato*, oft were held;
Young Pupils too of leſſer Note, and all
That in the noble Sciences excell'd.

203.

'Twas here that *Alcibiades* believ'd
The Shades moſt proper too for his Deſign,
Where the Aſtrologeſs might be deceiv'd,
Whoſe Stars to him *Timandra* would reſign.

204.

Her he conjures by all the Powers of Love,
Since his wiſe Friend was newly return'd Home;
And they Amours could not with Freedom prove
To that Receſs at ſuch an Hour to come.

205.

Who ſtraight conſults the Stars, and thinks 'em kind,
And every Influence do's Favour give;
When we reſolve, 'tis hard to bend the Mind,
And what we wiſh we eaſily believe.

206.

The Summons ſhe obeys with eager haſte,
And to the fam'd *Lyceum* nimbly flies,
Whilſt *Alcibiades* before had plac'd
To watch her going out his truſty Spies:

207.

Who ſoon informing him the Coaſt was clear,
Since the Aſtrologeſs was newly gone,
With throbbing Heart he ſtraight his Courſe do's ſteer,
And to the Paradiſe of Love goes on.

208.

An eaſy Entrance there at firſt he gain'd,
But when endeavouring the Stairs to mount
A Servant his Intent would have reſtrain'd,
Of whom the Lover made but ſmall Account;

209.

Th' unarm'd Crown, his Hand laid on his Sword,
The trembling Slave on th' Inſtant gave him way;
Whilſt unperceiving to the Fair ador'd,
Soon found the ſweet Alcove where Beauty lay.

210.

As a young Eagle whom his Mother's Wing
Has ſhelter'd cloſe 'till ripening Days came on,
Whom ſhe to try to a high Mount do's bring,
Teach him to ſoar and gaze upon the Sun,

211.

At firſt is baulkt, he winks and ſhuts his Eyes,
Too weak as yet to bear the glorious Light;
Juſt ſo our Hero fares, ſtruck with Surprize,
Confus'd and dazzled at *Timandra*'s Sight:

212.

Delightful Beauty pleaſes him and pains;
Shame for his Guilt, and Love for what he ſaw
Poſſeſs him ſo, that ſtupid he remains,
'Till kneeling down at laſt with rev'rent Awe,

213.

Whilſt ſhe with Virgin Glory paints her Face,
Pow'rleſs to bear the Force of her Surprize,
His Tongue begins the Paſſion to expreſs
Which in his anxious Boſom glowing lies:

214.

* Was it to you, then, brighteſt of that Kind,
That Heaven to joy the World chief Bleſſing meant,
When it the moſt peculiar Grace deſign'd,
That the late horrible Repulſe I ſent?

215.

Did you, to whom my Heart was fetter'd faſt,
As ſoon as Artiſt Love the Chain could make;
Whoſe Charms, tho' diſtant, could ſubdue my Breaſt,
Send me Commands that I refus'd to take?

216.

Oh Soul-leſs Clod! oh Lump debas'd and rude!
As Nature firſt, unform'd by high Command;
Expell'd from all Effects Divine and Good,
What greater Curſe could come from *Pluto*'s Hand?

* *The Harangue of* Alcibiades *at the firſt Sight of* Timandra.

217. My

217.

My Senſes loſt did I ſo vilely ſlight
The nobleſt Product of cæleſtial Care,
Expell'd from Reaſon, and depriv'd of Sight,
Affront the Beauty I now find ſo rare?

218.

Ah, Madam, what Atonement can I make?
What Puniſhment do I deſerve to feel?
'Tis far too little if I Death ſhould take
From Fire, or Poyſon, or avenging Steel:

219.

Or worſe than all, condemn my ſelf to loſe
The Bleſſing of adoring thoſe ſweet Eyes;
But that my Soul's Perdition would encloſe,
For in that Torment ſure Damnation lies.

220.

To purchaſe Grace could my repentant Heart,
And all the Love and Service couch'd within,
For ever to be laſting have Deſert
To make Amends for its late ſordid Sin.

221.

See at your Feet where low and humbly lies
Your Beauty's Slave, the Creature of your Will;
Who lives for you, and by your Order dies,
So abſolute's your Power to ſave or kill.

222.

By Bounty undeſerv'd, if I may live,
Then of Injuſtice done you I complain;
Nor can I *Socrates* allowance give,
Whoſe Humour do's your Liberty reſtrain;

223.

Excluding thus the World from a Delight
Superior to all other Happineſs;
And what, like Goddeſs Nature, by its Sight
Can all the Works of the Creation bleſs.

224.

'Tis fit for him who the Soul's Beauty courts,
The Pleaſure of the Senſes to reject,
And cauſe the Auditor whom he exorts
Of that divine Repaſt, to taſte th' Effect;

225.

He with Deſires by Moderation ſway'd,
Sedate and calm, ſcarce feeling that they warm,
May ſave himſelf from Paſſions that invade
By moral Tenets, and by want of Charm;

226.

But Rules like theſe by Nature ſtill condemn'd,
And diſallow'd by Heaven, do plain appear,
By Proof, that better Precepts were eſteem'd
When it deſign'd ye ſo divinely fair.

227.

It form'd ye, Madam, to be lov'd and priz'd,
To reign o'er Souls in proper State to dwell;
And not as if forlorn, and ill advis'd,
To hide that heavenly Beauty in a Cell.

228.

Then as to what concerns my learned Friend,
If the wiſe Morals he do's daily teach,
And Practice, can his Heart ſo ill defend
That Love aſpiring ſoars above their Reach;

229.

He muſt not wonder that a Heart unarm'd
Of that ſtrong Mail of Reaſon he has on,
Should be, by Graces ſo reſiſtleſs, charm'd,
Which his Philoſophy wants Pow'r to ſhun:

230.

Or if, with Blindneſs ſeiz'd, he loves ye not,
'Tis ſtrange Injuſtice then to hinder me,
Whom Nature's Pow'r, and ſweet Impulſe has taught
A Paſſion mounting to extreme Degree.

231.

I gaze, and I adore, the ſpreading Joy
Fills all my Veins, and captivates my Senſe;
For you I languiſh, and for you ſhall die,
Unleſs my Love may hope ſome Recompence.

232.

Forget then, Faireſt, Precepts that ariſe
To ſuch unnatural and ſtrange Degree,
And let indulgent Senſe inſtruct your Eyes
To dart a Glance of Favour upon me;

233.

Who thus am fix'd eternally your own,
As from my Birth no doubt I was ordain'd;
Who prize a charming Smile beyond a Crown,
Or all the Trophies Glory has obtain'd.

234.

And here on th' ſudden ſeizing her fair Hand,
His eager Kiſſes cloſe the Argument;
Whilſt ſhe do's in the firſt Confuſion ſtand,
'Till he to Courtſhip gives a ſecond Vent.

235.

He fancies ſomething tender in her Eyes,
A ſilent ſweet Conſent to hear him ſpeak;
Therefore to Rhetorick gives quick Supplies,
And pleas'd with Hope a freſh Attack do's make.

236.

He kneels, he reaſons, preſſes, and ſheds Tears,
With moving Air, and influencing Grace;
Now humbly ſues, now ſighs, now doubts, and fears,
Whilſt fluent Phraſes one another trace;

237.

'Till antique Time, that never-weary'd Poſt,
Twice ſixty Minutes had run out, and more;
When ſweet *Timandra* who in Thought was loſt,
And the extreme Surprize ſhe had before,

238.

Recovering from her Agony of Fear,
That gave her Senſes time to underſtand,
Could not retard ſome ſtarts of Joy to hear
He did not his rough Scroll for her intend.

239.

His gracious Figure too ſucceſsful pleads,
And now ſhe entertains ſome little Pride; *
To ſee a Hero at her Feet, whoſe Deeds
Had made him all o'er *Europe* dignify'd.

240.

By Diffidence and Modeſty controul'd,
A while ſhe wants the Pow'r to uſe her Tongue;
Which freed, at laſt her Anſwer do's unfold
In ſweeter Notes than e'er the Muſes ſung.

241.

* The great Eſteem your Merit, Sir, has gain'd,
Ne'er by my Anger was ſo mortify'd;
But that ſince I perceive my Name was feign'd,
And that your rough Return was well apply'd,

242.

My firſt Opinion ſtill authentick ſtands,
With hopes my too raſh Freedom you'll excuſe,
Which could not help committing to your Hand
The Knowledge both of mine and your Abuſe:

* Timandra's *Anſwer to* Alcibiades.

243.

The odd Miſtakes that from that Cauſe aroſe
Might raiſe ſome ſmall Concernment, but can ne'er
With Reaſon make you thus your ſelf expoſe,
And ſtem the Tide of Dangers, ſtaying here.

244.

Can you paſs by the fair *Athenian* Dames?
Can Curioſity, that blindly leads,
Bring you from Beauties of exalted Fames
To one whoſe Sight wiſe *Socrates* forbids?

245.

One of whom Love, you ſay, exacts his Care,
Which Care, 'tis true, do's conſtant Service ſhew;
Yet ſure it is not Love, or if it were,
'Tis more, as yet, than either of us know?

246.

But I am well aſſur'd he Virtue loves,
And that he ſtill inſtructs me to purſue:
Thus too ſecures by Precept, which he proves
What he has fears your Merit may undo.

247.

Ah, go then, Sir, and let my Soul have leave
To reliſh well the Morals he has taught;
Retire, whilſt I have Aptneſs to receive
That Good, and can oppoſe a wav'ring Thought;

248.

For bluſhing I muſt own I ſomething find
Couch'd here within that's prone to take your Part,
And ſtrives to ſhadow thoſe bright Rays of Mind
That 'gainſt ſuch Frailty us'd to arm my Heart.

249.

Take then Compaſſion on my Innocence,
And tho' your Force my Weakneſs could controul;
Let me o'ercome with my Remains of Senſe,
And the ſmall Reaſon that yet guards my Soul.

250.

With Speed then let me beg you to retire,
And Pity take on my Philoſophy,
That theſe late Years my Boſom did inſpire,
And in one Hour might now confuted lie:

251.

Shew Favour too, and generouſly treat
A Maid thus forc'd her Weakneſs to confeſs;
Nor let your Judgment, that I know ſo great,
By what I've ſaid, conclude my Virtue leſs.

252.

And at theſe Words a freſh Vermilion dy'd
The roſie Frame of her angelick Face;
And from his Hand, who cloſely held her, try'd
By ſtruggling, to ſeek out another Place.

253.

In which kind Poſture I the happy Pair,
To treat of other things, muſt leave a while;
And let th' Aſtrologeſs perform her Share,
Whom our falſe Courtier did ſo late beguile.

254.

With Patience, rarely in a Lover found,
She long had watch'd, 'till Darkneſs enter'd was;
When Fortune, who Endeavours ſeldom crown'd,
If wiſh'd for, plagu'd her with another Croſs:

255.

For as the ſate, with amorous Paſſion fir'd,
In Hopes her long'd-for Hero to embrace,
It chanc'd that *Socrates* that Night retir'd
From publick Company, and choſe that Place.

256.

And whilſt with Thought himſelf he entertain'd,
In which his dear *Timandra* had beſt Share;
Th' Aſtrologeſs, 'twixt Joy and Trouble pain'd,
Gave, by ſoft Greeting, notice ſhe was there.

257.

The Name of *Alcibiades*, and Dear,
Gave him occaſion her Intrigue to know,
And made him with the ſudden Stroke appear
As if a Thunderbolt had giv'n the Blow.

258.

When juſt prepar'd his Anger to let looſe,
And his Truſtee for Treachery upbraid,
He found another did his Senſe amuſe,
Who ſnatching at his Arm his Speech delay'd.

259.

This was *Zantippe*, whoſe rank Jealouſy
Had brought her there, her Husband's Haunt to find;
And finding now another Woman by,
Began her Rant in this outrageous kind.

260.

* Is it then thus that *Socrates* employs
His leisur'd Minutes meant for grave Disputes;
Who whilst he to the Vulgar would seem Wise,
Exerts his Soul as sordid as a Brute's?

261.

And must Intrigues of wanton Gallantry
Dispose of that immortal Influence?
Is this the Bulwark of Philosophy
That still to Virtue teaches such Defence?

262.

'Tis well indulgent Darkness do's obscure,
And Guilt and glowing Shame from Sight deter;
When you thus lewdly act your Thoughts impure,
And blot the Name of a Philosopher;

263.

Whose Science be from henceforth counted vain,
And so too the Repute of Learn'd and Wise;
Your Morals are but Whimsies of the Brain,
Your Reasons Trifles, and your Tenets Lies.

264.

Whilst kindly the dear Precepts Nature gives,
And Heat shall be by me from henceforth priz'd;
And thus whilst Joys of Sense my Soul believes
Your School Enthusiasms shall be all despis'd.

265.

And here Disorder, which her Rage had bred,
Her Arm stretch'd out, for Action had prepar'd,
If *Socrates*, with new Surprize half dead,
Had not slipt off to find what worse he fear'd,

266.

If *Aglaonice*, when the dread Name
Of *Socrates* she heard too, had not fled,
Grumbling at Stars she had such Cause to blame,
That would not let her their Predictions read.

267.

† *Saturnia* one and t'other now befriends,
Hides fierce *Zantippe*'s Rage, the Matron's Shame;
Whom there we'll leave, since now the Muse intends
T' express the tortur'd Sage when Home he came.

* Zantippe's *second Harangue to* Socrates. † *Night.*

268. To

268.

To make the Proof of his Misfortunes clear
He ſoon got Entrance by a private Key,
And as he fear'd, ſurpriz'd the Lover there,
Who had (tho' preſs'd) no Power to get away.

269.

Timandra, now from Love's cloſe Fetters free,
Retires as ſoon as *Socrates* ſhe ſaw;
Who with an Air perplext to high Degree,
And Words infuſing reverential Awe,

270.

Told *Alcibiades* 'twas Tyranny,
And high Offence to Friendſhip he had done;
Since he from Acts of am'rous Gallantry
Of all the Female Sex reſerv'd but one;

271.

Whoſe Love for Learning having long admir'd,
He to improve did carefully pretend,
As being by perfect Amity inſpir'd,
Since 'twas the darling Daughter of his Friend;

272.

And that 'twas heighth of vile Ingratitude
To force a Secret fatal to his Reſt,
Or on a Virgin's Privacy intrude,
Who fill'd with Love of ſacred Things her Breaſt:

273.

And here, in ſpite of grave Philoſophy,
Some angry Words flew raſhly from the Sage;
Whilſt t'other with mild Reaſons do's apply,
The trueſt Recipe to cool his Rage:

274.

To touch him nicely on the tuneful String,
On which with Art ſo tenderly he play'd,
He found out prudently the only thing
That could his late unfriendly Fault evade.

275.

He therefore thus harangues, * Altho' your Brow
Is arm'd thus, *Socrates*, againſt your Friend,
That my Intruſion here you diſallow,
As hindring Morals you to teach pretend,

* Alcibiades *Harangues* Socrates.

276.

I plainly muſt detect your Fallacy,
And ſpeak the Truth, 'tis not the Rays of Mind
You would inſpire, which hinder'd now by me,
Incites your Wrath, but what's of nicer kind.

277.

You love the true *Timandra*, Jealouſy
Is what do's the extremeſt Proof on't ſhew;
I've thought ſo long, ſpite of Philoſophy,
And ſubtly was reſolv'd the Truth to know.

278.

If I miſtake prove your Reſerv'dneſs ſtill,
And leave the charming Student to my Care,
But bid me not ſuppreſs voluptuous Will,
Unleſs you are ſecure your ſelf you dare.

279.

I muſt confeſs I do ſome Pleaſure take
In the undoubted Truth of what I find;
That I your Rules may leſs convincing make,
And you to Youth's Defects may be more kind:

280.

For let your Tenets haraſs the dull Brains
Of poring Pupils, taſteleſs Joys to prove;
When Merit's Wreath at laſt renowns our Pains,
I find *the beſt Philoſopher is Love.*

281.

This Sentence had no ſooner paſs'd his Lips,
But the learn'd Orator ſo mute was ſtruck
His Cheeks no longer the true Colour keeps,
But pale and ghaſtly was his troubled Look.

282.

He ſuddenly fell backward in a Chair,
As if ſome Epileptick Fit did ſeize;
And after ſome ſmall time of pauſing there,
Thus makes return to *Alcibiades.*

283.

* What have I done, oh Troubler of my Peace!
To merit from your Hand this Cruelty?
My Friendſhip has been firm ev'n to Exceſs,
And train'd to ſerve you every Faculty.

* *The laſt Harangue of* Socrates *in Anſwer to* Alcibiades.

285

Your Interests in all times have been my own,
My Credit's Hazard, and the World's Esteem;
I've ventur'd to establish your Renown,
And from your Foes Invet'racy redeem.

286.

My Life too I have slighted for your sake,
And against Swords and Darts your Buckler stood,
For which let * *Polidea* mention make,
Where you were bought with my Expence of Blood.

287.

And when the Victor's Prize was to be worn
By him who did the noblest Action there;
I, tho' 'twas given, would not my self adorn,
But judg'd it fittest for your Brow to wear.

288.

Think it not strange I twit you with my Deeds,
And draw your Obligations near your Eyes;
When I perceive ungrateful Humour breeds
Within the Breast that Amity should prize.

289.

Ingratitude, the ugliest of all Sins
That e'er deserv'd eternal Punishment,
Superior ev'n to Murder's curst Offence,
And all that Reprobation can invent.

290.

When I perceive th' Effect of Wantonness
Can make you at my dearest Secret laugh,
Ingrateful I must call ye, to express,
And drag up Thoughts to light I knew not of;

291.

In which you prove most cruel and severe,
Since you have stirr'd up something in my Breast;
A Passion that I yet ne'er knew was there,
That will for ever rob me of my Rest.

292.

How oft have I your casual Weakness hid,
When Errors to reproof did you resign!
In just Return then, of a friendly Deed,
Could you not once think fit to wink on mine?

* *A famous City besieg'd by the* Athenians, *where* Socrates *rescu'd* Alcibiades.

293.

Could you not prove your ſelf a faithful Friend,
By ſparing me ſo natural an Ill;
Excuſe a Frailty time perhaps might mend,
Or what you thought you could not help, conceal?

294.

Oh, *Alcibiades!* if 'tis not true
That I the beautiful *Timandra* love,
By this Aſperſion Friendſhip you undo,
Since you can ne'er your Accuſation prove?

295.

And if I do, as I begin to fear,
The Injury is worſe that you intend;
By raſhly hazarding the Curſe to bear,
Of being my Rival, who ſhould be my Friend.

296.

Withdraw then from the Danger you incur,
And whether you regard me in Degree
Or Station of a learn'd Philoſopher,
Who from all Paſſion frail exempt ſhould be;

297.

Or whither, as a true or faithful Friend,
Whoſe active Service you have prov'd before,
Retire from Ills, muſt have ſo bad an End,
And let *Timandra* ſee your Face no more:

298.

Let it ſuffice your Point is gain'd on me,
And that your Cunning my Defect do's prove,
Since by Acknowledgment of Jealouſy
You may infallibly conclude I love.

299.

Lay then my Fault on frail Humanity,
Whoſe Weakneſs cannot Beauty's Power ſuſtain,
Since Excellence I in *Timandra* ſee
Can force the Will, and make all Reaſon vain.

300.

Your Preſence here is fatal to my Peace,
How you can Love inſpire too well appears;
Each charming Grace of yours retards my Eaſe,
And ſhewing what I want exalts my Fears.

301.

Let it be then your Glory to reſign,
And Beauty upon Friendſhip's ſcore forſake;
He beſt the Hero proves who do's decline,
And ſpare the Life is in his Power to take.

302.

My Heart has ever been for you entire,
For you diſturbing Cares have fill'd my Breaſt;
Let then returns of Gratitude inſpire
Your Soul, and give to mine th' expected Reſt.

303.

Here ſcorcht with Shame that in his Viſage glows,
The Sage in great Confuſion held his Peace;
Perplext that he ſuch Frailty ſhould expoſe
To the Inſults of *Alcibiades*;

304.

Who ſtraight with open Arms careſt his Friend,
And Promiſe gives to anſwer his Deſire;
That to *Timandra* he'd no more pretend,
But his rare Virtues, in her ſtead, admire.

305.

Concluding all with Themes of Amity,
Recording Deeds of Friends in former Days,
Delighting *Socrates* to high Degree,
Who ſends him Home with Complement and Praiſe.

306.

But oh, when Luſt unquenchably do's burn,
The Heat corrupted, and the Mind impure,
Small Tye depends on Words, or what is ſworn,
And weakly do's that Promiſer enſure:

307.

For *Alcibiades*, whoſe wanton Will
Still influenc'd him more than friendly Truſt,
Regards a Breach but as a trivial Ill,
And hold at nought the Titles of unjuſt:

308.

For 'gainſt ſeducing Opportunity,
To which the frail *Timandra* lent her Aid,
The Sage's Vigilance no Force can be,
Who finds himſelf by his falſe Friend betray'd.

309.

The precious Gem is ſtol'n away by Night,
Which he in Science had once richly ſet;
Who being both Friend and Lover, took Delight
Still to improve her Reaſon, and her Wit;

310.

But vicious Senſe that did the firſt pervert,
Soon brought the laſt to be ſubſervient too;
The Gloſs of outward Beauty fills her Heart,
And do's all Thought of inward Grace ſubdue.

311.
To *Grunium* with her wanton Lord she fled,
Who was to Exile doom'd too by the Laws;
From whence * *Lysander* plots to get his Head
A Present, for revolting from his Cause.

312.
He *Bagoas* and *Sisemithres* sent,
With others arm'd, the Fugitive to seize;
Nor did wrong'd *Socrates* the Plot prevent,
Whose Melancholy now bred strong Disease.

313.
The Loss of his *Timandra*, spite of all
The patient Pow'rs Philosophy had bred,
Made all remaining Joys of Life so small,
That only Ease by Death now fills his Head;

314.
Which some time after (when † condemn'd to die)
Made him with such Contempt the Poyson take,
Since Griefs were caus'd (which in his Breast did lie)
For Love's, as well as for Religion's sake.

315.
Yet like a Hero did he nobly die,
Despising numerous Gods, adoring One;
And for the Frailty of an am'rous Sigh,
The sacred Martyr largely did atone;

316.
But e'er his Death he the Destruction saw
Of his false Friend, and that unhappy Fair;
Who quickly on themselves did Ruin draw,
Exempted from his Patronage and Care.

317.
The Band sent out to take 'em found the Place,
A lonely Hut, to which they had retir'd,
And dreading th' Force of *Alcibiades*,
Basely, to drive 'em thence, the Cottage fir'd.

318.
Ah! then with dreadful Horror you might see
An Object would torment a gen'rous Heart,
The Lovers forc'd from their Security
By the strong Foe, who fought with Sword and Dart:

* Lysander, *General of the* Lacedemonians, *Plots with* Phargazabus *the* Persian *General to murder* Alcibiades.

† Socrates *was put to death drinking the Juice of Hemlock, by the* Athenian *Judges, for despising plurality of Gods, and introducing new Worship.*

319. Yet

319.

Yet whilst he Life retain'd the Hero stood
Guarding his Mistress from their fatal Power,
But faint with many Wounds, and loss of Blood,
Falling at last th' unequal Fight gave o'er.

320.

Dead at her Feet the great *Athenian* lay,
Whose Fate soon usher'd hers, * as Story tells;
Whose sad Example may the Truth display
Of Mischiefs bred from Love's seducing Ills;

321.

And by this Moral teach the Young and Fair
With sacred Rules to fortify the Heart;
That may 'gainst Powers of wanton Courtship war,
And not depend on Sciences or Art.

322.

Vain are the Precepts of Philosophy
Without the Tincture of cælestial Grace,
Whose want *Timandra* made untimely die,
And soon destroy'd great *Alcibiades*.

End of the second CANTO.

Written at Ramsbury
Manor, Anno 1706.

* Timandra *dies of Grief.*

ELEGIES, POEMS, AND NEW SONGS.

By Mr. D'URFEY.

LONDON:

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The POET's *Vision.*

A FUNERAL POEM, IN PINDARICK VERSE:

Sacred to the Memory of that ever to be admir'd, and moſt excellent Princeſs ANNE, *our late Gracious Sovereign Lady. Written in the Year* 1714.

I.

THE Sun now poſted to his watry Bed,
The Evening was with gloomy Clouds o'erſpread,
When from a ſolitary Grove I home retir'd;
But found my ſelf (alas) not now inſpir'd
With any Genius for Poetry,
Such as on nice Occaſions us'd to be;

But

But ominous Melancholly preſt
My Spirits, and with ſtrange Infection fill'd my Breaſt:
The Faculties and Orders of my Soul,
Thoughts ſad as Death did now controul.
I haſtned to repoſe, but could not reſt,
'Till with long watching tir'd, a troubled Slumber eas'd
My wearied Senſe, or rather fatal Numbneſs ſeiz'd
My vital Parts all o'er, whilſt to my Eye,
In viſionary Scenes, was ſhewn this Prodigy.

II.

A Royal Banquet in a ſpacious Place
Hung round with *Arras*, figuring the Race
Of Gods, of Heroes, and of Kings;
And wond'rous Stories of moſt wond'rous things
Methought I ſaw prepar'd; at which in State
The gracious * *Gloriana* ſate:
Around her all the Nobles of the Land,
Thoſe that bore Office and Command,
Place, or Dependance from the Crown;
With others alſo that had none,
In order were; grave Heads that Mitres wore,
Grandees that held white Rods, Judges in Robes with Fur;
And round the Hall on large Degrees rais'd high
Another auguſt Company,
The great Supporters of the Diadem,
And of the Nation's Glory and Eſteem,
The *Engliſh* Commons ſate
Like the Diſpoſers of reſolving Fate;
Who from the prying Croud did Rev'rence draw,
By Looks, with Signs of Knowledge grac'd, and legiſlative Awe.
Next theſe were mixt a Number more
Promiſcuouſly that Office bore,
And each in's happy Station did reveal
The ſecret Joy his Heart did feel,
Down from the Pages that attend, up to the potent Seal,
A grand Affair there was to do,
Form'd to promote the national Intereſt,
As well as make the City bleſt;
And in a Charter newly wrote, preſented to her View.

* *The Queen.*

And

And here, methought, the Prætor of the Town,
With all his Brethren, Traders of Renown,
Wrapt up in Fur, with each a Chain embelliſhing his Gown,
Made the demure Petition on their Knees,
And never ſeem'd ſo well at Eaſe;
All with a Look ſincere, in humble View,
Tho' perhaps perfect at the Heart but few;
(What cannot Citizens for Profit do?)
Whilſt to their fam'd Recorder, grave and wiſe,
Aukward and formal, ſubtle, and preciſe:
Th' attentive Sovereign, with a Smile,
Short Anſwer made, but in ſo kind a Style,
That now they thought their Feaſt well given;
Praiſing their Royal Saint,
In Expectation of her Grant,
Beyond the brighteſt Cherubin in Heaven.
And nothing now was heard and ſeen
But joyful Hums, and Grins, and Looks, half comick, half ſerene,
All cloſing with, Oh, happy we, and long, long live the Queen.

III.

But whilſt this general Joy
In every Face appear'd,
All bleſt with *Gloriana*'s gracious Eye;
Who pleas'd with what ſhe ſaw and heard,
With Freedom gave her Satisfaction vent,
And full of eaſy Goodneſs ſhew'd her Liking and Cont[illegible]
From the ſwol'n Boſom of a gloomy Cloud
A thunder Clap was heard ſo loud,
With ſuch a frightful Sound
As when the mighty Saviour dy'd,
The ſacred Temple did divide;
And divine Vengeance rent the trembling Ground.
Amazing Horror ſtraight ſurpriz'd each Face,
Nor now could that Majeſtick Grace
That late in *Gloriana* ſhone, appear,
For even ſhe grew chang'd with Fear:
Her chearful Face, with deadly Pale o'er-caſt,
Lookt like a fragrant Flower ſtruck with a withering Blaſt.
Then ſtraight, methought, the Roof was ſeen to cleave,
Rafters torn out, the tott'ring Building leave,

Whilſt

Whilſt *Eaſtward* from the Sky
A Radiant Form deſcending charm'd each Eye
With Glories of immenſe Divinity:
Four Cherubs that on th' Angel came to wait,
Whoſe Looks a Pow'r diſplay'd ſuperior to Fate,
Went up where *England*'s Guardian Regent ſate;
Her ſeiz'd, then with their precious Load withdrew,
And thro' the wide expanding Air to their third Heaven flew;
Whilſt *Uriel*, for now might each one ſee,
By his bright glittering Form, and lucid Front, 'twas he;
One of the glorious Seven that always ſtand
In ſight of God's high Throne, on his right Hand,
And to the lower World ſtill bears his dread Command:
With ſacred Voice thus ſpoke, whilſt every Stander by
On the bleſt Orator fixt a heedful Eye,
All charm'd with the Embaſſador, and thirſting all to hear
his Embaſſy.

IV.

Not yet, oh ſinful People, are your Crimes
Blotted from the Eternal's Memory;
The Faults of paſt and preſent Times,
In the Omnipotent's All-ſeeing Eye,
Bear yet too freſh and deep a Dye
To let his Juſtice grant ye true Felicity:
Inſtead of that your vile Offences are
Writ in ſo large a Roll, he do's prepare
Severeſt Vengeance, greater ſtill, and more
Then e'er yet ſcourg'd your ſtubborn Land, or *Egypt* heretofore.
The Plague of Frogs, of Locuſts, and of Lice,
Or chryſtal Currents turn'd to Blood;
When all the fetter'd Fiſh in vain deviſ'd
With finny Wings to 'ſcape the gory Mud,
Equals not half the Wrath to you is bent,
Not half the Curſe, not half the Puniſhment.
Your Queen, your earthly Goddeſs here below,
To whoſe excelling Virtue you your Bleſſings owe;
Whoſe Smiles, like the bright Ruler of the Day,
Made all things flouriſh, all things gay:
Your *Gloriana*, whom you ſo adore,
Ah! wretched beyond Thought, ſhall bleſs your Eyes no more.

Thus

Thus has the angry Maker doom'd, and his Decree
Is thus pronounc'd by me,
The dear lov'd Genius of your Land shall die,
And pass thro' Nature to Eternity;
From mortal Cares immortal Blessings prove,
And leave a fading Glory here for lasting Joys above.
This spoke, the glittering Angel disappear'd,
And now, methought, was heard
A confus'd horrid Noise
Of Shrieks, and Groans, and Cries,
The glorious Scene too chang'd, and in its stead
Infernal Night her blackest Fogs had spread
Over the baleful Place, dark as the Regions of the dead.

V.

'Till by some Flashes of ætherial Fire,
And fatal Fulgor, glimmering Light was lent;
Which shew'd a Cavern where the Fates retire,
And where in dreadful Shades their horrid Hours are spent.
Around the Place where ugly Shapes of Death,
Bare Skelitons, and all the Floor beneath
With Heaps of Skulls and Bones were scatter'd o'er,
Of Men that had been Mighty heretofore,
Mingled with Scrolls of human Names spotted and stain'd with Gore;
Brought thither by a grizly Train,
Which for that Work the Sisters entertain
DISEASES call'd, a foul mishapen Crew,
That thousands daily to Destruction drew.
And first, with numerous Scrolls, came FEVER, wither'd, lean,
His Heart and Intrails scorcht within
With unseen Fire that long had flaming been;
Next him remorseless PLAGUE, his Charge resign'd;
Swol'n DROPSY then with slow CONSUMPTION join'd,
Their deadly Labels brought, more loiter'd too behind,
Down from the lowly Country Girl up to the Sovereign Queen.
But amongst all that on this Office came,
Death's Friends and Agents, Gouty, Blind, and Lame,
Methought I saw one bring a Scroll
That with new Terror fill'd my Soul;
A Scroll where in large Characters was *Gloriana*'s Name.

Trembling at this I found, as near I preſt,
His Title wrote in Blood upon his Breaſt,
Dead-doing APPOPLEX, whom when pleas'd *Clotho* ſaw
She ſtraight a ſlender Twine was ſeen to draw;
Which envious *Lacheſis* ſoon on the Diſtaff put,
And *Atropos*, as ſoon prepar'd, with bloody Shears to cut.
Then each with diſmal yelling Voice,
And helliſh Grin, ſeem'd to rejoice
To know the World ſhould loſe ſuch an ineſtimable Prize.

VI.

'Twas here the Viſion left my fetter'd Senſe,
Here Fears anew 'gan to commence,
And Grief ſtraight follow'd cloſe; for ſcarce my Eyes
Had made their Opticks free from Sleep's Surprize,
But to my Ears the Horror enter'd in
Of dreadful News, the Sickneſs of the QUEEN.
Too true 'twas found, for now each Hour accurſt
Flew with more fatal Tidings than the firſt;
From bad to worſe, 'till the third diſmal Day
We heard the Life of our *Britannia* lay,
The Prize of Death, juſt languiſhing away;
That darling Life, more precious than the Store
Of *India*'s Jems, or univerſal Ore.
Oh Heaven! maugre all our Tears,
Our fervent Wiſhes, and our Prayers;
The Skill which all the skilful Sons of Art
With niceſt Judgment could impart,
One ſuddain curſt Diſeaſe had Power
In a few Moments to devour,
And by Commiſſion from eternal Will
Mock the Divine's, and the Phyſician's Skill.
Thus when Omnipotence do's Bleſſings give
He thus aſſerts his high Prerogative,
When ſerv'd beſtows the Gifts we all partake,
And when his Grace we loſe he calls 'em back;
Wiſely demonſtrating ſuperior Right,
The Creature's Merit, the Creator's Might.
But now, oh Muſe! how can thy Influence
So far inſpire my Senſe?
How ſhall my ill-performing Pen and Hand
Deſcribe the guſhing Sorrows of the Land,

Shew

Shew the attending Mourners that ſtood by;
Who, each with frighted Look and flowing Eye,
Made the vaſt Deluge ſwell ſo univerſally,
That all around Grief ſo immenſe appears
As if the World, a modern Way, were to be drown'd in Tears?
Our hapleſs Land a Woe particular,
Beyond the reſt of Nations did prefer;
And whilſt new Seas of Brine ſurround our chalky Shore
Albion was ne'er ſo true an Iſle before.

VII.

Oh, *Albion*, in thy Loſs more curſt by far
Than in all Ruins of thy Civil War:
Thy florent Soil's a barren Deſert now,
Sad as thy Natives Weeds, and clouded as each Brow.
Bend thy aſpiring Head, let Aſhes crown
Thy haughty Front, and for paſt Crimes atone;
That like offending *Nineveh* of old,
Dire Deſolation by this Blow foretold,
May by thy humble Sackcloth be delay'd,
And Heaven's conſuming Vengeance by Repentance ſtay'd.
And now my drooping Muſe agen is at a ſtand,
My Pen ſhakes in my trembling Hand
At my bold daring thus my Thoughts to raiſe,
On *Gloriana*'s Theme or Praiſe:
Virtue that ſcarce has equall'd been, or will in future Days.
That Royal Virgin that ſo long maintain'd
The *Engliſh* Croſs, and with ſuch Judgment reign'd,
That forty Years the Joys and Toils of glorious Empire knew,
Ne'er ſuch Applauſe or Adoration drew
As matchleſs *Gloriana* in her few:
That happy Princeſs govern'd when
Obedience was a Gift in Men;
When mild Allegiance bow'd to ſovereign Awe,
And Duty was contiguous with Law.
But *Gloriana* fated to put on
The weighty Trouble of a Crown,
In a hot Ferment found the State,
Perplext with factious Jarring and Debate.
Yet ſtill encourag'd by cæleſtial Aid,
The Royal Shepherdeſs divinely ſway'd;
Held out her Crook, and the rude Herd obey'd.

And as the famous *Thracian* Poet once
Drew to his Lyre Birds, Beasts, and Trees and Stones,
So th' savage Inmates by mild Arts she tam'd;
Some curs'd the Cause, but now the Conduct blam'd,
Her Foes her charming Grace so much had won,
The worst but faintly envy'd her the Throne.

VIII.

So *Esther*, who her Nation's Rights restor'd,
For Piety and Wisdom was ador'd;
And so will *Gloriana*'s Name eterniz'd be
Thro' future Years to all Posterity;
The last of Female Sovereigns, and the best.
But ah! the Saint is gone,—and Miracles are ceas'd,
And well might she the Name of Saint deserve,
Who the Almighty did so truly serve:
Her regular Devotion every Day
Might even teach Piety it self to pray;
None could be wicked in her Service blest,
Her holy Flame divinely warm'd each Breast,
Example first the Good began, and Shame perform'd the rest.
Nor was her Wife-like Virtue less admir'd,
But every Breast where Honour was inspir'd,
So much, that even our sensual Nation
Began their brutal Crimes to see,
And honest Wedlock, Amity,
Began again to be in Fashion.
Thus all her Hours did strict Goodness sway,
Angelically thus she spent each Day;
Thoughtless of Ill, unless 'twere to prevent;
Her mirthful Minutes too so innocent,
As if a Life Divine she meant to try
Before she came to die,
And th' great Disposer of her Soul was always standing by.

IX.

For Pity too, for heavenly Clemency,
None ever more renown'd than she;
Who Justice Scales so mildly did command,
And held the Sword in such a guiltless Hand,
That even the Malefactors of the Land
In Murders train'd, and Traytors made for hire;
Nay tho' they durst against her precious Life conspire,

And

And thereby Puniſhment more juſtly drew
Than th' reſt of the incorrigible Crew;
Yet was ſhe never found the more ſevere,
Nor ever Death's black Warrant ſign'd but wet it with a Tear.
Oh! were that great Apoſtle here to ſee,
That preach'd Salvation gain'd by Works of Charity,
Her wond'rous Mercies in that kind,
And the unwearied Bounties of her Mind
Far above all the reſt,
He'd ſtill pronounce her bleſt;
And fix for her a heavenly Seat next the moſt high Degree.
She needed but a ſmall Tranſlation there,
Half of Perfection had the Angel here.
Poor Proteſtants, by foreign Vileneſs, driven
From their Abodes, for the dear ſake of Heaven;
Forlorn and ſtarving in the Fields,
Her pitying Boſom ſacred *Manna* yields.
Thus Numbers from the giving Saint receiv'd;
Thus Numbers daily her bleſt Hand reliev'd.
Oh! ſacred Virtue there is ſtill in thee
So ſweet a Charm, ſuch true Divinity,
That when thou wilt unfold thy beauteous Face,
And with thy Beams frail human Nature grace,
How pall'd to thee the World's vain Pleaſures are,
How ſickly do they taſte, how wretchedly appear?
Thou, divine Eſſence, always didſt inſpire
Bleſt *Gloriana* with thy hallow'd Fire;
The Royal Saint was ſtill a Type of thee,
As thou art of angelick Piety.

X.

Mighty in Power, yet mild ſtill as a Dove,
A Temper form'd of Piety and Love;
Devout as *Deborah* at a Sacrifice;
Chaſte like *Suſanna*, and like *Sheba* Wiſe;
Like *Michal*, kind and dutious to her Lord,
And like a Saviour loſt, lamented and ador'd.

More Attributes, much more might be expreſt,
But Sorrow ſtops my Pen, and hinders all the reſt;
My Muſe grows weary with this glut of Woe,
And now no more can do.

Onely methinks I see from high
A radiant Cherub soaring thro' the Sky,
Saying, Let Women be no more defam'd,
Nor ever henceforth for past Frailty blam'd;
Th' unbounded Virtues of this One
Do amply for their Faults atone,
With the eternal Compensation make,
And all the rest of Female Kind are pardon'd for her sake.

F I N I S.

A N

E L E G Y,

Occaſioned by the much lamented Death of the Right Honourable HENRY *Earl of* Portland, *Viſcount* Woodſtock, *Baron of* Cirencester, *and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter.*

BRITAIN might well expect the Sea to roar,
And rage with Tempeſts ſeldom known before;
That Comets blazing in the Hemiſphere
Should with their fatal Light raiſe panick Fear;
How comes it then that no Irruption was
In Heaven nor Earth to ſhew our mighty Loſs?
Nature with dreadful Wreck was terrify'd,
Oaks fell uncut, the Storm did Rocks divide
Some Years ago, when a Uſurper dy'd:
But now when loyal *Portland* ceas'd to live,
Who was a Bleſſing great as Heaven could give;
The Elements are ſtill, at Peace the Winds;
The Sun, as if he mockt our Grief too, ſhines.
Nay dull *Batavia*, that ungrateful Soil,
Once honour'd by his Birth, is grown ſo vile,
The muddy Floods within its Dams to ſtow,
That ſhould in guſhing Deluges o'erflow.
But hold, oh Muſe, let not thy Sorrow make
Conſtruction wrong, perhaps I may miſtake;

Wise Providence, 'tis possible, intends
Convulsions in the Bosoms of his Friends,
Of such strong Force, that being beyond Expression,
Shall quite surpass all outward Desolation.
Ah! 'tis too true, the Meteors that should blaze
Abroad, are shewn in every mourning Face;
Continual Sighs swell to a blushing Gale,
The Mind tormented, and the Visage pale
Creates a stormy Ferment in the Blood,
Great as what rolls the Sea, or cracks the lofty Wood.
He's gone! the great Example of our Time,
To grace the eternal Court with Worth sublime;
Merit uncommon soon attracts the Sky,
Heav'n marks such Men, and bids 'em quickly die.
The Wise, and those for Justice famous known,
Are set apart as its peculiar own;
And amongst all that claim a *Præmium* there
A faithful Statesman has the greatest Share.
And now methinks at my recording this
From the dark Entrance of a fam'd Abyss,
Within a stately Dome [a], by th' Ancients made,
To shrine the Ashes of the Royal Dead,
A late Triumphant [b] Monarch takes new Voice,
And from his sacred Cavern loudly crys;
Such was illustrious *Bentinck*, whose great Name
I think it now my Glory to proclaim,
And with indulgent Gratitude commend
A faithful Subject, Counsellor and Friend.
Thus far the Monarch, and what then was said,
Gave just Occasion for the Muse to add,
On Themes of Prudence, blest Fidelity,
The learned Sisters all employ'd should be;
No Pen be idle, nor no Brain be free
From Labour on a Theme of such Degree.
Great *William* this Encomium best could prove,
Who found his Loyalty and dutious Love;
Found as excelling all that Verse could praise,
Done to his Fellow Kings in former Days;
And own'd it always with serene Regard,
As much too great for Thanks as for Reward.
Witness the first Performance, [c] and most great,
When by the amorous Hero sent to treat

[a] Westminster-Abby. [b] *King* William.

[c] *His first prudent Management of the Match between the Prince of* Orange *and the Princess* Mary.

With

With gracious *Mary* on connubial Love,
A Work decreed by all th' Elect above;
He like a favourite Cherubim was sent
To act the Order of th' Omnipotent.
Thus taught by sacred Wisdom to proceed,
Each Word successful, he perform'd the Deed;
And made by the Dispatch so well addrest,
His Master happy, and three Nations blest.
So when of old the Maker of Mankind
To Mortals a superior Good design'd,
To bless the Creature with th' indulgent Word,
A *Michael*, or a *Uriel*, was impower'd;
Who by cælestial Influence and Skill,
With Care could manage the eternal Will.
As matchless Prudence thus is verify'd,
So often was his Faith and Duty try'd;
His Hero [a] rais'd by Merit to a Throne,
When many wavering Friends around were shewn;
Whoever fail'd him he was sure of one.
Brave [b] *Portland*, Pilot like, would steady be
To steer his Vessel in that rolling Sea.
Tho' the unsettled Crowd had various Ends,
And many real Foes were seeming Friends,
Still did the noble *Bentinck* stem the Tide,
With Arms and Counsel his great Master guide,
And left the rest for Heaven to provide.
[c] Nor did his Duty shew its constant Force
In happy Times, but on Occasions worse;
When Sickness once his princely Patron vext,
And with Disease [d] of nauseous kind perplext;
When pale Attendants stood aloof for Fear,
Who slack in Diligence and tender Care
Forsook his Room, and shunn'd the fulsom Air.
This brave, couragious, faithful Friend pursu'd
The highest Sentiments of Gratitude,
Offering when the Distemper was most great,
In Bed to nurse him with his kindly Heat;

[a] *His Courage and Conduct.*

[b] *He attended King* William *at the Revolution, and was esteem'd his ablest Counsellor.*

[c] *His Fidelity.*

[d] *His incomparable Duty and Love, he sav'd the King's Life by lying in the Bed when he had the Small-Pox, and by drawing them out.*

And by a tender Action rarely shewn,
To save that valu'd Life expos'd his own.
Oh! sacred Circumstance of friendly Love,
Scarce to be parallel'd by Saints above;
Where Amity in full Perfection is,
And makes Compleatment of seraphick Bliss.
The kingly [a] Prophet, in his debile Days,
Was by the Sons of Art advis'd to raise
His Spirits by a Virgin's warm Embrace;
Yet can this act of Duty, tho' Divine,
Great *Portland*, never be compar'd to thine:
That good old King had no Disease but Years,
No poysonous Stench the weak Condition bears;
Hers might an Act of true Obedience prove,
But his was Duty mixt with tender Love.
Nor had Affection here its final Date,
His Care that was in time of Sickness great,
No less in Health was us'd in [b] Turns of State.
A Politician from his Cradle known,
Just to our Nation, civil to his own;
Yet ne'er could Bribe or subtle Flatt'ry draw
His Soul to act unwarranted by Law.
Great Souls that thus their Sovereigns bravely serve,
Sowing with Toil, oft reap what they deserve;
Royal *Nassau*, just to the last Degree,
Crown'd true Desert with Wealth and Dignity;
Repaid his faithful Care with Bounty large,
And made him Knight Companion [c] of St. *George*.
The greatest Mark of Favour Kings can give,
Or Subjects for due Merit can receive.
At *Reswick* too [d] his wise Performance rais'd
From every sage Occasion to be prais'd:
That famous Treaty by the Nations made
Was form'd by Rules from his superior Head;
Who still was own'd by general Consent
A Master in the Art of Government.
This well was prov'd when he soon after made
Thro' *Gallick* Towns [e] his glorious Cavalcade;

[a] David. [b] *His great Service in Politicks.*
[c] *Created for his great Merit in* 1689, *Earl of* Portland, *and in* 1697 *Knight of the Garter.*
[d] *One of the Plenipo's at* Reswick.
[e] *Sent by King* William *Ambassador into* France.

When haughty *Lewis*, even burſt with Rage,
To ſee his Port and pompous Equipage;
Choice were his Servants, ſplendid their Attire,
Right was their Velvet, and their Gold was Wire.
Not ſo *Tallard*, [a] who of mere out-ſide bragg'd,
Glaring at firſt, but a Month after ragg'd;
And thus their native Temper lets us know,
Compounded all of Fallacy and Shew.
'Twas here with Models of conſulted Art
The noble Stateſman [b] play'd his ſubtle Part;
He knew, as nought is clouded from the Wiſe,
He in a Region was of Enemies;
Whoſe Hearts were falſe, tho' frequent were their Grins,
And Treacheries as numerous as their Sins;
Their Minds ſo barbarous, tho' they ſeem'd to laugh,
That ſcarce the Nation's Law could keep him ſafe:
Yet by his Skill and Prudence moſt profound,
Fenc'd too by his good Genius hovering round,
His deep Deſigns he did to Period bring,
Outwitting both their Nobles and their King.
Thus *Monſieur*, to our Fame, himſelf might view,
Out-done in Politicks, and Grandeur too;
Tho' deeply learn'd in King-craft's cloſe Affair,
And tho' he ſigning Peace, intended War;
Our *Machiavil* found out the Secret Ill,
And match'd the Guile in the Partition-Bill.
Ceaſe here, oh Muſe, thy vent'rous Pen let fall,
Too many Virtues crowd to mention all:
Let Honour, Goodneſs, and Humility,
Candor and kind Indulgence be laid by,
As Themes for all Poetick Skill too high;
And let the bright Archangels all agree
To write above a ſacred Elegy.
Now let our Worthy then in Heaven find
The Joy which by th' Eternal is conſign'd,
And Glory too, in what he left behind.
The noble Heir [c] approv'd by general Voice,
Who Parent Virtues in all kinds enjoys;
A gracious Figure to delight the Eye,
Where Nature did her utmoſt Skill employ;

[a] Tallard's *Equipage very ſlight and trivial.*
[b] *His great Policy and Conduct.*
[c] *The preſent Duke of* Portland.

A Wit that do's with clear Politeneſs ſhine,
Mix'd with a Temper ſecond to Divine.
May then his Scene of Sorrow quickly be
Chang'd to a Proſpect of Felicity,
And for a filial Duty kindly ſhewn,
A Father's unſurmounted Joy be known;
Whilſt his fair Conſort of great * *Noel*'s Race
With a bright Offspring ſhall his Table grace.
And thus as in a Round the Ages run,
The deceas'd Parent, and the living Son
Th' eternal Hand with high Reward will crown;
And with a Bounty great, as Heaven can ſhew,
The firſt be bleſt above, the laſt be bleſt below.

* *Marry'd to the Right Honourable the Lady* E. Noel, *eldeſt Daughter to the late Earl of* Gainsborough.

F I N I S.

A

FUNERAL ELEGY:

OR, AN

O D E,

Sacred to the Memory of my late noble Patron, the right Honourable THOMAS *Lord* LEIGH, *of* Stoneleigh *in the County of* Warwick, *who died* November Anno 1710.

The MUSE Addreſſing to *Stoneleigh* Houſe.

I.

O ſtately Pile, where oft the ſprightly Muſe,
That now involv'd in Sorrow ſings,
Inſpir'd with Joy did often uſe
To ſound her Lyre, and touch the tuneful Strings;
What Cloud is this hangs o'er thy Head,
Like Mountains ſhadowed with expected Rain?
Why blaſted looks that flow'ry Mead,

Thta

That by thy honour'd Side,
Waſht by the charming *Avon*'s Tide;
So ſweetly ſtill the Eye did entertain;
Ah! now alas, too well I gueſs,
Sadneſs is nat'ral in Diſtreſs;
Thy noble Patron's call'd away
To change for State Divine his mortal Clay,
And this forgetting his bleſt State, o'erwhelms thee with Diſmay.

II.

Mourn then, dejected Pile, let Grief renew,
And as Companion take me too;
Who in thy fair Apartment late
Fed by his Bounty nobly great,
With Pride and Pleaſure ſaw my flouriſhing Eſtate;
So great my Joy to be by him careſt,
Whoſe every Look and Motion was a Feaſt;
That I can ſcarce forbear
To wiſh him once more here,
From laſting Glory and eternal Joy;
Which ſtill perpetual is, and ne'er can cloy,
For worldly ſelfiſh Ends
To be agen, as once he was on Earth, my beſt of Friends.

III.

Nor did on me alone his Bounty fall,
His free Indulgence was beſtow'd on all;
That ancient City harraſs'd with Diſtreſs,
Where *Leofrick* of old exacted Homages;
Which bleſt *Godina* did from Tribute free,
At Price of her undaunted Modeſty,
Shar'd oft the liberal Grace of noble *Leigh*;
Exalted *Warwick* too, that ſtands ſo high,
Proud of the ancient Monuments of famous *Guy*,
Often oblig'd, muſt juſtly own,
His Goodneſs was not dol'd alone;
But all around diffus'd with generous Speed,
As ſacred *Manna* once in time of Need;
Mechanick Traders well were paid,
And Peaſants earn'd with Joy their Bread;
Then for the Alms he gave
He do's no Second leave;

Witneſs

Witneſs the daily Loads of charitable Meat,
And Troops of pamper'd Beggars crowding at his Gate.

IV.

Who all with dropping Eyes like falling Rain,
Lament their Loſs, a Loſs ſo much his Gain.
Thus erring Nature makes us wrong our Friends,
We grudge their Happineſs for our own Ends;
And rather wiſh that here they'd ſtay,
Than their Tranſlation hence to Bliſs and Time without Decay.
Since this, alas, muſt be,
And that profound Philoſophy,
Wants Power to contravert the Strife
Between our Senſe of heavenly Joys, and thoſe of human Life:
Oh! give us leave to mourn great *Leigh*'s Remove,
Who bleſt us yearly with his friendly Love;
Who was for godlike Temper try'd,
And like a guardian Saint, ſo far from Pride,
That even his noble Title, Wealth and Place
Was loſt in the familiar Graſp of Amity's Embrace.
His open Hand even Bounty did foreſtall,
So generous and ſo kind to all,
That weary Strangers travelling by
On Buſineſs or Curioſity,
Perhaps that hungry were and dry,
Need not with piteous Look the Patron's Aid implore,
Kind Invitation dreſt in Smiles ſtood always at the Door.

V.

Mourn too ye learned Sons of bleſt Theology,
Ye ſage Profeſſors of Divinity;
Nor think a tributary Tear
On your good Patron's Hearſe too dear;
Oft at his Table has he cheer'd your Hearts,
And made his Bounty ſtrive to equal your Deſerts:
A Treat ſo copious, ſo immenſe a Mind;
A Heart ſo free, a Look ſo kind;
The Reverend of your Tribe will ſeldom find:
For tho' the firſt or ſecond Courſe
Your Inclinations could not force,

To contradict your Gravity,
He ſtill had a Deſert of Loyalty.
A noble Reliſh for the Churches Cauſe,
Ancient Religion and the Laws;
That ſtill would all demure Regard controul,
And by a large capacious Bowl
Begin to do you Right, and ſhew the Greatneſs of his Soul.

VI.

Nor need my Muſe thus tedious be
In praiſing his known Hoſpitality,
As if that ſpecial Grace was all his Store;
Alas! he had a thouſand, thouſand more,
Excelling even the Thought of any Friend,
As now they do my Genius to commend;
Behold they ſhine in glorious Bloom
Like Planets, lighting him to his eternal Home;
Whilſt we that mourn around his Tomb
Should even our ſelves with Grief deſtroy,
Were there not giv'n one Beam of Joy
To cheer each weeping Friend, and eaſe the Mind,
When we the noble Offspring view he yet has left behind.

VII.

To you, Lord *Edward* then, the noble Heir,
That equally his Worth and Honour ſhare,
And on his Hearſe, by Duty bound, have ſhed a filial Tear.
I conſecrate this Elegy;
Which your Indulgence will, I hope, receive,
And at the inſtant too believe
The Branch I Honour to a high Degree
That have ſo long rever'd the Tree;
As then you like the Riſing Sun appear,
May you ſhine out, and influence the Year;
And be your Morn ſo bright we may forget
The Evening when your honour'd Father ſet:
Next let the Muſe remember too,
The Tribute to your worthy Conſort due;
Good, Faithful, Vertuous, Rich and Wiſe,
The kind Beginner and Preſerver of your Joys;
May ſhe a Series of long Years poſſeſs,
Connubial Love, and laſting Happineſs;

And

And see her charming Offspring, now in Bloom,
Grow up and mellow in the Years to come;
May Comforts one another still pursue,
You blest in her, my Lord, and she in you;
'Till by eternal Aid you baffle Fate,
And Time to your continu'd Bliss wants Power to give a Date.

VIII.

And lastly, tho' not least in Memory,
Since by the Muse admir'd in high Degree;
Since too, kind Heaven's bounteous Hand
Has yet more Blessings at Command,
My highly valued, ever honour'd Friend:
Most worthy *Charles*, I next condole with you,
Who know for your dear Parent's Loss what kindly Grief is due;
Whose Candor, Wit, and Sense of Amity
Must filial Duty raise to a supreme Degree,
Prepare to take the blest Reward,
Which Heaven to Merit gives of such Regard;
So with your noble Brother shall you prove
Equality in Happiness as Love;
Fraternal Friendship crowns your dear Embrace,
He your *Orestes*, you his *Pylades*:
As Brother, and as Friend, you Emulation raise,
And by it merit every Good Man's Praise;
Such did strict Rules of Amity maintain,
In the next Age to that when God corrected *Cain*:
And tho' as to his elder Birthright due,
In a good Wife he claims Precedence now of you;
He's but of present Happiness possest,
Which you, whene'er you please, may taste;
Since Heaven, that of its Favourites, still takes peculiar Care,
Reserves for you the second Gift, the Rich, the Young, the Fair.
That done, thro' Tracts of Time, and Scenes of Joy,
Ye noble Friends, united Amity employ;
Let each the others Love pursue,
Whilst we that joyfully the Concord view,
With happy Luxury, Regale in you.

Then

Then ſhall the awful Sire look down,
His Head impal'd with a cæleſtial Crown;
And with a ſmiling Grace,
Such as he pleas'd us with in tranſitory Days,
Rejoice to ſee his own, by Right of Blood,
With Perſons fit to grace a Court, and Parts to do their Country good.

F I N I S.

A

POEM Elegiacal,

On the Death of our late

GLORIOUS MONARCH,

KING *WILLIAM* III.

TRiumphant Fate had with ſevereſt Spite,
Now giv'n the World Proof of its envious Might;
The ſacred Urns of Monarchs newly built,
Oft ſhew'd the Fines, paid Heaven, for Nature's Guilt:
Caſtillian [a] Royalty in Duſt was laid;
A *Britiſh Cæſar* [b] too, by Bigots ſway'd,
And the blind Errors of his Church miſled.
His broken Sceptre dropt, with theſe a Flower,
Juſt blooming [c] cropt in an untimely Hour;

[a] *King of* Spain.
[b] *King* James.
[c] *Duke of* Gloceſter.

Which

Which had it ſpace its Sweetneſs to diſcloſe,
Might have excell'd each ancient *Engliſh* Roſe;
Nor ſtopt the murd'rous Head of Deſtiny
Yet here, but ravag'd to a worſe Degree;
Euſebia's [a] Patron, [b] ſtedfaſt Foe to *Rome*,
Great Umpire of the Arms of *Chriſtendom*;
In whom all *Europe*'s Princes ſum'd their Hope,
Spain's Guardian, Scourge of *Gallia*, and the Pope;
Whoſe Valour's Beams ſtill cheer'd the warring bold,
Who in the Shade now ſhivering ſtand, and cold.
He, he who yearly crown'd his Subjects Bliſs,
Not only fam'd for Conduct, but Succeſs;
This Mighty, more than Man, now nothing lies,
This Royal Oak, whoſe top late touch'd the Skies,
Bows his high Front, ſhrinks at the blaſt, and dies.

Oh! who could count that Hour the Streams of Woe,
Nor were mine leaſt, which from my Eyes did flow;
Succeeding Days ſtill gave freſh Cauſe to grieve:
We walk'd, and look'd, and talk'd, but did not live:
Nor was the Night leſs comfortleſs, for there
The Hero ſtill would in my Dreams appear;
Some glorious Action for his *Albion* done,
Preſs my relenting Soul, and force a Groan;
At laſt, 'mongſt various Viſions, this was one.

Methought, on *Helicon*, in grand Debate,
Apollo and the mourning Muſes ſate;
The Fate of Monarchs was the baleful Theme,
Each for her Hero ſorrowing in extreme;
And each, by Honour bound, in Elegy
Her choiceſt Genius was oblig'd to try;
But doubting Skill in ſuch auguſt Eſſays,
And diffident to give deſerving Praiſe,
They thus invok'd the Patron of the Bays.

MUSE's *Suit to* APOLLO.

Great Influencer of the happy Nine,
Who us'd to charm the Globe with Songs Divine;
Theſe mighty Dooms ſo much our Souls affright,
The awful Subject makes us fear to write:
The Gods on Earth, ſince Monarchs are ſo call'd,
Should only be by thoſe, like you, extoll'd;

[a] *Proteſtant Religion.*
[b] *King* William.

For

For us, alas, to build great *William*'s Praiſe,
Preſume at Altars only you can raiſe,
Would forfeit all our Titles to the Bays.
His boundleſs Glory claims *Apollo*'s Wit,
Th' eternal Theme for you is only fit;
Sing out then, oh thou Soul of ſacred Arts!
And let the mighty Ode tranſport our Hearts.
Thus ſpoke * *Caliope*, the proſtrate reſt
Conſenting, joyn'd to ſecond her Requeſt,
When the inſpiring Deity, whoſe Eye
Was always known to dart a Beam of Joy,
Dejected now, and gloomy as the Grave,
Their Suit refus'd,——and thus his Reaſon gave.

APOLLO's *Anſwer.*

His matchleſs Fame is ſo beyond all Praiſe,
Nor Gods, nor Men, can proper Altars raiſe;
Others, by Flights of yours, will famous grow,
My *Pegaſus* no middle Tract do's know,
Naſſau's a Theme too high, and all the reſt too low.

* *Muſe Heroick.*

F I N I S.

A

Funeral POEM or ELEGY,

Sacred to the Memory of my moſt Worthy and ever Honour'd Patron and Friend, Sir HUMPHRY FORSTER, *Bar. who died* December, Anno Dom. 1711.

I.

NOW was the beauteous Summer Seaſon paſt,
And plenteous Autumn with ſucceeding haſt
Unloaded had her Stores, and bleak was gone
To tell ſad Tales of Winter's coming on;
When from the *Berkſhire* * Paradiſe, whoſe Name,
And ſtately Dome the Record fills of Fame,
That near the lovely *Kenet* proudly ſtands,
Whoſe argent Purls enrich the verdant Lands,
Back to our City Defart home I came.

II.

With that mean Title *London* muſt diſpenſe,
Whilſt *Eden Aldermaſton* charms my Senſe;

* Aldermaſton.

As

As vulgar Females ſcarce are Women call'd,
When the *Beaumonde* appearing are extoll'd,
Sweet *Aldermaſton* do's from high appear,
For choiceſt Pleaſures fam'd both far and near;
And like *Britannia*'s Goddeſs ſits above,
Bright as the Palace of Olympick *Jove*,
Queen of her own, and Chief of all the Shire.

III.

From this *Elizium* beyond Parallel,
Where Honour, Virtue, and the *Lares* dwell;
Unlucky Buſineſs forcing my Retreat,
Subject of mine as well as *Cowley*'s Hate;
With clouded Soul I went, its Patron too,
Generous and kind, receiv'd my laſt Adieu.
Oh! fatal Word, ſince Heaven had then decreed,
To raiſe my Grief, it ſhould be ſo indeed,
By dreadful Doom that did too ſoon enſue.

IV.

For ſcarce had I my Diſcontent ſuppreſt,
And freed from Loads of ominous Care my Breaſt;
Scarce in Affairs had here few Days employ'd,
Affairs that Sweets of Country Life deny'd,
When the dire News that like Contagion ſpread,
Struck like a Blaſt, my honour'd Friend was dead;
The Generous, the Wiſe, the Good, the Juſt,
Fell'd like a lofty Pine by fatal Guſt,
And all dear Hopes of future Favours fled.

V.

Ye prudent few, that can that Word commend,
And know by Merit how to prize a Friend,
To you I now addreſs, for this was one
Form'd in Perfection.——But, alas! he's gone;
Snacht by divine, immutable Decree,
T' improve above cæleſtial Amity;
Fruit of his Virtue had ſo rich a taſte,
And 'mongſt Immortals there ſo highly grac'd,
The heavenly Seraphs begg'd at laſt the Free.

IV.

Mourn then, oh Muſe! and aiding what I write,
Let Grief perform, and Gratitude indite.
Let Honour, Juſtice, Generoſity,
Each with a proper Tear remembred be;
Or if 'tis not by watry Woe expreſt,
As Woe is greateſt ſtill, when Tears are leaſt;
Let dire Affection inwardly controul
The thoughtful Orders of the anxious Soul,
And Sighs, as well as mine, ſwell every Breaſt.

VII.

Mourn too, ye rural Hinds, that near him dwelt,
And frequent Doles of his kind Bounty felt;
Shew that his Memory is ſtill rever'd,
Let Hearts ake now that he ſo oft has cheer'd;
Who with a free and open Hand on all,
Like Heaven on *Iſrael* let his *Manna* fall:
All who in need of his Aſſiſtance ſtood,
A Patron found ſo noble and ſo good,
The great were not diſtinguiſh'd from the ſmall.

VIII.

Grandeur of Soul his Actions dignify'd,
And yet tho' great, the farther ſtill from Pride;
The Opulence of Power or Wealth to him
Of no Regard, did always Trifles ſeem;
But modeſt Virtue ever was rever'd,
And Learning's Art with willing Patience heard:
So noble *Atticus* in *Rome* of old,
Extracted ſtill from Droſs the purer Gold,
And thro' divided Factions wiſely ſteer'd,

IX.

Nor with the reſt that conſecrate his Urn,
Canſt thou (* oh Venerable) ceaſe to mourn,
Thy noble Friend, as well as Patron's loſs;
Pious as are thy Thoughts 'tis no ſlight Croſs:

* *His worthy Chaplain.*

The

The Rules of ſacred Writ, tho' they enjoin
That Creatures to the Maker's Will reſign;
Yet human Nature is not ſo refin'd
But it may leave ſome Ruſt upon the Mind,
And 'mongſt the reſt of grateful Hearts, on thine.

X.

'Mongſt which, you, honour'd [a] Matron, who have ſeen
His Date of Time, and when it did begin;
That prop'd by Providence makes Age obey,
And Life enjoy, in ſpite of its Decay;
Whoſe Senſe is quick, whoſe Fancy young appears;
Whoſe ſprightly Judgment feels no Doze of Years,
Muſt own a Pang for him whoſe dutious Love,
Seem'd as 'twere copied from the Saints above,
That to his Maker hourly Altars rears.

XI.

Your virtuous [b] Daughter next large Share has here,
With whom muſt you his dear lov'd Niece appear;
The noble Heireſs of his Family,
To whoſe ſucceeding bleſt Poſterity,
All will in time deſcend; who as you're Chief
In near Relation, are ſo too in Grief:
Nor do bleſt [c] Siſters you your ſelves exclude,
Who fam'd for Goodneſs, Beauty, Gratitude,
Your Candor pay, tho' nought can bring Relief.

XII.

Then, ye Domeſticks, whom his Goodneſs fed,
That many Years were cheriſh'd with his Bread;
Whoſe gentle Rules did ſtill your Service crown,
Cheer'd with his Smiles, but never ſaw his Frown:
With clouded Viſage let your Grief appear
Black, as the diſmal Livery you wear;
For oh! your kind, your generous Maſter's gone;
He's gone, and Seconds like him there are none,
To bleſs your Lives with ſuch Indulgence here.

[a] *The Muſe addreſſing to Mrs.* Forſter, *his Mother.*
[b] *Lady* Forſter, *and the Right Honourable the Lady* Stawell, *his Niece.*
[c] *Mrs.* Cheſhire *and Mrs.* Coden.

XIII.

Yet leſt your Sorrow ſhould too much annoy
Your mourning Duty paſt, there's yet ſome Joy;
A Female *Phœnix* riſing from his Pile
To gild your Woes, and once more make ye ſmile.
Hail, awful Modeſty, [a] let theſe Eſſays
In Verſe preſume your ſorrowing Thoughts to raiſe;
Excuſe me if I prompt your pious Ear,
Juſt Characters of true Deſert to hear,
And give my Veneration leave to praiſe.

XIV.

In your paſt Life the Candid muſt confeſs
All that can prove the Marriage State a Bliſs;
Sprung from the Loyns of honour'd [b] *Winch*, whoſe Fame
For Wiſdom ſoar'd; you've Title to the ſame:
And theſe rich Gems without Repriſal get,
The Father's Worth, and the good Mother's Wit;
Virtue innate, and Knowledge well acquir'd,
By all below belov'd, by all above inſpir'd;
Like *Eſther*, perfect, good, and like wiſe *Deborah*, admir'd.

XV.

In this divine Condition long both liv'd,
Thus ſtill continue, you that have ſurviv'd.
Farther to go the Muſe in vain Eſſays,
A State ſo glorious is beyond all Praiſe:
Reſt then in Peace, thou hallow'd dear Remains,
Accept my Duty in theſe humble Strains.
Oh! might their Value but obtain to keep
Pace with thy tow'ring Fame, I then ſhould reap
The nobleſt Harveſt for Poetick Pains.

[a] *Addreſſing to Lady* Forſter.
[b] *Sir* Humphry Winch, *her Father.*

AN

A N

E L E G Y,

Sacred to the Memory of the Pious, and highly Honoured Lady WINCH, *and most humbly Dedicated to the Lady* FORSTER *her Daughter.*

E friendly Mourners, dry your trickling Eyes,
Sorrow ſhould ceaſe in ſacred Obſequies;
She's gone to that Empyreal Manſion, where
Angelick Souls eternal Bleſſings ſhare,
And bright Rewards beyond the Art of Praiſe,
For virtuous Deeds done in their mortal Days:
And tho' lamenting Nature bears the Croſs,
With Pain for an indulgent Parent's Loſs;
Tho' ſorrowing Tears ſeem to have juſt Pretence
To raiſe a Flood, and Grief afflicts the Senſe;
Yet Reaſon argues there's ſome Cauſe for Joy,
Since Heaven's the Purchaſe when the Pious die.

You then, her honour'd Daughter, (whoſe Deceaſe
Has given her Claim to everlaſting Bliſs)

Whose pregnant Knowledge in what's strictly Good,
Descends into your Breast by Right of Blood;
The mourning Tribute justly paid, may now
With decent Grace raise your dejected Brow.
Let this atone for a good Mother's Loss,
That the Translation so transcendent was;
The Joys of Heaven, should Earth compare with them,
Are Gold to Dirt, a Pebble to a Gem;
Advanc'd too now in that cælestial Sphere,
She Leisure has, to praise your Duty here;
Blest in that bright angelick Company,
She now has happy Time in Hymns of Joy,
To recommend your filial Piety,
Approaching near the Throne,
To parallel your Virtues with her own;
And tell her Sister Saints, who joyful gaze
Upon the Glories of the Maker's Face:—
There, there, she kneels, who lives below so well
Seraphick Dwellers scarcely can excel.
This Truth of you, maternal Love would say,
Let us be grateful then, and Truth repay.
Permit me, Madam, and my humble Muse,
By you inspir'd, to consecrate her Dues;
And since her sacred Gifts are rarely found,
Thus let 'em be in hallow'd Verse renown'd.
First let her charming Godliness take place,
Her darling Fav'rite from her infant Days,
That here the mortal Mansion beautify'd,
And built her an Eternal when she dy'd;
That thro' the Series of her Years shone bright,
And with her Offspring shar'd the glorious Light,
Which in her Life was of so high Regard,
Omnipotence can only now reward.
Next, wretched *Paupers*, shed your briny Flood,
You've lost your Alms, that charitable Good,
That late reliev'd and fed ye from her Store,
Descends like *Manna* on your Heads no more:
Relentless Fate consigns ye now to those
For Charity, whose Charity is froze.
Nor to the Dame, from whom you now must part,
Her Hand was alway open as her Heart;
Reflecting in her Mind the sacred Word,
Who gives the Poor, still lends it to the Lord.
Endless her Praise would be could I design
To sum the total of her Life divine,

Her

Her Wiſdom, Candor, and Indulgence rare;
Her Wit, with which ſcarce any could compare;
Still ſatisfy'd, the Expectation rais'd,
And ever gave occaſion to be prais'd:
But oh, ye Mourners, ſhe's no longer here,
No more then can theſe Qualities appear.
The bleſſed Soul reſts in its State ſublime,
Immortal in its Joy beyond all Time,
Whilſt we that for our Loſs ſeverely grieve,
Yield up with Patience what we can't retrieve.

F I N I S.

A

FUNERAL POEM,

Sacred to the Memory of the late Right Honourable, and never enough admir'd and lamented PHILIP, *Earl of* LEICESTER, &c. *who made his Country unhappy by his Death,* March *the* 6th, 169$\frac{7}{8}$.

THOU proud Deſtroyer of all human Things,
From loweſt Rabble to the higheſt Kings;
Relentleſs Fate, who do's no Merit ſave,
The Young, the Fair, the Great, Good, Wiſe, nor Brave:
Thy cruel Fury now we ſcorn and dare,
Urg'd by the fierce Convulſions of Deſpair;
Glut thy Ambition, dig a ſpacious Grave
To bury Nature, not one Creature ſave:
For ſince the Beſt and Worthieſt of our Race
Given us, deprav'd Humanity to grace;

Since

Since Learning's Patron by thy Doom muſt die,
How baſe a State is poor Mortality?
How Soul-leſs now appears each Muſe's Son,
What can Wit's Fabrick now depend upon,
When noble *Sidney*, its beſt Arch, is gone?
The Maſter of our tuneful Art is dead,
From hence to his inſpir'd Relations fled;
And Science, that did late the World controul,
Is dead with him, a Corpſe without a Soul:
Beauty nor Fame can now the Genius fire,
Nor *Phœbus* Beams, or Influence inſpire;
Sweet Poetry's ſoft Charm will pleaſe no more,
Nor *Pegaſus* o'er Wilds of Fancy ſoar:
But Griefs ſad Lethargy from henceforth blind
The Senſe and trickling Eyes of human Kind.

Methinks I ſee from their now withering Home,
The Muſes Race in ſad Proceſſion come,
In Weeds of cuſtomary Sables clad,
And Looks ſo diſmal as if they were dead;
A Cypreſs Wreath each drooping Mourner lays
Upon the Brow that lately wore the Bays,
Prefer'd to Fame by mighty *Leiceſter*'s Praiſe:
Their Patron's blaſted Glory each bemoans,
In Storms of Sorrow, Tears, and Sighs and Groans.

Their zealous Grief even blames the Deity,
Why ſhould we loſe thee thus, great Soul, they cry?
What dreadful Crime have we committed here,
That Fate do's make us pay a Fine ſo dear?
The Myſteries above no Mortals know,
But angry Providence now ſeems to ſhew
Th' Offence uncommon by th' uncommon Blow.
Our boaſted Empire muſt, alas! decline
When *Phœbus* on his Race do's ceaſe to ſhine.
Sydney, the great Inſtructer of our Times,
Whoſe matchleſs Knowledge his fam'd Life ſublimes,
Withdraws his Beams that nouriſh'd us below,
And like the Sun, made Wit's Plantation grow.

The beſt *Mæcena*'s of the learned Kind,
He fed at once the Body and the Mind;

The chiefeſt * Bards of *Albion*'s happy Land,
That felt the Bounty of his generous Hand;
And yearly from his plenteous Table took
The kind *Regalia* grac'd with kinder Look,
Improv'd were too, by his experienc'd Wit,
That rich Deſert ſtill adding to each Treat.

No Flight ſo lofty but his Senſe could reach,
Nor none ſo Learned known but he could teach;
From Youth he labour'd in the golden Mines
Of wiſe Philoſophers, and grave Divines,
And as bright Reaſon did his Soul direct,
Digeſted both, to both gave due Reſpect;
But ſtill his Senſe ſo wiſe a *Medium* choſe,
The firſt could not delude, the laſt impoſe:
But where's the Worth that Envy will not blame,
Or Ignorance with its vile Breath defame?
Some Novices, in the Soul-ſaving Art,
Againſt great *Leiceſter*'s Fame their Nonſenſe dart;
Whoſe mellow'd Reaſon could not theirs obey,
Nor chuſe the Road to Heaven the common Way:
For as we ſee ſome fam'd Aſtronomers
Can thro' their Glaſſes find out Spots in Stars;
So ſome Church Errors, by his Judgment known,
Made him reject their Rules to keep his own.
But to the Learn'd and Wiſe gave due Regard,
His Purſe was open, and his Praiſe not ſpar'd;
Their niceſt Tenets he both read and knew,
Not only ſaw with them, but farther too.
Nor to the all-commanding Deity,
Did he refuſe to bend the willing Knee;
And tho' there are a poor unthinking Crew,
For even the Clergy have their Rabble too,
Who in his awful Face the Dirt of Atheiſm threw;
The Hypocrites found only his Diſdain,
Who pray for Cuſtom, and who preach for Gain.

How has this fatal Stroke his People gor'd?
How do they groan for their departed Lord?
The Genius of old ſtanch Nobility,
For ever loſt within his Grave do's lie.
The Will that Charity ſo nobly ſpar'd;
The Hand that Service did ſo well reward;

* *Five Days in the Week, all the Year, he treated the Lords and Gentry, and every* Saturday *the Poets.*

The

The Heart that ſo much Goodneſs did retain;
The Tongue that never ſpoke a Word in vain,
Taught by the Art of his ſeraphick Brain;
To curſe their future Days by Fate's ſtrong Power,
Muſt do their heavenly Offices no more.

Long, long with Diligence and Induſtry,
A Family's beſt prov'd Oeconomy;
With active Eagerneſs, and dutious Will,
Effects of their great Maſter's Influence ſtill;
An eaſy Service bleſt their happy Days,
A Nod, a Look, a Word, in order ſways;
One Note from *Orpheus*, the whole Grove obeys.
But now, alas! that Scene is plaid no more,
The Duty's paſt, and the Indulgence o'er:
Now all confus'd perform a different part,
Tho' fruitleſs is their Labour, and their Art;
In vain they'd hinder the laſt running Sands
Of that unvalu'd Ore that Fate Commands.
For now th' Immortal Spirit muſt be gone
To be adorn'd with an eternal Crown;
Tho' Kindred, Servants, Friends, to ſave him ſtrove,
All ſhew'd their Weakneſs, tho' all ſhew'd their Love.

And now the Scene of Horror is prepar'd,
Nothing but Tears are ſeen, and Sighs are heard.
Now, now the Thought of each bleſt Quality
That bleſt the Body that do's breathleſs lie,
Draws full-grown Drops from every Blood-ſhot Eye.
His Patience, Kindneſs, Bounty, freſh in view
Appear, and every Moment uſher new;
Unnumber'd Words they to his Praiſe apply,
And every Word is ended with a Sigh:
Yet one chief Mourner all the reſt excell'd,
Whom a too pond'rous Bulk of Sorrow fill'd;
Related nearly to his noble Blood,
And like him too, Kind, Patient, Wiſe, and Good.
To her, methinks, I ſee the awful Shade,
With a paternal Bleſſing bow his Head,
And with a Godlike Grace accoſt the weeping Maid.

No more, dear Saint, afflict thy precious Soul,
Let Sighs blow off, and Tears no longer roul;

Thy

Thy Sorrow ceaſe, let it ſufficient be,
Thou matchleſs Virtue, 'tis declar'd by me,
That all thy Sex may Duty learn of thee.
Thou that in Youth would'ſt loſe its deareſt Gains
Of Pleaſure, rob thy ſelf, to eaſe my Pains;
Employ thy Time ſtill to allay my Care,
My Nurſe, Phyſician, Comfort, Year by Year,
In Will obedient, and in Heart ſincere;
That when I ſeem'd at Eaſe, wouldſt be ſo too,
And when I groan'd a Sigh, ſoft Pity knew;
Do hourly Deeds to ſhew true filial Love,
But never any Fault I could reprove;
What were the Pleaſures of the World to thee,
Thy Pleaſure ſtill was in attending me.
On blooming Youth the Sun in vain did ſhine,
Thy Youth ſeem'd Age by influencing mine.
Thus, thus, methinks, he ſpeaks from Heaven above,
Charm'd with Remembrance of her dutious Love;
For which a thouſand Bleſſings will ſucceed
Each other ſtill, and hourly crown her Head;

And now behold a Troop of Mourners come
To bear the Body to its lateſt Home,
A Hearſe enſhrines it, and with proper State
Makes its ſlow *Exit* from his Palace Gate,
To *Penſhurſt* now the noble Relick's drawn;
Penſhurſt, where Woes are young, and Grief is yet in Dawn;
But will, when the ſad Pomp of Death they view,
Grow up to our Meridian Sorrow too;
The unhappy Tenants all diſſolve in Tears,
And moan with Grief when their dead Lord appears.
The Trees their Sap forc'd down, nor Buds will ſhew
Nor from their Banks the Flowers peep out to grow;
Bnt backward Spring anew feel Winter's Breath,
Whilſt Nature mourns for noble *Leiceſter*'s Death.

F I N I S.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

AND

SONGS.

By Mr. D'URFEY.

LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM CHETWOOD, at *Cato's* Head in *Ruſſel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*, 1721.

A

POEM Congratulatory,

On the Right Honourable

Sir THOMAS PARKER, Bar.

Lord Chief Juſtice of *England*,

Now Lord High Chancellor.

Upon his Creation of Lord Chief Juſtiee.

AS from the Trees that did in *Eden* ſtand,
Well fixt and planted by th' eternal Hand,
The Maker choſe out one with ſacred Skill,
Whoſe Fruit to taſte gave Senſe of Good and Ill;
Which thus prefer'd, and eminently plac'd
With Reverence was diſtinguiſh'd from the Reſt:
So our bleſt Sovereign who wiſely ſaw
And judg'd the awful Sages of the Law;
Her Kingdoms Int'reſt having too in View,
Wanting a Worthy the great Work to do,
'Mongſt all the Reſt, my Lord, ſelected you,

The noble anxious Weight with her to ſhare,
And eaſe her Boſom from its Load of Care.
Heaven that to Merit does Reward beſtow,
Wiſely thinks fit to give ſome Trouble too,
To keep within due Bounds the Grace aſſign'd,
Depreſs Ambition, and to poize the Mind.
Thus happieſt Mortals have their troubled Days,
And even Empires Joys have their Allays.
Bleſt with ſuch Candor, and ſuch learned Skill,
Well were you choſe the Judgment-Seat to fill;
The prudent Sovereign who reſolv'd the Deed,
Foreſaw he beſt could judge, who beſt could plead;
And that great Office moſt politely knew,
Who ſpoke with Rhetorick and Reaſon too.
This, tho' in Seaſons paſt 'twas often known,
Is in theſe preſent Times more amply ſhewn;
Witneſs the fam'd Oration lately made,
When *Paſſive Duty's Caſe* was open laid,
And Tyranny with Freedom nicely weigh'd:
Not more from great *Quintilian*'s Mouth could come,
Nor greater *Tully* ſo rever'd in *Rome*.
Each ſolemn Paragraph with Influence
Such Preſſure made upon the Hearer's Senſe;
None knew, who there the graceful Action ſaw,
If 'twas moſt Wit, moſt Reaſon, or moſt Law.
In vain did ſcanty Sophiſtry maintain
Oppoſing Notions in a Caſe ſo plain;
Tho' ſtrong Philoſophy ſhew'd Difference rare
Between a Pulpit Speech, and at the Bar;
The tender Fair too, that were in ſuch Pain,
Pour'd out their Non-reſiſting Tears in vain;
Your Anſwer turn'd the flowing Tide again:
And whilſt their moving Orator they prais'd,
Your Speech admir'd, tho' his their Liking rais'd;
In which did Art or Verity excel,
There, as it oft in Tragedies befel,
They wept becauſe the Scene was acted well.
Here then let *Pegaſus* more lofty fly,
Purſuing glorious Tracts ſublimely high,
And grave Law Volumes for a while lay by.
Your Genius, my good Lord, can mount a Sphere,
Diviner ſtill, and nobly make appear;
You *Maro*'s Art, as well as *Keyling*'s ſhare:
When to unbend the Mind with Buſineſs cloy'd,
From golden Profits ſeldom well enjoy'd.

You grace the Muſes with Poetick Strains,
With artful Numbers charm the learned Swains,
And ſteady hold the volant Courſer's Reins:
Thus as your Leiſure, and Affairs agree,
In Buſineſs ſolid, in Diverſion free;
For Turns of ſprightly Wit none more renown'd,
Nor none in grave Solutions more profound.
Inſpiring Muſick too delights your Ear;
True Proof of him who do's bleſt Temper bear:
Dull Sons of Earth, who ſlight ſeraphick Sound,
Like fruitleſs Trees, incumbring ſtill the Ground;
Curſt from Creation, can no Kindred claim,
But their vile Parent Earth from whence they came:
Whilſt you, my Lord, tranſlated, ſoar on high
Amongſt the radiant Seraphs of the Sky,
Who charm cæleſtial Ears with Wit and Harmony.
May then the Honours you now juſtly wear,
New Bleſſings yield in each ſucceeding Year;
May freſh and blooming Comforts daily grow,
May Ages, Troubles, gently come, and ſlow;
And may you juſtly, as alternate due,
Beholding be to Time, as Time to you.
Fame in our Days new Wonders ſhall rehearſe,
Our gracious Sovereign Lady do's diſperſe
Her Arms, as Umpire o'er the Univerſe.
And whilſt our Gen'ral too o'ercomes abroad,
And *France* looks pale, that late all *Europe* aw'd;
You in your Station here, ſerenely wiſe,
Quell the outragious Fires of ſpreading Vice:
To Guilt a dreadful Inſtrument of Fate,
To Innocence a friendly Advocate;
'Till by Example of your Virtue ſhewn,
Decreaſing Miſchiefs clear th' infeſted Town,
And Maiden Seſſions frequently are ſhewn.
And now, tho' for our preſent Benefit,
You riſe, my Lord, let not my Muſe forget
Uncommon Merit, ſo rever'd of late.
Tho' learned *Holt* lies low within his Tomb,
And Nature moulders ſtill, his Virtues bloom;
And like the verdant Laurel, freſh will grow,
'Spight of all Blaſts that Envy e'er can blow:
His Fame unſoil'd o'er *Albion* long has ſpread,
Which yours, with equal Luſtre, do's ſucceed;

And if Degrees can in Perfection be,
And Excellence increaſe in Dignity,
May that Renown he has acquir'd ſo well,
And nobly gain'd, in you, my Lord, excel.
Like th' Royal Teacher may your Wiſdom flow,
'Till try'd in all you have no more to know;
And as the ſacred Prophet, mounting high,
Dol'd to his Friend the heavenly Myſtery:
May you, like honoured *Holt*, record your Name,
And gain a double Portion of his Fame.

F I N I S.

A

POEM Congratulatory,

On the Right Honourable

WILLIAM Lord COWPER,

Late Lord High Chancellor.

I.

WHEN *Phœbus* cheers us with a Morning Ray,
And thence proceeds a bright and beauteous Day;
The mounting Lark exalted on the Wing,
Prepares its pretty tuneful Voice to ſing;
Juſt ſo my Muſe, when great Deſert is rais'd,
By Royal Bounty, and in general prais'd,
Inſpir'd begins her Harmony,
And makes her Lyrick Numbers fly
Around the Globe of Earth, and ſcale the lofty Sky.

II.

Propitious Omens point our future Joys,
When Merit is obſerv'd, at Court, to riſe;

The Iron Age wears out, these latter Years,
And now the Golden, once agen appears.
The stupid Sons of sordid Ignorance
No more shall own their Greatness to blind Chance;
But Arts and Sciences shall be
Distinguish'd in their high Degree,
And flourish in judicious Law, and artful Poetry.

III.

To you then (Wise and Great) tho' press'd with Fear,
Which do's my Duty and my Reverence bear,
I consecrate these Lines, and beg the Grace,
Amongst the num'rous Off'rings of just Praise,
They may in your indulgent Favour share,
And gain a Wreath beyond a Laurel there:
Superior Wits still grace a Muse,
And tho' indulgent, kindly use,
Who best knows how to write, knows best how to excuse.

IV.

Let then the Influence that so bright do's shine,
Fated to nourish Arts, enlighten mine;
Let him who knows by Skill maturely wise,
When *Pegasus* do's flag, and when he flies;
In great *Apollo*'s Hall, deign to appear,
And form a florid Court of Chanc'ry there;
Aloft on Wit's Tribunal be,
The Poet's Causes mildly see,
And there, as wisely here below, distribute Equity.

V.

Divinely has best Providence design'd,
For Business, as for Wit, your copious Mind;
As the vast Globe is form'd of Earth and Sea,
So is your Head the World's Epitomy:
In each firm Part material Substance grows,
Whilst round it the *Castalian* Ocean flows.
This famous Bards shall chant, and long
The Theme be of each Poet's Song;
Decrees, like learned *Bacon*'s wise, pronounc'd by *Tully*'s Tongue.

VI. Here

VI.

Here too, leſt generous Actions in Extreme
Should be neglected in this glorious Theme,
Applaud (oh Muſe) a Soul ſo nobly Great,
Profits their Virtue loſe, and Gold its Weight;
No Bribe can move, nor State Allurement bind
Th' unbounded Candor of your ſtedfaſt Mind;
Since royally you can forget
The prime of Office Benefit,
And Monarch like, with Scorn refuſe the golden Perquiſite.

VII.

Thus ſtill the truly Great will greatly do,
A Grace Divine giv'n to peculiar few;
You, Eagle like, can gaze on ſolid Light,
Whoſe Rays are too extreme for vulgar Sight;
And what beſt proves the Firmneſs of your Eyes,
Is the late happy Conſort made your Choice;
Whoſe Qualities and Virtues joyn'd,
Enriching her cæleſtial Mind,
Complete the Joys that bounteous Heaven to make you bleſt deſign'd.

VIII.

Well may her hourly Joys ſeraphick be,
Whoſe Soul compounded is of Harmony;
When Wit and Muſick jointly ſtrive to pleaſe,
Well may the Bridegroom boaſt Content and Eaſe;
The charming Baniſher of worldly Care,
To drive out anxious Croſs is always near,
In tuneful Strains her Love to ſhew,
When Buſineſs furls, to clear your Brow,
And Angel-like, prove Wedlock State a Paradiſe below.

IX.

Oh! may my happy Verſe prophetick be,
And to Time's end may laſt your Melody:
Bleſt Pair, whom Nature, perfect in her Trade,
And taught by Heaven, for one another made;

Fruits of your Wiſdom are her Virtues due,
Her Wit and darling Gifts are choſe for you.
Thus bleſt in *Hymen*'s ſacred Art,
And Love conjoin'd, you make one Heart,
And one another's all in all, and all in every Part.

X.

So much the grateful Muſe dares boldly ſing,
And to the World in *Lyrick* Numbers bring;
Truth without Flatt'ry paint, and juſtly prove,
As once *Appelles* did, the Queen of Love:
Or write what fading Colours cannot ſhew,
Great ANNA's Juſtice, and her Judgment too;
Selecting one to mend each Flaw
In the ſo long perverted Law,
Whoſe Equal the contentious World ſo rarely ever ſaw,

XI.

For as when the Creator made the Earth,
And all things had from *Chaos* Form and Birth;
The glorious Sun with dazling Luſtre dreſt
Of new Perfection, was eſteem'd the beſt:
So you, my Lord, whoſe ſprightly Genius frees
From dark Oblivion obſolete Decrees;
Like that indulgent Light appear,
The Truth from Clouds of Error cheer,
And gain the Prize from Ages paſt in one propitious Year.

F I N I S.

VERSES Congratulatory,

To the Honourable

WILLIAM BROMLEY, *Esq*;

On his being choſen SPEAKER *of this preſent Parliament.*

AS when *Hyperion* with victorious Light
Expels invading Pow'rs of gloomy Night,
And vernal Nature youthful dreſs'd and gay,
Salutes the radiant Power that forms the Day;
The mounting Lark exalts her joyful Note,
And ſtrains with Harmony her warbling Throat:
So now my Muſe that hopes to ſee the Day,
When cloudy Faction, that do's *Britain* ſway,
Shall be o'ercome by Reaſon's dazling Ray;
Applauding Senates for their prudent Choice,
The Will of Heaven by the Peoples Voice,
Firſt greets ye, Sir, then gladly do's prepare,
In tuneful Verſe, your Welcome to the Chair.
Awful th' Aſſembly is, Auguſt the Queen,
In whoſe each Day of Life are Wonders ſeen;
The Nation too, this greateſt of all Years,
Who watch to ſee bleſt Turns in their Affairs;
Slighting the Tempeſt on the *Gallick* Shore,
Hope from the Senate much, but from you more:

Whoſe

Whoſe happy Temper Judgment cultivates,
And Forms ſo fit to aid our Three Eſtates.
The Change of Miniſtry late order'd here,
Was fated ſure for this auſpicious Year;
That you predeſtin'd at a glorious Hour,
To be chief Judge of Legiſlative Power,
Might by your Skill that Royal Right aſſerts,
Like Heaven, reconcile the jarring Parts.
Nor ſhines your Influence, Sir, here alone,
The Church muſt your unequall'd Prudence own,
Firm to ſupport the Cauſe, but rough to none.
Euſebia's Sons, in Laws divine poſſeſt,
Can learn from you how Truth ſhould be expreſt;
Whether in modeſt Terms, like Balm, to heal;
Or raving Notions, falſely counted Zeal.
Our holy Writ no Rule like that allows,
No People an enrag'd Apoſtle choſe,
Nor taught our Saviour, or St. *Paul*, like thoſe.
Reaſon was mild, and calmly did proceed,
Which harſh might fail to make Tranſgreſſors heed;
This Saint your Rhet'rick beſt knows how to prove,
Whoſe gracious Method can inform, and move;
Direct the Elders that ſuch Errors make,
And ſhew both how to preach, and how to ſpeak.
Oh! ſacred Gift, in publick Matters great,
But in Religious Tracts divinely Sweet;
Since to this Grace they only have Pretence
Whoſe happy Learning joins with a cæleſtial Senſe.
That, Sir, you ſhare both theſe, the Muſe forgive,
If I preſume to write what all believe.
Your Candor too, and charming Courteſy,
Rever'd by them is juſtly ſo by me,
Let me not then offend your Modeſty,
If now my Genius to a Height I raiſe,
Such Parts, and ſuch Humanity to praiſe.
This ancient [a] *Baginton* can witneſs well,
And the rich [b] Library before it fell;
The precious Hours amongſt wiſe Authors paſt,
Your Soul with their unvalued Wealth poſſeſt;
And well may he to heights of Knowledge come,
Who that *Panthæon* always kept at home.

[a] *The ancient Seat of the* Bromleys *in* Warwickſhire.
[b] *A famous Library burnt there.*

This

Thus once, Sir, you were bleſt, and ſure the Fiend
That firſt entail'd a Curſe on Human-kind,
And afterwards contriv'd this fatal Croſs,
Deſign'd the publick, by your private Loſs.
Oh! who had ſeen that Love to Learning bore,
The matchleſs Authors of the Days of yore;
The Fathers, Prelates, Poets, Books where Arts
Renown'd explain'd the Men of rareſt Parts,
Shrink up their ſhrivell'd Bindings, loſe their Names.
And yield immortal Worth to temporary Flames,
That would not ſigh to ſee the Ruins there,
Or wiſh to quench 'em with a flowing Tear.
But as in Story, where we Wonders view,
As there were Flames, there was a *Phœnix* too;
An Excellence from the burnt Pile did riſe,
That ſtill aton'd for paſt Calamities;
So my prophetick Genius in its Height,
Viewing your Merit, Sir, foretels your Fate.
Your valiant * Anceſtors, that bravely fought,
And from the Foe the Royal Standard got;
Which nobly now adorn your Houſhold Coat,
Denotes the former Grandeur of your Race;
Your preſent Worth fits you for preſent Grace.
The Sovereign muſt eſteem what all admire,
Bromley and *Baginton* ſhall both raiſe higher,
Fate oft contrives Magnificence by Fire.

* Vide *Hiſtory of* Warwickſhire.

F I N I S.

VERSES,

Humbly Addreſs'd to the Wiſe, Virtuous, and Honourable Mrs. BROMLEY, *on her preſenting me her worthy Husband Mr.* SPEAKER's *Picture.*

YOUR Preſent, Madam, generouſly deſign'd,
Moſt amply ſhews the Bounty of your Mind;
Goodneſs, and graceful Condeſcention too,
Indulgent Courteſy, beſt ſhewn in you.
With his auſpicious Form you nobly give,
Nor could I miſs the Pleaſure to receive.
Tho' like a Miſer, griping ſtill at Store,
I knew the Inſtant I was taking more,
His Portraiture was in my Heart before:
Which by the Opticks of the Mind I view
More perfect than *Appelles* ever drew;
The gracious Features that adorn the Face,
Full of ſerene, and yet delightful Grace,
That long have bred a dutious Zeal in me,
As well as Pleaſure in all thoſe that ſee;

And in my Boſom now ſo brightly ſhine,
Nought but a Glory want to ſeem Divine.
Like me too, Crowds of Lookers on admire,
If then a Shadow can ſo much inſpire,
How daily would the graceful Subſtance charm,
Where ſolemn Senſe is equal to the Form?
Ah! were they with my happy Chance poſſeſt,
And with his pleaſing Converſation bleſt,
They would in Flames of ardent Paſſion burn,
And, Madam, (all that heard) your Rivals turn.
But Pardon, awful Goodneſs, I pretend
To that Preſumption only as a Friend;
Let me that valued Honour but obtain,
And long may you in your bleſt Empire reign.
The ſacred Spirit of Connubial Love,
Like Eagles out of Sight, ſtill ſoars above;
My Dove flies lower, which in humble Senſe,
The Merit that you love I reverence.
Thus weak Philoſophy can Nature trace,
But Heaven's *Empyreum* has too vaſt a Space.
And well did ſacred Providence foreſee,
You only bleſt could in each other be;
The Mild, the Modeſt, Conſtant, and the Good,
Noble as well in Nature as in Blood;
Mature in Judgment, Juſt without Diſguiſe,
Like *Heſter* Pious, and like *Deborah* Wiſe;
Long doom'd by Fate, had a predeſtin'd Birth,
By Heaven's Decree to match great *Bromley*'s Worth
And long may Joys reciprocal ſucceed,
Long may ye Turtle-like together feed;
The Bliſs of Marriage you divinely prove,
Equal your Tempers, equal is your Love:
And thus whilſt pleas'd with one another's View,
You leave the Fiction to enjoy the true.
I gazing on the Picture once a Day,
In joyful Tenders Gratitude will pay;
And pride my ſelf whilſt I in *Lyrick* Song
Can praiſe the Subſtance whence the Figure ſprung.

F I N I S.

THE

THE

ROYALIST'S ADDRESS,

Congratulating her sacred Majesty's restor'd Health, and expressing in Verse, with humblest Duty, her Welcome home from Windsor.

INspir'd by some Cælestial Influence,
That more than *Phœbus* charm'd my happy Sense,
As the tun'd Lark expands her tow'ring Wings,
So mounts my Muse aloft, and thus she sings.

As to the poor afflicted Patient, Ease,
Long robb'd of Rest by violent Disease;
As to the Gally Slave, half dead with Pains,
A joyful riddance from his grinding Chains;
As to the frozen Plants th' indulgent Sun,
That bids the beauteous vernal Queen come on:
So gracious Sovereign, Goddess of each Year,
So Welcome are ye to your Loyal, here;
To all true Hearts, in general Degree,
And in particular, as Health, to me:

Long have we pin'd with desolating Woes,
By Winter, and your Absence, doubly froze:
Long has our Genius, whose celestial Face,
Us'd to refresh us with indulgent Grace,
Been like the Sun in cold bleak *Greenland* lost,
And like that wretched Soil, our *British* Coast.
In vain we hope to see the infant Year,
Propitious in her vernal Dress appear:
In vain expected Comforts should increase
By joyful Benefits of welcome Peace,
When late in our *Metropolis* there rose
Nothing but factious Storms and cloudy Woes:
The fair *Augusta* mourn'd each luckless Day
Her Queen of Consolation was away;
Nor was she for a Season lost, but worse,
A sad for Ever had improv'd the Curse;
For soon a second Tribe of *Belial*'s Brood
Rebels by Nature, * foreign to all Good,
To revel in their wish'd Impiety,
And crown their Hopes, had made an Angel die;
Sent her with Envy to that glorious home
Where they themselves must ne'er expect to come:
But gracious Providence that had ordain'd
Uncommon Joy to our distracted Land,
Soon check'd th' Aguish Ill,—cheer'd us that mourn'd,
And their expected Curse a Blessing turn'd.
So once when *Balac* execrably bad,
Oppugnant to the Power and Will of God,
Dispatcht the holy Seer with fell Design,
To curse the favour'd Troops of *Israel*'s Line;
The Champion Angel charm'd the Prophet's Breast,
And those he journied to destroy,—were blest.
So, mighty Sovereign, may you ever be,
And as, instead of Death, your Health we see,
Restor'd by Heaven to a more large Degree;
May it increase each Day to bless your Isle,
And baulk the Expectations of the Vile.
May Ease and Comforts crown each joyful Year,
So blest so long as may make those despair
Who wish to see your Tomb, and curse your Regal Chair.

* *The fictious Report of the Queen's Death.*

To his GRACE the

DUKE of *BEDFORD*,

VERSES *Congratulatory, on the Birth of his Son, the Marquis of* Taviſtock.

IN ſweet Retirement, freed from anxious Care,
From Court Deluſions, and the noiſy War;
From Buſineſs that diſturbs the tranquil State,
And palls the beſt Contentment of the Great;
From Town Diſorders, and infectious Wine;
From Libertines who live by baſe Deſign;
Wiſely your Grace, and worthy of all Praiſe,
Has choſe to conſecrate your happy Days.
Oh! lucky Change, a Bleſſing only due,
By Heaven's peculiar Bounty, to a few.
Here in ambroſial Bowers you entertain,
With varied Joys, the Body and the Brain;
Sweet Contemplation gains the foremoſt Place,
Whilſt Books inſtructively do Science raiſe:
Sports too, for Relaxation of the Mind,
The Seaſon fit are proper in their kind:
Nor is the Bleſſing only on your Part,
But ſhar'd by her who wholly ſhares your Heart.

Your virtuous Conſort, of *Elizium* Dreams,
Here pregnant with connubial Love ſhe Teems;
And that concording Comforts may not fail
T' inlarge your noble Race, brings forth a Male.
Thus has eternal Providence decreed,
To grant the only Bleſſing you could need.
Take it, my Lord, as 'tis divinely meant,
A Gift peculiar, from Heaven ſent;
A Sanction to promote your Happineſs,
And crown your Solitude with laſting Bliſs:
To pleaſe a Parent Plants may kindly ſhoot,
But Children are the quinteſſential Fruit:
The charming Prattle, and the Tales they tell,
By Nature taught, all Muſick far excel.
May then th' illuſtrious Babe with ſpeedy Growth
Stretch out his Infancy, and haſte to Youth;
From Youth to Manhood may his Years improve,
Bleſt with a Father's Joy, a Mother's Love,
And ſacred Gifts deſcending from above.
The Eternal in your Favour do's beſtow,
A Comfort glitt'ring Courts but ſeldom know;
A quiet Life from proud Ambition free,
An Heir too, to ſupport your Family,
Sent to exalt, and make your Pleaſures great,
In the calm Halcyon Days of your Retreat.
So in the *Roman* State, when Civil War
Harraſſed the Natives by inteſtine Jar;
When Rage in Triumph rode thro' ev'ry Street,
And he whoſe Arm was ſtrongeſt had moſt Wit.
The noble *Atticus*, in rural Bowers,
Paſt with ſelected Friends, and Books, his Hours.
Sometimes his beauteous Spouſe too, would improve
The Day with Tales of Conſtancy and Love;
But yet no Males could bring till *Juno*, prone
To Pity, ſum'd at laſt all Joys in one,
Heard her devoted Prayers, and bleſt her with a Son.

VERSES Congratulatory,

On the Right Honourable the

Earl of *DORSET*,

At his Election and Inſtalment as Knight of the Garter.

LOST by ill Miniſtry in ANNA's Reign,
Your Honours with Addition you regain;
Thus Merit in its ſacred Virtue great,
Fixt like a Star, continues in its height,
Clouds may obſcure, but ne'er can diſſipate.
Permit me then, my Lord, with grateful Heart,
Raiſing an Altar to your true Deſert,
Amongſt the joyful Croud that daily wait,
Your riſing Glory to congratulate.
Far has great *George* already fixt Renown,
His Valour, Virtue, and his Juſtice ſhewn;
Amongſt the other Graces that excel,
He gives beſt Proof he can diſtinguiſh well.
The valued *Dorſet* is to Ages known,
And priz'd as the chief Jewel in the Crown;
Witneſs your noble Father fam'd of late
For poinant Wit, ſuperlatively great;

Whoſe Senſe ſtill charm'd us with ſeraphick Grace,
Whilſt brilliant Glory circled round his Face:
Like him you ſhine, but your propitious Ray
Extends his equal—a more ſolid way.
Your Genius is for weighty Buſineſs fit,
And Policy is temper'd with your Wit,
Thus proper Judgment with quick Fancy meet.
So thought the awful Regents of the State,
Who ſent you with the News of ANNA's Fate;
Adroit for that Affair, they wiſely knew,
Your loyal Candor, and to prove it true
Your Zeal was eager, and your Duty flew:
You flew with ſo much Speed,—the Meſſage told,
Warm'd the King's Cheeks e'er ſcarce the Queen was cold,
Which riſing Grandeur (timely brought from far,
To crown the Illuſtrious Heir of *Hanover*;
Now Charms in kind) to make you more ſublime,
The Morning Planet *Phoſper* of your Time;
Who brightned by his Luſter will appear,
Serenely blazing, like the Star you wear.

To my dear MOTHER, Mrs. FRANCES D'URFEY.

AN HYMN on PIETY.

Written at Cullacombe, *the Day of* September, 1698.

O H! ſacred Piety, thou Morning Star,
That ſhewſt our Day of Life ſerene and fair:
Thou milky Way to everlaſting Bliſs,
That feedſt the Soul with Fruits of Paradiſe;
Unvalu'd Jem, which all the Wiſe admire,
That well canſt bear the Teſt of Time and Fire;
By thee the Jars of Life all end in Peace,
And unoffended Conſcience ſits at Eaſe.
Thy Influence can human Ills aſſwage,
Quell the worſt Anguiſh of Misfortune's Rage,
Pangs of Diſtemper, and the Griefs of Age.
Since thou, the Mind's cæleſtial Eaſe and Mirth,
The greateſt Happineſs we have on Earth,
By Heaven art fix'd in her that gave me Birth,

My

My Life's dear Author, may your virtuous Soul
Purſue the glorious Race, and win the Goal.
Thus may your true Deſert be dignified,
To Age Example, and to Youth a Guide.
Laſtly, to wiſh my ſelf all Joys in one,
Still may your Bleſſing, —when your Life is done,
As well as now, deſcend upon your Son.

A NEW

DIVINE POEM,

In VERSE.

Done from the PROSE *of that Excellent and Majeſtick Prophet and Poet, King* DAVID; *being his hundred and fourth Pſalm. Explaining the Magnificence and Power of Almighty God, and his miraculous Works. Beginning with the ſacred Anthem herein embelliſhed, in the firſt* Stanza. *Dedicated to the Dutcheſs of* CHANDOIS.

The ANTHEM, *containing three firſt Verſes of the* 104th *Pſalm.*

I.

℣. 1. PRaiſe, oh my Soul, th' Almighty Lord,
Let thy cæleſtial Judgment ſee
Thoſe dazling Rays of Majeſty;
Power only can to him afford.

II. None

II.

None with such Glory shines as he,
Nature he forms, and can controul;
Praise then the Almighty Lord, my Soul.

III.

℣. 2. When radiant Light adorns thee round,
The Heavens thy Curtains are;
℣. 3. And when thoul't range in Waves profound,
A Cloud's thy Chariot there;
Aloft the Winds their Wings display,
And great eternal Will obey.

End of the ANTHEM.

IV.

℣. 4. Bright Angels all are Spirits made,
His Saints attend with dutious Love:
℣. 5. The Earth's Foundation firm he laid,
So stedfast it can never move.

V.

℣. 6. A foaming Flood th' Eternal makes,
High Hills the Water deep retains;
℣. 7. And when fierce dreadful Thunder breaks,
Afraid, at his Rebuke it Rains.

VI.

℣. 8. Streams mount o'er many a lofty Seat,
Then down the Vales large Billows flow;
The Waves still seeking a Retreat
Where thou appointest them to go.

VII.

℣. 9. Thus bounded by the King of Kings,
They shall no more the Earth destroy;
℣. 10. Thou sendest to make Rivers,—Springs,
That purl among the Hills with Joy.

VIII. ℣. 11.

VIII.

ỳ. 11. The rural Beasts their Thirst may slake,
And the wild Asses freely graze;
ỳ. 12. Whilst Birds on Trees that Nests do make,
In Branches sing their Maker's Praise.

IX.

ỳ. 13. The Mountains dry are cool'd with Rain.
The Lawns beneath thy Works do know:
ỳ. 14. Thou giv'st green Herbs for Use of Men,
And Grass to make their Cattle grow.

X.

ỳ. 15. Thus, Father-like, he feeds his Race,
And giv'st us Wine the Heart to glad;
Oil too, to make a chearful Face,
And daily strengthens us with Bread.

XI.

ỳ. 16. With Sap are fill'd the Cedar Trees,
Old *Libanus* bears heavenly Plants:
ỳ. 17. Tall Firrs too with the Stork agrees,
Whose top gives dwelling that he wants.

XII.

ỳ. 18. The lofty Hills a Refuge are
For all wild Goats and *Sylvan* Flocks,
And as they think they're happy there,
So Conies leap o'er stony Rocks.

XIII.

ỳ. 19. Great are the Works of thee, O God,
For certain Time thou giv'st the Moon;
The Sun too mounts, and shines abroad,
Yet timely knows his going down.

XIV. ỳ. 20.

XIV.

℣. 20. Thou mak'ſt it dark, and then 'tis Night,
When Human Kind betake to reſt;
Yet in that Station of Delight
There wakes and roves each Foreſt Beaſt.

XV.

℣. 21. The Lion roars to find his Prey,
And ſeeks from God his Comfort then;
℣. 22. But when the Sun ariſes gay,
Retreats, and lays him in his Den.

XVI.

℣. 23. Man early in the Morn begins,
Then 'till the Evening Labours hard,
℣. 24. And in large Doles he Bleſſings wins,
Whoſe Wiſdom makes him praiſe the Lord

XVII.

℣. 25. And as thy Wealth the Earth do's bound,
So wond'rous is the ſpacious Sea,
Where Fiſh enumerate are found,
And ſmall and great depend on thee.

XVIII.

℣. 26. There ſail the Ships for Pearl and Ore,
There that *Leviathan* is made
Who waits for thee with all the Store
℣. 27. Of leſs, by thy great Order made.

XIX.

They gather when thou giv'ſt it them,
℣. 28. And when thou ſpread'ſt thy plenteous Store,
They gratefully thy Doles eſteem,
And praiſe the Gulphs, tho' Tempeſts roar.

XX. ℣. 29.

XX.

℣. 29. But when thou hid'ſt thy Face, O Lord,
Their Breath is loſt, they pine, they die;
And to their Duſt, in Death abhorr'd,
Forſake the Light with cloſing Eye.

XXI.

℣. 30. When this ſhall be they are no more,
But if thou giv'ſt Command they live;
One Look renews, and ſhall reſtore
What Bleſſings the whole World can give.

XXII.

℣. 31. The Majeſty ſupreme of God,
Shall to the Date of Time be known,
And whilſt Men Wonder ſpread abroad,
He ſhall rejoice as they renown.

XXIII.

℣. 32. The earthly Race ſhall tremble all,
Whene'er he deigns to caſt a Look;
Hills, if on them his Touch do fall,
Innately ſhall with Fervour ſmoke.

XXIV.

℣. 33. Oh! let me ſing, whilſt ſing I may,
Since he has Voice and Judgment given;
To God I'll Verſion raiſe each Day,
Chanting's a glorious Gift in Heaven.

XXV.

℣. 34. So ſhall my ſacred *Stanza*'s pleaſe
My awful Maſter's Ear and Sight,
And I aſcend to high Degrees
Of more than Mortals call Delight.

XXVI.

℣. 35. Thy Doom all Sinners can confound,
Yet for Repentance Grace afford;
And let my Voice for ever sound
Praise, O my Soul, th' Almighty Lord.

To

To the Right Honourable

LIONEL CRANFIELD,

Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*,

AND HIS

Highly Honoured and Deſerving LADY,

VERSES Congratulatory,

On the Birth of their Son the Lord BUCKHURST, *born* February *the* 6th, Anno Dom. 1710; *being alſo the Birth-day of her ſacred Majeſty Queen* ANNE.

AND now the Hour, an Hour long wiſh'd for came,
Bleſt to relieve the beauteous pregnant Dame;
Great Goddeſs Nature ſent her timely Aid,
And diligent *Lucina* Duty paid,
Whilſt on the happy Day that once gave Birth
To ANNA, the moſt glorious Queen on Earth;

Apollo,

Apollo, that on her his Radiance threw,
Regal'd with ſmiling Beams this Infant too,
Then dol'd his Rays of Joy, my Lord, to you.
Who the fam'd *Buckhurſt* have retriev'd once more,
A Title rev'renc'd in the Days of Yore.
And as your Joys are great, for who can gueſs,
Much leſs deſcribe, a Father's Happineſs,
When the illuſtrious Family Affair
Exacts Devotion to implore an Heir?
So is the general Satisfaction known,
So great, it even aſcends to reach the Throne:
The Sovereign who commands our *Britiſh* Iſle,
Gracing the happy Tidings with a Smile.
Well ſhe remembers when paſt Tract of Time
Had fram'd her Actions Royal and Sublime;
In Virgin Years, e'er Days of Woman-hood,
The now glad Mother at her Elbow ſtood,
Serenely Modeſt, and diſcreetly Good;
And for ſuch Worth muſt condeſcend to grace
The Infant's Birth with Joy, the Parent with her Praiſe.
So 'mongſt the Groves of Peace, and rural Bowers,
Within a Garden deckt with fragrant Flowers;
Where in their primitive Perfection grows
The Jeſſmine, and delightful *Tuba* Roſe.
The Patronneſs that opportunely found
A Plant of rarer Kind within the Ground,
That long her Senſes had with Pleaſure crown'd,
Hearing from one who to delight her ſought,
Another young one from the Root had ſhot;
Joys to indulge both tender Sprout and Stem,
And thinks ſhe ne'er can have too much of them.
The Sovereign's Favour, and a Son and Heir,
Are Bleſſings with which very few compare;
Since both Eſſential when ordain'd by Fate
To crown the Happineſs of Human State:
You to the firſt, my Lord, have juſt Pretence,
For Virtue, Prudence, and judicious Senſe;
That wiſely can your Veſſel ſteer ſo well,
Where jarring Winds, and raging Billows ſwell;
And to the laſt for Love extreme purſu'd,
'Mongſt tender Sentiments of Gratitude;
When by the Fair eſteem'd your generous Heart,
Tho' leſs than all, too mean for her Deſert.
And here might *Pegaſus* his Wings extend,
In noble Flight, your Merit to commend;

The

The Muſe inſpir'd, my Lord, inclines to tell
In what renown'd Perfections you excel;
But ſolid Judgment, great Humanity,
Your charming, as uncommon Courteſy
Are Themes on which ſhe dares not make Eſſays,
The greateſt Minds are ſtill leaſt fond of Praiſe:
Yet tho' my failure in Poetick Skill
Leave off *Encomiums*, free are Wiſhes ſtill;
Which are, that all your Bleſſings be ſublime,
Succeeding this to the laſt Date of Time.

VERSES Epistolary,

To my ever Honoured and Worthy Friend

Dr. William Gibbons,

As a grateful Acknowledgment for his Care and Skill, in lately curing me of a very dangerous Distemper.

THE generous Man that's truly great in Mind,
And knows the sacred Office of a Friend;
Great Deeds of Charity his Duty calls,
And lessens Bounties that the World extols.
Your Goodness, honour'd Doctor, lately shewn
Of this bright Kind, I gratefully must own;
Oblig'd in Praise and Thanks for Good receiv'd,
T' employ that Life, (next Heaven) your Skill retriev'd;
Apollo, radiant Patron of the Nine,
Your Parent, with whose Arts improv'd you shine,
Must graciously excuse this Action done,
If publishing, what true Desert has won,
My grateful Duty now prefers the Son;

Whose sacred Judgment timely did prevail,
When all that he inspir'd me with did fail,
You from whose learned Store, who wants, may find
True Med'cines, both for Body and for Mind;
And what do's total Merit comprehend,
A wise Instructer in a generous Friend.
Great *Esculapius*, thus you are to me,
Who shew'd, by Proof, your Godlike Quality,
And dol'd Life-saving Art without a Fee.
Like th' good *Samaritan* in Parable,
Greatly fatigu'd your self to make me well;
And for Reward of all your Pains and Care,
Would take no Payment but your Patient's Prayer.
Thus always may we prove a noble Mind,
The Virtuous only seek Returns in kind;
With others worldly Profit has Regard,
With you the doing Good is the Reward:
Whose Candor helps your poor complaining Friends,
Whilst Heaven is only left to make Amends.
May then th' Eternal on your Head decree
Large Blessings, as a full Return for me;
To Time's last Date may you Content receive,
Which to insure, may your dear Consort live;
The pious Partner of your happy Days,
Whose Wife-like Virtues soar beyond all Praise:
Be blest with you, to Years beyond your Hope,
And taste Life's Cordial to the latest Drop,
In perfect Marriage-Bliss which here below
To the vile World you so divinely shew:
Whilst happy I, by Heaven reliev'd some time,
And your indulgent Care, and Art sublime;
To the extremest Height your Fame shall raise,
And in most tuneful Lyrick sing your Praise.

A

HEALTH

To his GRACE the

DUKE of *WHARTON*,

AND

Upon Brimmer-Hall *in the Garden at* Winchendon.

I.

OF Gardens moſt rare, when the Court will compare
They extol glorious *Kenſington*;
But with Thoughts ſerene,
In *Bucks* County have been,
And muſt Praiſe lofty *Winchendon*.
All Riders agree
Forty Miles you may ſee
O'er the Hills flow'ry, great and ſmall,
And when finiſh'd your Look,
Go and wait on the Duke,
You'll be Welcome to *Brimmer-Hall*.

II.

Oh! let me adore
What I ne'er ſaw before,
A Garden ſo heavenly made;
As if I had been
And old *Adam* had ſeen
Whom his Maker had learnt the Trade;
If the Lab'rinth you'll chooſe,
Your ſelves you will loſe;

The *Meander* your Thoughts will pall,
But with Roving about
If the Door you find out
You'll be happy at *Brimmer-Hall.*

III.

Some Walks there are found
When a Trumpet did ſound
The clear Echoes would doubled be,
The *Trillo*'s ſo ſweet,
That when Art did repeat,
You'd have thought there were two or three:
Some Nymphs did appear
When the Dutcheſs was there,
Might have grac'd a Celeſtial Ball;
Who had bleſs'd ſome few Hours
'Mongſt the Plants and the Flowers,
And return'd from ſweet *Brimmer-Hall.*

IV.

Now 'mongſt jolly Days
That the Summer do's raiſe,
E'er the Winter pulls down its Pride,
The Duke there will Treat
Roving *Hill*——*h* the Great,
And ſome more of King *George*'s ſide;
Now will he avoid
Sprightly *D*——*r* or *Fl*——*d*,
When his Grace orders that Regale:
Who, whene'er they refrain
Teazing ſweet Miſtreſs *Jane*,
Drink her Health at dear *Brimmer-Hall.*

V.

And now 'tis proclaim'd,
Since a Health there is nam'd,
Great Duke *Wharton*'s can do no Wrong;
In whom you ſhall meet
Valu'd Learning and Wit,
And this Brimmer concludes my Song.
Let *Winchendon* riſe,
Let the Dutcheſs's Eyes,
As they're Sweet, to Decay ne'er fall;
Let the Gardens be bleſt,
In all *Britain* the beſt,
Whilſt including dear *Brimmer-Hall.*

On

On the Incomparable

STRONG BEER,

A T

KNOLL in *KENT.*

I.

MY Muſe already has given Content
In praiſing the Gentry and Yeomen of *Kent*,
And now good Natur'd, no ſmart Story tells
Of odious fat *Bell*, and her Tribe at the *Wells*,
But to Strong Beer my Verſe I muſt raiſe,
That do's the Gentry and Yeomen ſo pleaſe;
Penſhurſt, the Moat, ne'er can rouze up my Soul,
But the Fountain that charms me now ſprings at ſweet *Knoll.*

II.

There's *Adams*, hoping to pleaſure his Town,
Declares the beſt *French* Wine is ſold at the *Crown*;
And well it may be, for he takes good Rates,
And ſo do's my jolly ſleek Friend at the *Cats*:
But to ſtrong Beer my Praiſes muſt come,
Leave them to Iſing-glaſs, Egg-whites and Stum,
Beer fine as *Burgundy* lifts high my Soul,
When * Jourdain perks up for the Honour of *Knoll.*

* *The Butler.*

III.

The hardy Tenants in ev'ry fat Soil,
That come oft from *Buckhurſt*, and oft from the *Broyle*;
The frowzy Stiffhood meet ſoftly and ſlow,
But oh! with rare *Stingo*, they reel when they go;
With my Lord's Health they Liquor their Chops,
He gives good Malt, my ſweet Lady good Hops;
This makes ſuch Beer, that all Wine muſt controul
When Bumpers are fill'd for the Glory of *Knoll*.

IV.

Knoll moſt famous in *Kent* ſtill appears,
Were Manſions ſurvey'd for a thouſand long Years;
In whoſe Dome mighty Monarchs might dwell,
Where five hundred Rooms are, as * *Boſwell* can tell:
But they like Trifles meanly do ſhew,
Unleſs you reckon the Palace below;
Where ſpritely Hogſheads with Strong Beer ſtill full,
Give Horns all around for the Honour of *Knoll*.

V.

Praiſe to the Empire where Jourdain do's ſway,
And raiſe my Lord's Triumph on every Birth-day;
Like God *Bacchus* he briskly do's ſtand
To drink my Lord's Health, with a Flute in his Hand;
Gentry and Yeomen all take it round,
Some leap and dance, and ſome bend to the Ground;
Lord *Buckhurſt*, the Lady's Healths, cheriſh each Soul,
When Conſcience is clear'd for the Glory of *Knoll*.

* *Groom of the Chambers.*

THE

THE

Happy Country Gentleman,

A SONG, *made to a Diviſion upon a Ground.*

I.

Tubborn Church Diviſion,
Folly and Ambition,
Shew with great Deriſion
Poor *England*'s ſad Condition.

II.

Princes leave their Stations
By ſtrange Abdications,
New ones come to eaſe us,
Yet no one e'er can pleaſe us.

III.

Happy's the Man then that ſhuns the Great,
That pleaſes himſelf in a rural Seat,
With Eaſe and Content in a ſweet Retreat,
Abhors all Jars and Faction.

IV.

In his ſmall Dominion
Vents no falſe Opinion,
Nor deſerts the true
For the *Papiſt* or *Socinian.*

V.

But ſits down with his Friends around,
Where the Glaſs is crown'd,
And the Healths go round
To the King, the Queen, the beſt in Town,
The Fleet or Army's Action.

VI.

Argues ſtill with Reaſon,
Speaks nor hears no Treaſon;
Nor arraigns the Senſe
Of five hundred Heads to pleaſe one.

VII.

Plaintiffs or Defendants
Ne'er get his Attendants,
He wiſhes well to all
That are in *Whitehall*,
But he loves no Court Dependance.

VIII.

Books admires when witty,
Good Muſick and a Ditty;
And takes a Spouſe
To adorn his Houſe
That's rich, and kind, and pretty.

IX.

Merry, merry, merrily diſcards all Sorrow,
Warily do's never, never lend nor borrow;
Generouſly entertains his Friend to Day,
And is the ſame to Morrow.

The

The *Scotch* Bridegroom.

A New *Scotch* Song.

I.

ON this Roſie Day,
E'er the Sun ſhon bright and gay,
One like *Aurora* Iſe gang to wed;
Cawd Storms blow no more,
Gentle Yarrow waft me o'er,
Then Iſe ſoon Store the Marriage Bed.
Chloe, kind and killing
Bonny is, and willing;
Willy too, gud Faith, to her mun conſtant prove.
Ah! never, never Mother
Coupled two together,
Who have ſworn, whilſt Time do laſt, to live and love.
Who have ſworn, &c.
Willy, *Willy*'s witty,
Chloe, *Chloe*'s pretty;
Aw the Beauties of the World can ne'er his Faith remove.
Aw never, never Mother
Coupled two together,
Who have ſworn, whilſt Time do laſt, to live and Love.
Who have ſworn, &c.

II.

'Tis a wily thing,
Thouſands, Thouſands take the Ring,
Who withFreedom purſue their Leagues;
One proves Tory high,
T'other high Kirk do's defie,
She'll what's Reform'd try
Amongſt the Whigs.

Chloe

Chloe that way guided,
Is from me divided;
Yet whate'er our Tongues do ſay our Hearts will join.
My lovely, lovely *Chloe*,
O'er a Diſh of *Bohea*,
Soon I'll make to leave her Sect, and join with mine.
Chloe, *Chloe*'s witty,
Willy, *Willy*'s pretty;
Awe the Beauty's of the kind can ne'er his Faith remove.
Oh! never, never Mother
Coupled two together,
Who have ſworn, whilſt Time do's laſt, to live and love.
Who have ſworn, *&c.*

THE

Plagues of the Town and City Trade.

A New SONG *in Two Movements.*

The Words ſung by a Country Gentleman to his Wife.

Made to a New Minuet, and a Country Dance.

I.

LET the dull Town pretend to their ſilly Vanity,
And wear Ideots Caps in City Affairs,
I'll *Plato* take, and manage my frail Humanity,
Thus make ſtill my Head much wiſer than theirs.
Lotteries I'll ſtifle,
For who'd ſeek a Trifle,
Where five is to one to ſend up a Prize?
And tho' few may win it,
Yet Thouſands are in it
Who find themſelves Aſſes, and far from Wiſe.

II.

If e'er I traffick I'll ſhew Veracity,
And Men for my Dealing honeſt ſhall call,
I'll chooſe no Brokers, nor hear their bold Audacity,
That plague ye with Lyes when Stocks riſe and fall.
Stock-Jobbers Folly,
Cry up the '*Change Alley*,
That banters the Kingdom, as all agree;
For tho' Gain's endearing,
Yet nothing's appearing,
And this Plot now tricks us about the *South-Sea*

III.

Britain, ſince Trade deep Cunning advances,
Like thoſe Abroad, in new Methods join;
Get ſome rare *Scot*, as now there in *France* is,
That taking Gold can vend Paper Coin;
Let foreign Nations
Prize thy loud Relations,
The grand *Miſſiſippi* ſhews now the way,
'Till too long repeated,
When all find they are cheated,
Th' Regent muſt fight thoſe he ne'er can pay.

Second MOVEMENT.

Then *Chloris* we'll leave off this Hurry,
And into the Country will go;
We'll ogle each blooming gay Cherry,
And hear the fine Oxen low;
Each Day we'll like Thruſhes be merry,
Each Night too we'll prove our Flame,
Our Joys ſhall flow till Cocks do crow,
And when Love exceeding
With Turns makes thee Breeding,
My Dear never bluſh for Shame.

II.

We'll bring in our frolickſome Neighbours,
Fine Dances we'll cauſe to be made,
Smug Clowns with their Pipes and their Tabers,
Shall make it a new Maſquerade.
The Farmers will come from their Labours,
And tho' there no *Cæſar* be,
Nor *Domine*'s made, ſweet Flowers we'll ſpread,
And friſk in our Glory,
Without Whig or Tory,
And all be as great as he.

Hiſtorical REMARKS

On late foreign Occurrences, and the ſudden Fate of the late King of SWEDEN.

I.

EUrope will now great Monarchs need,
The King of *Spain* o'ertakes the *Swede*;
The Grandees too are all agreed
To Stint their bold *Bravado*.
Stan—p, who would have endear'd their King,
Hurry'd away as upon the Wing,
And left the brave *Engliſh* Admiral *Bing*
To rout their ſtrong *Armado*.

II.

Britain's Hopes then to advance,
War we proclaim, and ſo do's *France*;
On him our League diſcountenanc'd,
The Alliance great diſdaining;
Some private News declare he's Dead,
And leaves off Warring, as late the *Swede*;
Caſtile then will timely be happy made,
Prieſt *Alberoni* reigning.

III. Well

III.

Well may the hot Pretender Rave,
He never could ſuch a Madman have,
The *Swede* his Kingdoms loſt regave,
And bade him hope for reigning.
Late too in *Norway* he made ſome Sport,
Charging the *Danes* thro' the Mire and Dirt,
Not giving a Seaſon to ſhift his Shirt,
Or let his Boots have cleaning.

IV.

At *Fredrickſal*, with martial Might,
The Fortreſs beſieg'd he makes us fight,
Regal'd the Trenches every Night,
Tho' *Danes* with Fury brave us:
But once when rambling madly there
A Bullet came whiſtling thro' his Ear,
And down then, like ſome poor Grenadier,
Fell one would be *Guſtavus*.

The

The Tender LOVER.

With REMARKS on our Affairs.

A New SONG.

The Words made to a pretty Tune.

I.

LET *George* Regale *Hanover*,
Sway *Prussia*'s bold Affairs;
Let *Sweden*'s Queen recover
Her Harms from *Russian* Bears:
Let *Poles* their Brains think clearest,
Let *Danes* in War grow great;
We'll live and love, my dearest,
In this our sweet Retreat.

II.

Let Gallies sail for Money,
Pretend t' invade let *Spain*;
Let Statesman *Alberoni*
Think *Stanhope* Plots in vain;

Let

Let our grand Expedition
Preſs on ſome Overthrow,
We'll Love without remiſſion,
Tho' *Eaſtern* Winds do blow.

III.

Great Crowns, when proud ones meet 'em,
The beſt Extream do prove;
Yet *Chloe* do's exceed 'em
That Beauty gives with Love.
Let *Spain* the Empire covet,
Its Title Grand prefer,
I reign much more above it,
All Empire lies in her.

IV.

So when two Hero's hoping
A Kingdom large to gain,
With ſtrong Batallions trooping
Are fighting on the Plain,
Two feather'd Lovers wooing
In ſome near blooming Grove,
Ne'er mind what they're a doing,
But hourly ſing and love.

F I N I S.